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THE LIKENESSES OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

By John C. Ropes.

From Mr. John Edward Lee's "Roman Imperial Profiles Enlarged from Coins."

YEARS ago, as I well recollect, my attention was forcibly arrested by the larger of the two plaster casts of Julius Cæsar in the series of the Twelve Cæsars in the Boston Athenæum, which the late Dr. Jacob Bigelow so thoughtfully presented to that institution. The smaller cast I did not admire, but the larger one seemed to me to be unmistakably the head of a great man. The extraordinary vigor, alertness, energy, and determination shown upon the rugged features of a man long past his bodily prime never failed to make me pause and admire. I could find out nothing about either of the casts; whether anyone at the Athenæum knew where the originals of them were to be found, I know not; it is, of course, very possible; but I certainly never came in contact with any such person. And I made up my mind that if ever chance put it within my power, I would find the original of that wonderful cast.

It so happened that in time my desire was gratified. Circumstances led me to spend nearly two years in Europe—from 1873 to 1875. My winters were passed in the south of France and in Italy. At Florence I found the original of the larger Athenæum cast. I admired the head in marble more, even, than I had supposed I should do. I had it photographed almost of the size of the bust itself. Then it was, I think, that the idea of making a collection of the authentic likenesses of Julius Cæsar first occurred to me. It struck me that such a collection would not only be unique, but that it would be of great historical value, as well as most interesting; and I made it. Whenever I saw a reasonably good likeness of Cæsar I had it photographed, where it was possible to do so. I found that with a little money and patience the obstacles in the way of obtaining photographs of these busts could, in nearly all cases, be overcome. For almost a dozen years this collection has been in my library. I have added to it from time to time, and now I am very glad of this opportunity of showing these pictures to the public, and of telling their story as well as I can. Let me, however, premise that I make no pretensions to scholarship, and that there cannot be the smallest doubt that a really good classical scholar, whose knowledge of the modern languages would give him access to the treasures contained in the Italian and German libraries, could find far more information about these

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busts than I have been able to obtain. I hope, indeed, someone will take the subject up seriously, and pursue it thoroughly and systematically. Such a work might well be done at the expense of one or more of our great art galleries—the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, or the Metropolitan Museum in New York, for instance—and Harvard and Yale might, with great propriety and advantage, lend their assistance to the search.

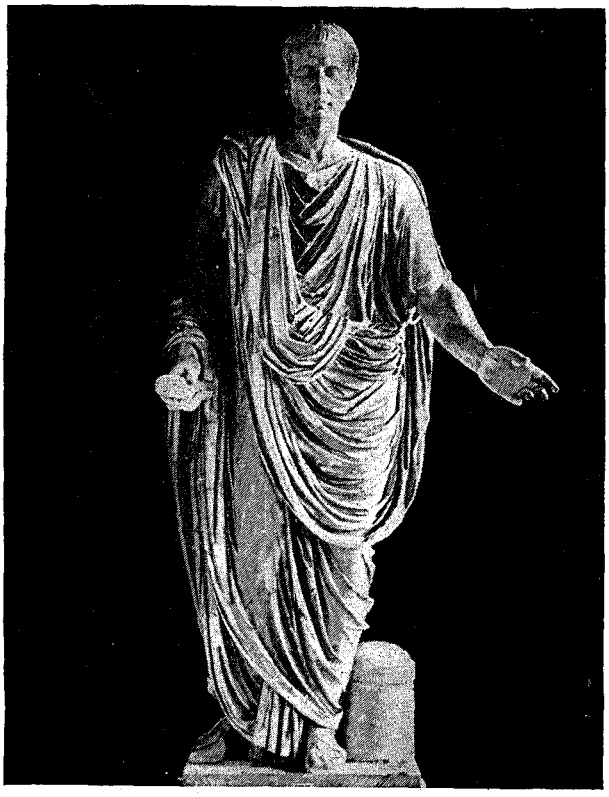

Plate I.—The "Toga Statue" in the Museum of Berlin."

We may, I think, consider the toga statue * of Cæsar in the Museum at Berlin (No. 295, Roman Room) as the earliest of all his likenesses. It is a beautiful statue, and has always been much admired (Plate I.). The head enlarged is also given in Plate II. Cæsar is represented in the attitude of an orator, with the right arm extended. The head is well covered with hair, and the whole appearance is that of a man not over thirty-five years of age.

Perhaps the next likeness in order of time is the bust numbered 107 in the Museo Chiaramonti, in the Vatican Museum, at Rome * (Plate III.). This is well worth a careful examination—the features are perfect; the workmanship excellent; the expression, so calm, penetrating, serious, and determined, is characteristic of all the best likenesses of Cæsar. This bust is also noteworthy for showing very clearly a mark by which one can generally recognize the authentic busts of Cæsar, namely, a scar, or furrow, on the left side of the face, caused, perhaps, by some wound, or by some fistula which had healed, or by the removal of one or more teeth. In this bust this peculiar feature is given with great exactness. In some busts it is passed over very lightly; but it is, I think, always indicated. In the toga statue of Berlin, which we first mentioned, it is clearly shown.

If I am right in my conjectures, Cæsar's face now filled out somewhat, and our next pictures (Plates IV. and V.) are of a man in the neighborhood of forty. These are from the famous Farnesiano bust in the Museum at Naples (No. 162), a colossal marble bust, absolutely perfect, of the grandeur of which no picture can give one any idea. I take this to be Cæsar before he went to Gaul, before he was subjected to the wearing fatigues and exposures of those active campaigns in which the Swiss, the German, and the Gaul went down before his untiring audacity and energy; when he was still a man of society, of pleasure, of political affairs, and a civilian. The likeness is, I should say, somewhat flattered;

* It is said by Lübke, Geschichte der Plastik, p. 272, that the head does not belong to the body. In one of the descriptions of the antique statues in the Berlin Museum it is said that the body was found, in 1824, near Rome, and that the head is from the Polignac Collection. Burckhardt, Cicerone, p. 520, speaks highly of the head.

* A copy of this may be seen in the Palazzo Borghese, Settima Stanza.

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Plate II.—Head from the "Toga Statue."

and it is to be remarked that the furrow on the left cheek, though indicated, is smoothed away a good deal. Visconti, in his description of the Museo Pio Clementino (Rome, 1792, vol. vi., p. 54), speaks of this and of the statue in the Capitol as the "two remarkable and not doubtful portraits of Julius Cæsar."

In the Hall of the Palace of the Conservators, in the Capitol, at Rome, is the statue * referred to by Visconti, and there is certainly a strong resemblance between the head of this statue and the Farnesiano bust. But the statue is not placed in a position favorable for a close examination of the features. Ampère (L'Histoire Romaine à Rome, vol. iv., p. 469) considers this as the best statue of Cæsar extant, and perhaps it is; but it is not equal in point of interest, in my judgment, to several of the busts.

Our next bust is of Cæsar the soldier. At the age of forty-three he was given the command in Gaul, and he then commenced that series of masterly campaigns which, described with admirable clearness and point by himself, have excited the admiration of all students of the military art. No one can see this portrait (Plate VI.), taken from the bust in the Campo Santo in Pisa, and fail to recognize in the alert, eager, spirited countenance the face of a man who has entered upon a new epoch in his life; has taken upon himself new responsibilities; has before his mind's eye the exploits, the dangers, the successes of a war in which he was to command the army. We might almost write under it: "That day he overcame the Nervii." Ampère (vol. iv., p. 468, note) calls this "*le portrait le plus caractérisé.*"

It will be observed that the scar or furrow on the left cheek is well defined in this bust.

To this period also belongs, in my

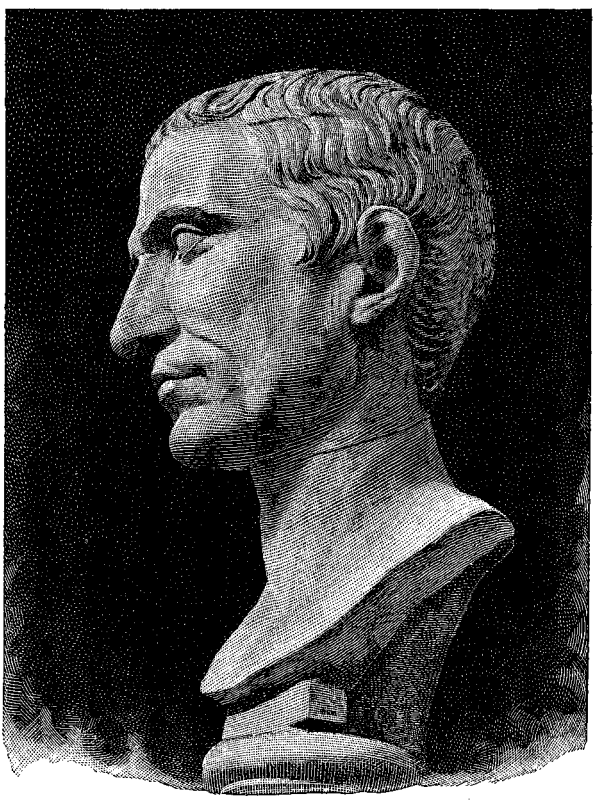

Plate III.—Bust Numbered 107 in the Vatican Museum, Rome.

* Mr. Shakspere Wood, in his Catalogue of the Capitol Museum, p. 137, says that this statue was originally in the possession of Ruffini, Bishop of Melfi. Burckhardt, in his Cicerone, p. 520, calls this an inferior work of art.

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Plate IV.

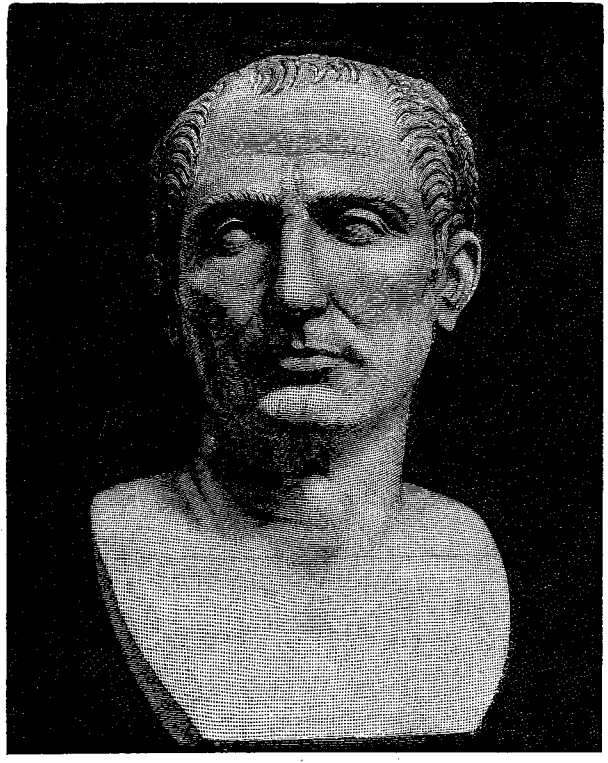
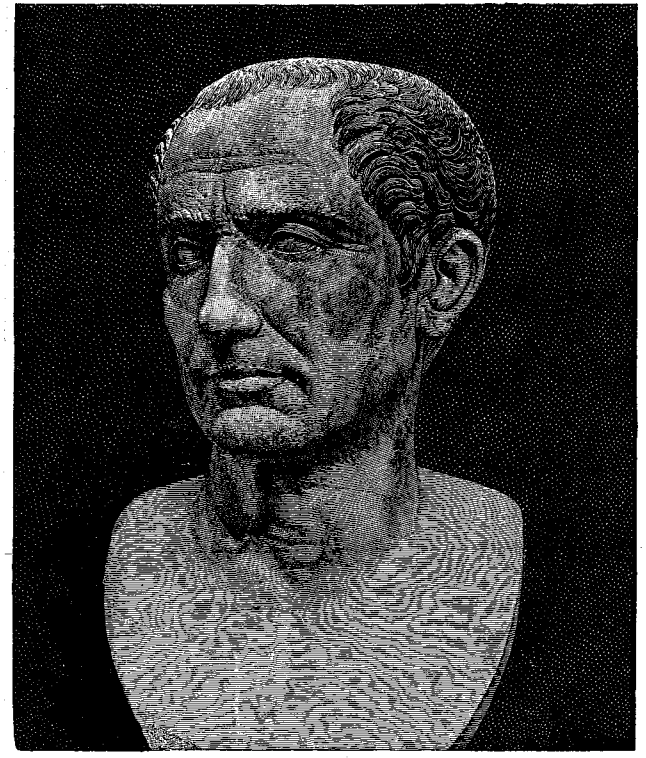


Plate V.



The Farnesiano Bust in the Museum at Naples.

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opinion, the admirable bust in the British Museum (Plate VII.). A profile of this is prefixed to Mr. Froude's brilliant sketch of Cæsar. The furrow on the left cheek is to be seen in this bust, though not so well marked as in the preceding one. In this head we see the effect of several years of hard campaigning upon Cæsar's features. The severe lines of the mouth, the sternness of the expression, show the indomitable resolution of the conqueror of Gaul. We can imagine this man at Alesia.

Cæsar seems to have aged rapidly at this time of his life. The celebrated bust in the Museum at Berlin (No. 291, Roman Room), of which we give two views (Plates VIII. and IX.), shows him a decidedly older-looking man than when we last saw him. His hair is thinner, the skin is drawn tightly over his cheek-bones, and there is a somewhat quieter, less active look about him. Yet there is the same intent, watchful, penetrating eye, and the same well-set mouth. Plate VIII. shows distinctly the scar on the left cheek, and of the same shape and character as in Plate III.

This bust is of green basalt, of beautiful workmanship, and life-size or thereabouts. It is said that Frederic the Great used to have it on his study-table. Burckhardt (Cicerone, p. 520, Basel, 1855) rates this and the toga statue above all the portraits in Rome and Naples. Ampère refers to it with approval (vol. iv., p. 468, note).

The marble bust in Florence, in the Uffizi Gallery, of the Athenæum cast of which I have spoken above, comes, in my judgment, next in order of time. Of this I am able to give three views (Plates X., XI., and XII.). Of these the first two photographs were made by my order in 1874. The third, which was sent me by a friend some years later, I was very glad to get for the following reason. Notwithstanding the characteristic vigor and animation of the countenance, the whole bearing of which was so much like that of Julius Cæsar, there was in these photographs which I had procured no very striking similarity, as I was obliged to confess, to any of the other likenesses. At the time of which I am now speaking, also, I did not have the profile photograph of the Berlin bust, which I ordered made when in Berlin in 1882, which resembles somewhat the profile of the Florentine bust. It is true that I saw that this latter had been much injured and was very much "restored," that the nose was entirely new, and the lips so much chipped away as greatly to injure their expression, so that I could charge a part of the unlikeness to this account. But when I received the third photograph of the Florentine bust (Plate XII.) my

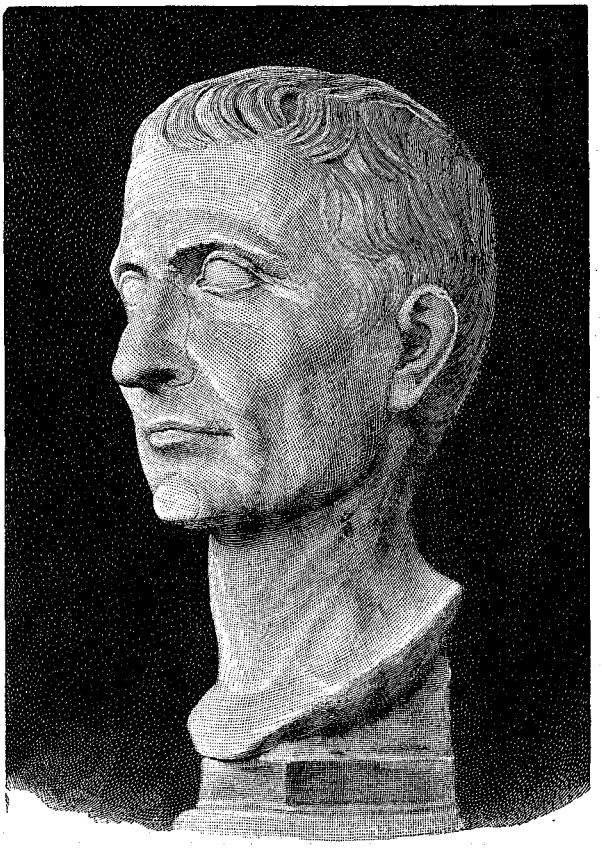

Plate VI.—Bust in the Campo Santo at Pisa.

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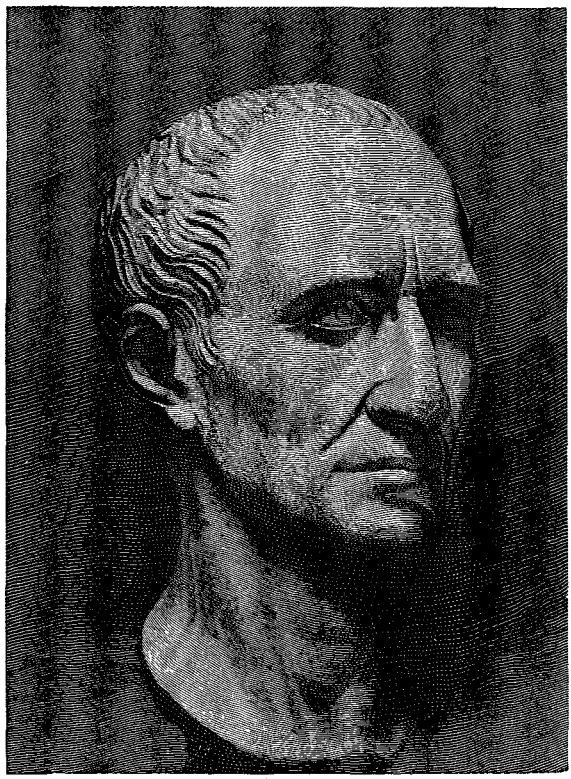

Plate VII.—Bust in the British Museum.

doubts vanished. For I then saw that it was the same man, without possibility of doubt, that is represented in the bust of Cæsar as Pontifex Maximus, of which I shall next speak, and of which we have a full-page illustration.

Before leaving the consideration of this Florentine bust, I will say that I place it among the very latest that were taken of Cæsar. Gibbon, who saw it in Florence in 1764, calls it "remarkable." He goes on to say: "All his features are contracted, and the air of the countenance bears the most striking character of old age and decay; we can scarcely comprehend that it is the bust of a man who died in his fifty-sixth year." * But while it is true that it is the head of an old man, nowhere do we find the wonderful vigor, alertness, coolness, and determination of Cæsar more clearly portrayed. It is a great pity that this fine bust should not have come down to us uninjured.

There is in the Palazzo Corsini, at Rome, in the Second Room, a bust of Cæsar much resembling this Florentine bust.

The most striking of all the portraits of Julius Cæsar is, however, the bust in the Museo Chiaramonti, in the Vatican (No. 135), representing him as Pontifex Maximus, to which we have alluded above. An engraving of it forms the frontispiece to this article. Burckhardt (Cicerone, *ubi supra*), who speaks of its imperfect execution, says it nevertheless always attracted him, with its earnest, suffering expression of Cæsar's countenance in his last years. Ampère (Histoire, etc., p. 469) says of it: "Il existe au Vatican un buste de César, selon moi, trésremarquable. César est en grand prêtre, son manteau sur la tête; il semble plus vieux qu'il n'etait au moment de sa mort, ce qui s'explique par les désordres et l'activité de sa vie. La bouche exprime l'énergie et le dédain, le regard est triste; c'est César qui, arrivé à tout, las de tout, juge tout." "I was much interested," writes Macaulay, in 1838, "by the bust of Julius with the head veiled. It is a most striking countenance indeed. He looks like a man meant to be master of the world" (Life and Letters, vol. ii., p. 32).

Compare, now, with this portrait-head, the copy given in Plate XII. of the Florentine bust. It is evident that the two pictures represent the same man, only that the head is turned in different directions in the two busts. Hence my satisfaction when I saw by this comparison the proof that the Florentine bust was undoubtedly one of Julius Cæsar.

If now we place by the side of the veiled head the picture given in Plate III., of Cæsar when comparatively a young man, or at least a man in early middle life, we shall see that we have in this old man's head the same identical traits which we saw in the beginning of our search. There is the same clear, calm, penetrating eye, the same well-defined expression of the lips, the same

* Mommsen maintains that he was in his fifty-eighth year when he was assassinated.

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scar or furrow on the left cheek—everything is the same, save as the features are naturally affected by the stress and toil and responsibilities and natural infirmities of twenty or twenty-five years.

We have now seen, in their turn, nearly all the authentic likenesses of Julius Cæsar, and we can, I think, trace the resemblances in each to the others from the first to the last. I have not a particle of doubt that all these are portraits of Cæsar made in his lifetime; they all have the same characteristics, and in no one of them, save the colossal bust at Naples, is there any attempt at flattery. We can, therefore, as it seems to me, get a very correct idea of Cæsar's appearance.

There are other likenesses of Cæsar, however, which claim our attention. The first among these is the bronze bust in the Villa Ludovisi (No. 27), at Rome, of which we give a picture here (Plate XIII.). Many rank this as among the best (so Murray's Guide-Book, p. 343; Braun, Ruins and Monuments of Rome, p. 355). Ampère, however (Histoire, etc., p. 469), makes this, to my thinking, more pertinent criticism: "Le buste de la Villa Ludovisi passe pour le plus ressemblant; il a un caractère très-individuel, mais qui manque entièrement de grandeur, et l'air assez piteux et grognon. Il est impossible que César ait eu cet air-là." This bust differs so much from the others, it lacks so utterly the alert, energetic, vigorous attitude and expression that are so plain on each and all of them, that I cannot but regard it as the work of some artist who never saw Cæsar at all, but who depicted him as he imagined he must have looked when carrying the responsibilities of the world on his shoulders. It resembles in this respect Paul Delaroche's famous picture of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, now in the Metropolitan Museum in the Central Park in New York—a striking picture, but a much-idealized portrait.

To the same category belongs the bronze bust in the Uffizi Gallery, at Florence, which resembles greatly the Ludovisi bust. Burckhardt actually doubts its genuineness; but it is certainly very like the Ludovisi bust, and there can be little doubt that it was intended as a portrait of Cæsar. As a likeness it is probably without value.

There is also a draped marble bust in the Palazzo Casale, at Rome, much resembling this. Shakspere Wood, in his Catalogue of the Capitol Museum (p. 96), speaks of this.

Plate VIII.—The Green Basalt Bust in the Museum at Berlin.

I have mentioned the smaller of the two casts in the Boston Athenæum. The original of this is the marble bust of Cæsar in the Hall of the Emperors in the Capitol Museum, at Rome (Plate XIV.). It is certainly not much like the portraits we have been looking at. Its genuineness is denied by Ampère, and, I think,

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also by Shakspere Wood. However, it was the bust selected by the Italian Government to be copied for the series of busts of the great men of Italy, arranged in chronological order on the Pincian Hill. But I confess I never was impressed by it.

Our next picture (Plate XV.) is of the only bust of Cæsar in this country. It is the property of General Henry L. Abbot, of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, and it was given to his grandfather, in 1812, by a gentleman of

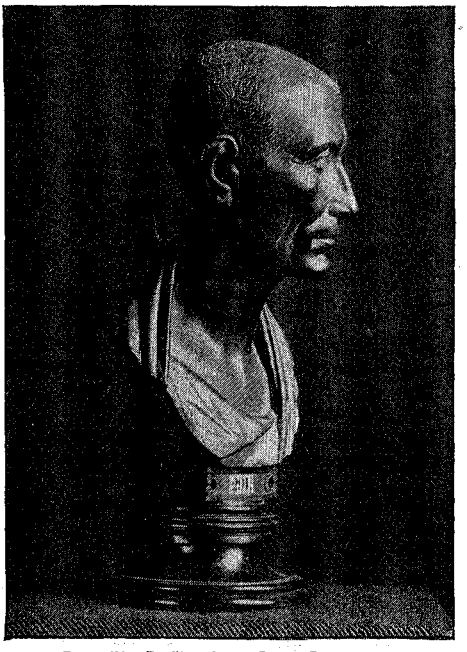

Plate IX.—Profile of the Green Basalt Bust.

Naples named Radich, who had himself taken it from the excavations at Herculaneum. The bust is, unhappily, much injured—the nose is gone, and the upper lip much defaced; nevertheless it strongly resembles the Pontifex Maximus bust. It is small—in fact, not larger than our picture—of excellent marble, and is beautifully executed. The attitude and pose of the head are fine, and full of spirit.

There are three busts in the Louvre that are said to be portraits of Julius Cæsar, but I can observe no resemblance to his countenance—as I find it elsewhere expressed—save in one of them. This, of which a representation is here given (Plate XVI.), is certainly a very remarkable and interesting head, not, perhaps, bearing a well-defined likeness to the others which we have seen, yet sufficiently characteristic for us to be able to feel satisfied that it is a portrait of Cæsar. Much of the difference between this bust and the others may be attributed, I am inclined to think, to the fact that in this one Cæsar seems to be represented in the attitude of a man engaged in conversation, or at least in the attitude of a listener. It is evidently from this original that Gérome got his idea of Cæsar in his well-known picture of "Cleopatra before Cæsar."

There is a very poor bust in the Hall of the Busts (No. 272) in the Vatican Museum, at Rome, which is said to be Cæsar.

Ampère (Histoire, etc., p. 468, note) speaks of the Cæsar of the Villa Albani, at Rome, but I never could find any bust or statue of him there, nor is any mentioned in the official catalogue. There is, however, a profile of a head (No. 901), life-size, on the grand staircase, which does bear some resemblance to Cæsar.

Somewhere in Venice, but exactly where I do not now remember, is a marble bust said to be of Cæsar. But it bears no likeness whatever to his other portraits, and was clearly not intended for him.

There is also another marble bust said to be of Cæsar in the Roman Room in the Berlin Museum, No. 380. This I never have seen, nor did I know of its existence when I was last in Berlin.

In Mr. John Edward Lee's Roman Imperial Profiles Enlarged from Coins (London, Longmans, 1874) there is a good profile of Julius Cæsar.

It may, perhaps, now be interesting to cite the descriptions of Cæsar's appearance by the principal historians of his time. They all, of course, draw largely from Suetonius (Julius, cap. xlv.), and somewhat, also, from Plutarch.

Froude (pp. 482, 483) says: "In person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide * and high, his nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an

* I think this somewhat doubtful (see Plates VI. and VII.). The truth is, I think, that Cæsar's forehead was rather narrow, and that his head widened out behind it, so that at or above the ears it was a remarkably broad head.

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eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off toward the end of his life and leaving him perfectly bald."

Napoleon III. writes: "His tall stature, his rounded and well-proportioned limbs, stamped his person with a grace that distinguished him from all others. He had black eyes, a piercing look, a pale complexion, a straight and high nose. His mouth, small and regular, but with rather thick lips, gave a kindly expression to the lower part of his face, whilst his breadth of brow betokened the development of the intellectual faculties. His face was full, at least in his youth; for in his busts, doubtless made toward the end of his life, his features are thin and bear traces of fatigue." (History of Julius Cæsar, p. 288, New York, 1865.)

"The accounts we have received of Cæsar's person," says Merivale (History of the Romans under the Empire, vol. iii., pp. 4, 5), "describe him as pale in complexion, of a tall and spare figure, with dark piercing eyes and an aquiline nose, with scanty hair and without a beard. His baldness, which he strove to conceal by combing his locks over the crown of his head, was regarded by the ancients as a deformity, and a slight puffing of the under lip, which may be traced in some of his best busts,* must undoubtedly have detracted from the admirable contour of his countenance. We can only infer indistinctly his appearance in early life from the busts and medals which remain of him; for all of these belong to the period of his greatness and more advanced age. In the traits which these monuments have preserved to us there is also great diversity. Indeed, it may be said that there is a marked discrepancy between the expression of the busts and that of the medals. The former, which are assuredly the most life-like of the two, represent a long, thin face, with a forehead rather high than capacious, furrowed with strong lines, giving to it an expression of patient endurance and even suffering, such as might be expected from frequent† illness, and from a life of toil not unmingled with dissipation."

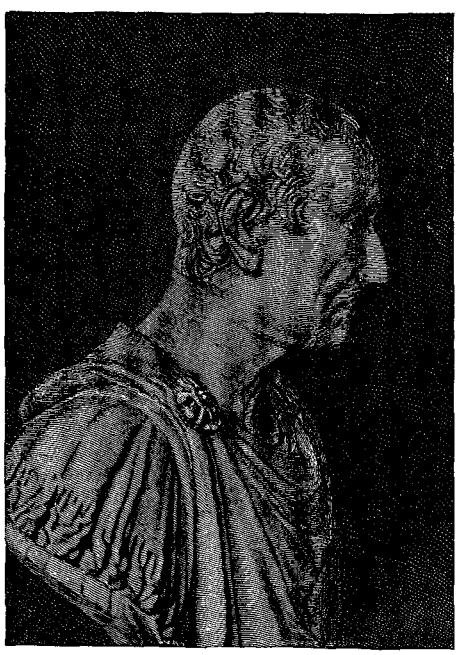

Plate X.—The Marble Bust at Florence.

Plate XI.—The Marble Bust at Florence.

* Dr. Merivale must refer here, I think, to the bronze bust in the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, and to the Ludovisi bust in Rome. None of the others show any indication of the peculiarity he mentions. In most of them the lips close firmly, and, in fact, beautifully.

† According to Suetonius, Cæsar enjoyed excellent health, except toward the close of his life. Froude (p. 482) says: "His health was uniformly strong until his last year."

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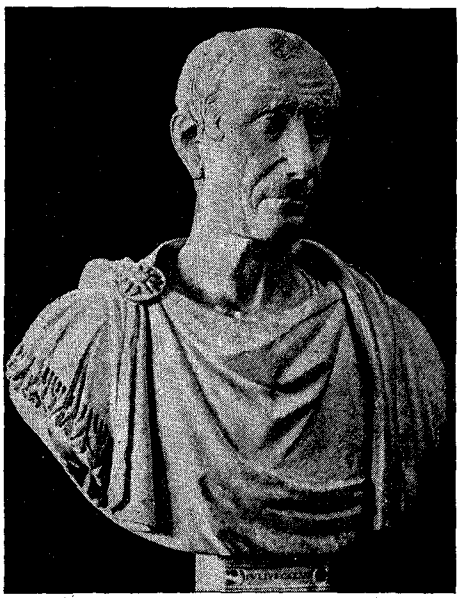

Plate XII.—The Marble Bust at Florence.

There is, however, nothing in Cæsar's features that suggests a dissipated man. There is not a trace of sensuality in his countenance. On the contrary, not only is the expression markedly intellectual, but there is a calm and genuine seriousness characterizing these portraits from first to last. This is, perhaps, particularly to be seen in Plates III., IV., and IX., and in the full-page illustration, but the other likenesses are by no means out of keeping. They, or some of them, bring out into prominence the more masculine and resolute side of his nature; but there is no need to say that courage and determination are not inconsistent with a serious and earnest habit of mind. In fact, I know of no likenesses of the great men of antiquity, if we except M. Aurelius, that compare with these of Julius Cæsar in the indications of what we call "character." We can, I think, see this character maturing and strengthening from his early manhood to his last years. The earnest and thoughtful face depicted in Plate III. undergoes the inevitable changes brought about by responsibilities and anxieties in a life so full of activity as was Cæsar's; in the busts at Pisa, London, Berlin, and Florence, we see the unmistakable marks of a stormy career. The Pontifex Maximus bust of the Vatican, however, shows us a man old and worn, yet still retaining the calm and serious expression which we saw at the first. An air of serenity pervades the features. The face has that look of experience, of matured wisdom, of kindly and considerate judgment, which it is always so good to see in a man who has taken an active part in the great struggles of his generation.

The portrait of Cæsar by Professor Mommsen may be aptly cited in this connection, although it is by no means chiefly confined to his physical traits: "The new monarch of Rome, the first ruler of the whole domain of Romano-Hellenic civilization, Gaius Julius Cæsar, was in his fifty-sixth year (born July 12, 652?) when the battle of Thapsus, the last link in a long chain of momentous victories, placed the decision of the future of the world in his hands. Few men have had their elasticity so thoroughly put to the proof as Cæsar—the sole creative genius produced by Rome, and the last produced by the ancient world, which accordingly moved on in the track that he marked out for it until its sun had set. Sprung from one of the oldest noble families of Latium, which traced back its lineage

Plate XIII.—The Bronze Bust in the Villa Ludovisi.

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to the heroes of the Iliad and the kings of Rome, and in fact to the Venus-Aphrodite common to both nations—he spent the years of his boyhood and early manhood as the genteel youth of that epoch were wont to spend them. He had tasted the sweetness as well as the bitterness of the cup of fashionable life, had recited and declaimed, had practised literature and made verses in his idle hours, had prosecuted love-intrigues of every sort, and got himself initiated into all the mysteries of shaving, curls, and ruffles pertaining to the toilette-wisdom of the day, as well as into the far more mysterious art of always borrowing and never paying. But the flexible steel of that nature was proof against even these dissipated and flighty courses; Cæsar retained both his bodily vigor and his elasticity of mind and heart unimpaired. In fencing and in riding he was a match for any of his soldiers, and at Alexandria his swimming saved his life. The incredible rapidity of his journeys, which usually, for the sake of gaining time, were performed by night—a thorough contrast to the procession-like slowness with which Pompeius moved from one place to another—was the astonishment of his contemporaries, and not the least among the causes of his success. The mind was like the body. His remarkable power of intuition revealed itself in the precision and practicability of all his arrangements, even where he gave orders without having seen with his own eyes. His memory was matchless, and it was easy for him to carry on several occupations simultaneously with equal self-possession. Although a gentleman, a man of genius, and a monarch, he had still a heart. So long as he lived he cherished the purest veneration for his worthy mother, Aurelia (his father having died early); to his wives, and above all to his daughter Julia, he devoted an honorable affection which was not without reflex influence even on political affairs. With the ablest and most excellent men of his time, of high and humble rank, he maintained noble relations of mutual fidelity with each after his kind. As he himself never abandoned any of his partisans after the pusillanimous and unfeeling manner of Pompeius, but adhered to his friends—and that not merely from calculation—through good and bad times without wavering, several of these, such as Aulus Hirtius and Gaius Matius, gave, even after his death, noble testimonies of their attachment to him.

"If in a nature so harmoniously organized there is any one trait to be singled out as characteristic, it is this—that he stood aloof from all ideology and everything fanciful. As a matter of course, Cæsar was a man of passion, for without passion there is no genius; but his passion was never stronger than he could control. He had had his season of youth; and song, love, and wine had taken joyous possession of his mind, but with him they did not penetrate to the inmost core of his nature. Literature occupied him long and earnestly; but while Alexander could not sleep for thinking of the Homeric Achilles, Cæsar in his sleepless hours mused on the inflections of the Latin nouns and

Plate XIV.—Bust in the Hall of the Emperors, Capitol Museum at Rome.

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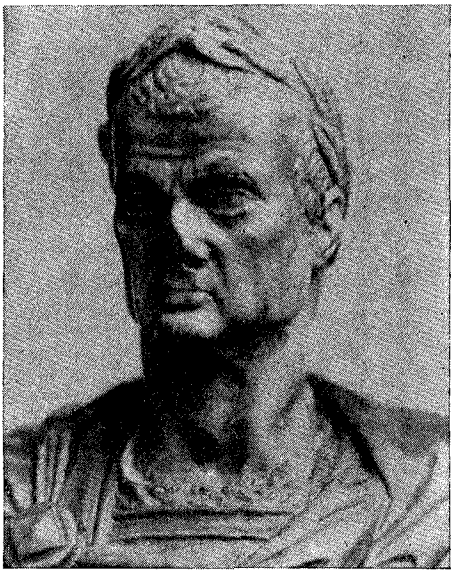

Plate XV.—Bust, Actual Size, owned by General Henry L. Abbot.

verbs. He made verses, as everybody then did, but they were weak; on the other hand, he was interested in subjects of astronomy and natural science. While wine was, and continued to be. with Alexander the destroyer of care, the temperate Roman, after the revels of his youth were over, avoided it entirely. Around him, as around all those whom the full lustre of woman's love has dazzled in youth, fainter gleams of it continued imperishably to linger; even in later years he had his love-adventures and successes with women, and he retained a certain foppishness in his outward appearance, or, to speak more correctly, a pleasing consciousness of his own manly beauty. He carefully covered the baldness which he keenly felt with the laurel chaplet that he wore in public in his later years, and he would doubtless have surrendered some of his victories if he could thereby have brought back his youthful locks. But however much, even when monarch, he enjoyed the society of women, he only amused himself with them, and allowed them no manner of influence over him; even his much-censured relation to Queen Cleopatra was only contrived to mark a weak point in his political position." (Mommsen's "History of Rome," vol. iv., chap. xi.)

It does not fall within the scope of this article to attempt even a sketch of Cæsar's life and work. But if these portraits have interested any of my readers sufficiently to induce them to search the authorities, I commend them to Froude's most interesting and valuable biography —written with sincere admiration for Cæsar's character, and with a deep sense of the value of what he achieved. Mommsen, too, from whose brilliant portrait of Cæsar I have quoted a few paragraphs, takes the highest and most comprehensive view of Cæsar's aims and plans, and he describes them with a tempered enthusiasm which is delightful. On the other hand, Professor Seeley, in his "Essays on Roman Imperialism," ranges himself on the other side. He contends that many of the benefits which resulted to the Roman world from the success of Cæsar were not contemplated by him, and he warns us against an overestimate of the loftiness of his aims and the comprehensiveness of his plans. On this, as on most subjects, opinions differ; but, at any rate, the field has been pretty thoroughly explored. Nothing can be more modern, so to speak, than the times of Julius Cæsar, as we see them under the guidance of these historians. And I think I may venture to hope that the collection of portraits which we have

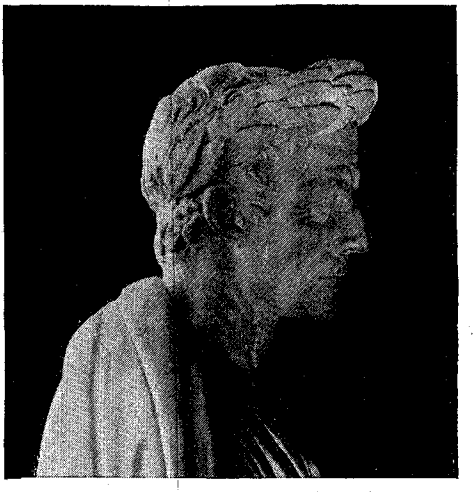

Plate XVI.—One of the Three Busts in the Louvre.

just been examining will add something of personal interest to our study of this most interesting period.

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THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE;

OR, THE POSTHUMOUS JEST OF THE LATE JOHN AUSTIN.

By J. S. of Dale.

PART FIRST: THE WILL.

I. Ulysses and Penelope.

On the morning of August 14th, in this last summer, Mr. Austin May alighted at the little Cypress Street station of the Boston & Albany Railroad, and, accompanied only by a swarthy and adroit valet, and a very handsome St. Bernard dog, got into the somewhat antiquated family "carryall" which awaited him, and drove away. May was a stranger to the man in charge of the station, as well as to the wide-awake trio of boys who made it a sort of club, their exchange of gossip, and pleasure resort; and thus his arrival was unnoticed and unrecorded, though his last absence had extended over a period of several years. It was a most oppressive day; and what few human beings were dressed and stirring made haste to get beneath the dense foliage, or plunge into the numerous private-paths and short-cuts with which the suburb of Brookline is provided; leaving the roads and their dust undisturbed, except by the sedate progress of the old carryall, which left behind it, suspended in the air, an amazing quantity of the same, considering its speed, and quite obscured the morning sun with its golden cloud. Austin May might have been an entering circus procession, and no one would have found it out. Even the boys at the station were sluggish, and indisposed to "catch on" behind every train, much less to give their particular attention to one undistinguished stranger, with or without a dog.

May lit a cigar, and the carryall and its occupants lumbered along unheeded. The road was walled in and roofed over by a dense canopy of foliage, borne by arching American elms; and through its green walls, dense as a lane in Jersey, only momentary glimpses were to be had of shaven lawns and quiet country-houses. When they came to a gate, with high stone posts, topped by an ancient pair of cannon-balls, the carryall turned slowly in. A moment after they had passed the screen of border foliage May found himself in the midst of a wide lawn and garden, open to the sunlight, but rimmed upon all points of the compass by a distant hedge of trees, so that no roads, houses, thoroughfares, or other fields, were visible. In the centre of this stood, with much dignity, an elderly brick house, its southern wall quite green with ivy. In front of it was a large pavilion, some hundred yards removed, low and stone-built, rising without apparent purpose from the side of an artificial pool of water, rimmed with rich bands of lilies.

The carryall stopped before a broad, white marble step at the front door; and the Charon of the conveyance, known locally as "the dépôt-man," having dumped the one leather trunk upon the step, stood looking at the stranger contemplatively, as if his own duties in this world were all fulfilled.

"How much?" said May.

"Twenty-five cents," said the dépôt-man.

May pulled out a half-dollar. "No matter about the change," he added, as the dépôt-man hitched up his vest, preparatory to fishing in his cavernous trousers for the requisite quarter.

The dépôt-man changed his quid of tobacco, and drove off without a word, the downward lines from the corners of his mouth a shade deeper, as if he profited unwillingly by such unnecessary prodigality, which aroused rather contempt than gratitude. May waited until the carryall had quite disappeared in the elm-trees, and then rang the bell. Apparently, he expected no prompt answer; for he sat down upon one of the

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old china garden-seats, which flanked the door, and rolled and lit a cigarette. After a few minutes he rang again, louder; the unwonted tinkle reverberated through the closed house, and an imaginative man, putting his ear to the key-hole, might have heard the scuffle of the family ghosts as they scurried back to their hiding-places. At last an uncertain step was heard in the hall, and after much turning of keys and rattling of chains, the door was slowly opened by an old woman, who blinked at the flood of sudden light which poured in, rebounded, eddied, and at last filled each corner of the fine old hall.

"Mrs. Eastman, I suppose?"

"That's my name," said the woman, in a strong down-east accent.

"I am Mr. May," said he.

The woman glared at him as before, and did not compromise her dignity by a courtesy. "Mr. Eastman got your letter," said she, "and I have got your room ready. Will you go there now? I don't know who's to carry up your trunk."

May's valet solved that difficulty by shouldering the leather receptacle and carrying it up himself. The room was large, airy, and neatly kept. A straw matting was on the floor, covered here and there with well-worn rugs; and from about the windows came a twittering of birds. All in it indicated, not a new and modern house, but the well-worn nest of a family that had been born, cried, laughed, played, made love, and died, in every room. Yet there was no evidence of recent occupation; the room was innocent of those last touches which are the pride of the feminine housekeeper; curtains, splashers, antimacassars, were few; and no twilled, frilled, or pleated things infested the windows, and impeded the entry of the outer air. May opened the door of a large closet; it was empty, save for a broad, white, chip hat of prehistoric fashion, and ribbons of faded rose-color; but, if it had belonged to a daughter of the house, it was evident that its owner was either dead or married, and her womanly activity was exercised in other locuses and focuses. No other manifestation of what Goethe impatiently calls the "eternal woman" was present; and May's expression almost approached to a smile as he opened the door of the spacious bath-room, and noted the naked mantels and marble slabs, unencumbered by china dogs, translated vases, and other traps for the unwary. On the shelf was a noble pile of rough and manly towels, and as he turned the faucet, he found that the water was copious and cold. From all this you may infer that Mr. Austin May was a bachelor. I have committed myself to no such statement as yet, and May himself would have been the first to term your curiosity—at the present stage of your acquaintance with him—an impertinence. As he turned away from the bathroom the smile of satisfaction died away upon his lips. Mrs. Eastman was still standing at the door, the incarnation of the custodian, in iron-gray rigidity of dress, and equilateral triangularity of white *fichu*.

"Everything seems to be all right, Mrs. Eastman," said he, graciously. (Behold how simple are the needs of men—give them but fresh water, space, and peace, and their desires are filled; while womankind—are otherwise.)

"Everything *is* all right," broke in Mrs. Eastman, like the offended Vestal deity, at a statement implying contrary possibilities. Then again she congealed.

May looked at her more closely, with a slight shade of annoyance. How was he to get rid of this woman?

"You must have had a sadly lonely life here, Mrs. Eastman," said he, by way of placation. And lo! the flood-gates were loosened and the tide poured forth. Who ever could have suspected Mrs. Eastman of gregarious instinct? As well have fancied her loquacious. As Moses's wand upon the rock of Horeb, so an adroit phrase addressed to womankind.

"I have not complained, Mr. May; and nobody can say that I have n't done by you as if it were my own house that I was living in, and the water-back out of order all the time, and the pipes freezing all the winter; and Mr. Eastman, says he, we must have a furnace fire and I say no, it ain't of enough account for us two old people, and so we sit by the kitchen stove, and my sister, Mrs. Tarbox, with her four children and

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the scarlet fever, over at Roxbury, and nobody to provide for 'em, for John Tarbox — says I to Cynthia when he come up to Augusta from the Provinces (I come from Augusta, Maine, Mr. May), he ain't but a shiftless fellow, you mark my words, says I; and says she, you let me alone, Miranda, and I'll do as much by you, s' she; an' so it turned out, an' many's the time I've said to Mr. Eastman, Mr. Eastman, I must go an' see Cynthia s's I, for there she is on her back, with her hands full of children, an' no one to do for 'em but just John Tarbox; an' s's he, Miranda, it would be tempting Providence for you to go with your rheumatism, an' s's I, I can't help that, Mr. Eastman (he's a member o' the church, Mr. Eastman), I guess Providence ain't got no more to say about it than my horse-chestnuts in my dress pocket, an' I always wear flannel next my skin; an' s's I, I'd go, come what may, but for Mr. May's silver, s's I (I keep it under my bed, Mr. May, and have slept upon it every mortal night since I took this house), an' I know I saw a moth in the best parlor last week, an' the furniture not beaten since April; an' so six weeks gone since I saw my sister; an' since there's a foreigner in the kitchen, s' I to Mr. Eastman, Mr. Eastman——"

"My dear Mrs. Eastman," interposed May, gently, "I had no idea you thought it necessary to stick so close to the house. Now I beg that you will go at once. My servant will get all I want for dinner. You and Mr. Eastman must both go, and don't think of coming back before to-morrow—haven't you any other visits to pay?"

Mrs. Eastman, who had started at the "my dear Mrs. Eastman" as if May had offered to kiss her, admitted, ungraciously, that her husband's sister lived in Jamaica Plain. But the foreign valet was, evidently, still in her mind; and, after sundry prognostications as to the domestic evils to result from "that man's" presence in the kitchen, she finally removed herself, with some precipitation, only when May began to take off his coat. Left to himself, May resumed his coat, drew a chair to the window, sighed, and lit a cigarette. Mrs. Eastman's disappearance was followed by a distant shriek; and shortly afterward there was a slight scratching at the door. May opened it, and the St. Bernard dog walked gravely in and stretched himself by the chair; a certain humorous expression about his square jowl indicating that he had been the cause of the shriek in question. It was a bad quarter of an hour for Mrs. Eastman's nerves. Fides was the dog's name, and his master patted his head approvingly.

May sat down again, and his eye roamed over the stretch of green turf, a view broken above by the huge arms of buttonwood, and canopies of English elm. Shortly afterward he saw the valet emerge from a side entrance, and step hastily across the lawn into the shade of a great hemlock, where he stood, gesticulating wildly. A minute or two later Mrs. Eastman, in an India shawl and purple bonnet, appeared in progress down the carriage-road, limply accompanied by her lord and master. When she disappeared, with her husband and a red and roomy carpet-bag, behind the avenue of elms, the sinuous oriental emerged from the hemlock, and shook his fist. May lit a large cigar, the valet returned to the house, and no sound was audible but the chirping of the birds, the rustle of leaves, and the dignified and heavy breathing of the hound of St. Bernard.

II.—The Pavilion by the Lilies.

As May was knocking off the last white ash from his cabaña, his servant knocked softly, entered and bowed. Rising, May, followed by the St. Bernard, descended and entered the dining-room. Upon the walls were six pictures, four of which were portraits of persons, and two of indigestible fruit. The portraits were all Copleys and comprised, first, a gentleman in a red coat and a bag-wig; second, a young lady with a sallow complexion and a lilac satin dress cut so low that only a profusion of lace concealed her deficiencies of figure; third, an elderly scholar with long transparent fingers and sinister expression; fourth, a nice old lady with a benignant grin. Upon

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the table was a snowy cloth and a glorious breakfast, consisting of a fish, a bird, a peach, and a pint of claret. The genius who had wrought this miracle disappeared, and May was left undisturbed.

The fish had gone the way of all flesh, and the bird had gone the way of the fish, and the last glass of Léoville was awaiting translation, when there was a sound of carriage-wheels upon the gravel. May started. The glass of claret crashed untasted to the floor, and its owner sprang upon his feet and fled precipitately. Just as the door-bell rang, he escaped from the garden door of the hall and plunged into a maze of shrubbery; with a hurried sign to the silent servant as he passed. Rapidly and circuitously he circled back behind the hedges until a successful flank movement brought him to the main driveway at the point where he remembered Mrs. Eastman had disappeared; here by a bold dash he secured the front lawn; and a few cautious steps brought him to the side-door of the large low stone pavilion aforementioned. Drawing a brass key from his pocket, he managed to turn a grating lock and entered. The door closed behind him and was carefully bolted on the inside. The interior was quite dark; but May cautiously felt his way to one of the front windows, and opening the sash, turned the slats of the blind to a horizontal position. Through this he peered, breathless with his run. At the front door of the house was the same carryall that had brought him from the station; but its occupants were not visible. May saw the St. Bernard dog silently threading his way through the bushes, his nose upon the trail; a minute later, and he scratched upon the door of the pavilion.

"Hush," hissed May angrily.

The dog scratched, softly. With an impatient imprecation, May opened it; the dog had a bit of paper in his mouth. May snatched it eagerly.

"*Madame d'Arrebocques*" was written upon it, in the hand of Schmidt, his valet. "*Elle doit attendre.*"

Madame d'Arrebocques? May knew no such person. Madame d'Arrebocques? Why should she write? Why had she not sent her card? Had Schmidt spelled the name right? Ah! at last he had it, thanks to Mrs. Eastman's garrulity. This could be no other than Cynthia Tarbox, the ill-married sister of Miranda his châtelaine. And ill-mannered fortune! they had missed each other on the way. Mrs. Eastman might return at any moment. As he pondered, the carryall moved slowly off; but as it passed the window, he noted that it contained no other figure than the station-master. The woman, then, was left behind.

May tore out a card and wrote upon it, in German, *Sie muss fort!* and handed it to Fides, the dog, who trotted silently off. What means Schmidt used, May never knew; but some ten minutes later, four children came screaming down the avenue, running and gasping for breath, followed by a thin and wiry woman, robed in a flapping whitey-brown duster, whose haste and streaming bonnet-ribbons bore every evidence of extreme mental perturbation.

Shortly afterward Schmidt himself appeared, in his hands an empty glass and another bottle of the same claret. By a refinement of delicacy, but just one glass of wine was left in the bottle. "*Monsieur n'a pas fini son déjeûner,*" said he; and May took the glass with trembling fingers, and finished it at a draught.

"Schmidt," said he, in French, "it is nearly midday. You must bring everything here. I dare not go back to the house."

The valet evinced no surprise, but nodded and disappeared. Left to himself, May opened the shutters of several of the windows and looked out. The side of the pavilion that was farthest from the house rose directly out of the broad pond or ornamental lake already referred to. This was to the west; the northern was screened by a dense growth of pines, the southern contained the entrance-door before mentioned, and the eastern façade commanded the house, which was some two hundred yards distant across the avenue. May looked out across the water, which was an ornamental piece fringed with reeds and water-flowers. In the centre of the little lake rose a low round island, which had a

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comfortable rustic seat and a soft and grassy surface. May pressed a small knob in the wall near the window, and coming back from it, took a heavy book from one of the dwarf bookcases that lined the large room. The book was a quarto edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy;" and immediately afterward the adjoining section of bookcase swung slowly forward from the wall, revealing a descending passage-way. Through this May disappeared, and the bookcase swung itself back into place.

Some minutes later, Schmidt entered, after several knocks, with a large japanned tray. Upon this tray was a small paper of bromide of potassium, two boxes of cigars, strong and mild, a carafe of cognac, seltzer, a large opera-glass, a powerful dark lantern, and a six-barrelled silver-mounted revolver. Fides lay on a mat on the floor; but his master was nowhere visible in the room. Schmidt set the tray upon the table and looked about him. Being alone, it must be confessed that his cosmopolitan face showed traces of surprise.

The whole interior of the pavilion obviously contained but one room; and in that room Austin May was nowhere to be seen. In the centre was a huge long centre-table of carven oak; it was covered with dust, and upon it was but one large book — Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." All the four walls were lined with filled bookcases, and, above them were serried ranks of engravings, etchings, drawings, but nothing that was not in black and white. Most of these had woman for a subject, but woman always either in her least agreeable or most unspiritual aspect—Katherines and Petruchios, Madame de Staels, Harriet Martineaus, Manon Lescauts, Cressidas and Marneffes; Messalinas, Hecubas, Danaës, Judiths, daughters of Herodias; and of such as were not historical characters, there was but one common characteristic, namely, that all were shamelessly naked of body and unspiritual of face. The sole exception to this rule stood at the farther end of the room from Schmidt; it was a full-sized and marvellously perfect reproduction of the Venus of Milo; having the cynical inscription upon its pedestal, "A woman without rights!"

Schmidt gave a long low whistle, as he went about the room to examine these engravings; then he returned to the centre-table, wholly at a loss. May surely had not left the pavilion; but where was he? He looked out of the windows, and saw only the pine-grove, the house, the lawn, and the lake. In the centre of the lake was a large fountain, plashing merrily, and shaped like the coronal of some huge lily. As he was watching this, the fountain suddenly stopped; the water-petals wavered and fell, revealing a small grass island that had been screened by the circlet of playing water. A moment after, he started at his master's voice; May was immediately behind him, calmly putting a book back in the bookcase. It was the Burton's "Anatomy."

"You may go now, Schmidt; I shall not want you until to-morrow. You will stay in the under part of the house; and not go out under any circumstances, unless you hear a pistol-shot. If I want you to do anything, I will send Fides with a note."

Schmidt bowed his comprehension and was about to withdraw.

"Stop," said May, "there is one thing more. You must go to Brookline village and hire a fast horse and a buggy, without a driver; put the horse in the stable, but don't unharness him, and shut the door. You may go." Schmidt went.

Left once more to himself, May examined the stores that had been left by his familiar upon the oaken table. The inspection seemed to be satisfactory. He then consulted his watch, and found with a start of surprise that it was already afternoon. The watch was an elaborate repeater, giving the hour, minute, and second, the signs of the zodiac, the year of our Lord, and the day of the month. This latter was August 14th, as has been said; the time, after twelve.

May's behavior upon this discovery was precipitate and peculiar. First, he arranged with great care the calcium light apparatus so that it commanded the front stoop of the house; then he carefully closed all the shutters of the pavilion save the one toward the house. By this window he sat, peering through

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the slats of the blind. The sun, getting into the west, shone full upon the stone front porch; and May kept still there watching it, in the silence of the mid-summer afternoon.

III.—The Drugs of Araby.

Thus fortified in a material way against the approach of any enemy, and exalted in spirit above the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, the minutes seemed hours and space and time but mediums of his own control. When his first pipe was finished he threw it aside and walked openly out upon the lawn. The very birds were sleepy, and the park lay spellbound in the shimmer of its own warm light. Austin took his way along the margin of the pool; it was studded with white still lilies that lay dreamily upon the green water; great gaudy dragon-flies hung motionless upon the lily-petals, like silk-robed ladies in some spotless marble hall.

What was it that gave such interest to the little familiar pool to him, who had smoked his cigar by the lotos-pools of Yeddo's moats, or dreamed these same summer hours away by the fountain of the Court of Lions in far Granada? Well enough knew Mr. Austin May what memory it was that hung about the place; and he smiled his mature and mocking smile as he remembered his boyish love. Many times had they two wandered there, May Austin and himself, wandering together through crusty Uncle Austin's strange demesne; his uncle and her aunt's husband. Old John Austin had married for love a poor and beautiful cousin whose mother had engineered the marriage against the girl's will; and they had hated one another cordially. Too proud to be divorced, John Austin had built himself this strange pavilion where his wife had promised she would never go; they met in company, and with the greatest courtesy, and gave their grand due dinners of sixteen, each at one end of the long table with a splendid high épergne between. Mrs. Austin had taken May Austin into her lonely bosom, and Uncle John had had Austin May home from college, where his bounty kept him, and given him his taste for claret and tried to give his knowledge of the world. And they used to sit there, he and his uncle, in this same pavilion, smoking, close hedged in from womankind. And when the old man had fallen asleep, Austin would creep out into the park, and walk there with his lovely cousin May. And on one summer day, for all the world like this, he won her heart, this gay young Harvard senior, all among the rushes by the lily pool. And Austin had gone back into the pavilion, quaking, to tell his uncle, and found the latter very dignified and dead, a bottle of the famous Eclipse Lafite close by his elbow. As with the old French poet

> "Hear ye, who are soon to die,
> What Villon did before he started—
> He drank one glass of Burgundy;
> This he did; and then, departed."

the claret had not been wasted; its very last glass had been savored by its master before his spirit took flight.

Austin May was overcome with horror. He ran and gave the alarm at the house, and then sought his cousin May, whom he found, standing lovely, in the twilight by the lilies. He kissed her, preliminarily, and put his strong arm about her slender waist; then he broke the news to her, and then he kissed her again, by way of peroration.

Now May Austin was shocked; but not so much so as if she had seen her uncle since her aunt's death, which had happened some three years before. He had suffered—even commanded—that she should go on living at the house; but since then, there being no convenance requiring his attendance at the family table, he had lived, eaten, and drunk, entirely in the pavilion. Miss Austin had had a fancy that she had seen him groping about in the shrubbery from time to time, and spying at her through the leaves; but upon the only occasion when she had gone to see him—it was to thank him for some birthday present, distantly conveyed—he had most mysteriously disappeared. But, as if he appreciated her visit and were doing her all the honor possible, the fountain played its highest—an almost unheard-of thing since Mrs. Austin's death.

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But the next memory was clearer yet to Austin May; and even now a twinge of sadness, as he recalled it, spoiled one puff or so of his fragrant cabaña. For it was by this same lily pool, a few days later. Uncle Austin's remains had been duly disposed of, according to the terms of the will, and he and pretty May had met for the last time; the last time for a few years, he had said; the last time forever, as she had feared. Austin, indeed, had rebelled at this, and spoken boldly of renouncing everything; but she had persevered, and made him see that it was best, at least for a trial term of years, for him to comply with his uncle's last behest. And so he was going abroad; and she walked with him, by the lily-pool, through the lawn, through the hedge to the little seat beneath the linden that had been her favorite; and there they had said good-by, with kisses and tears; and the same grim station-master, messenger of fate! had carried him off in his carryall. Appropriately named! The kisses had been very sweet, but the tears had been superfluous.

May smiled as he thought of this, and, lighting another cigar, went back to the pavilion. There he threw back a drawer in the carven oak table and drew out the queer old will. It was nothing but a copy, bearing the lugubrious skull and cinerary urn which form the seal of the Suffolk County probate court; but it was already yellow with time, and as May turned amusedly over the old leaves the dust dropped from them upon his spotless Poole-built trousers. Ah, a good judge of claret was old Uncle Austin; a good judge of claret and of other things. May opened another bottle of the famous Eclipse (it was only the second pint that day and there is a certain worldly wisdom about claret very inspiring to those who meditate a practical course of action), and began to read.

"In the name of God, Amen. I, John Austin, gentleman, being of sound mind and disposing memory, and a widower, for which I am reverently thankful" (it has been mentioned that Mrs. Austin died some years before) "do make and declare this my last will and testament.

"My body I consign to ashes, and direct that it be duly cremated under supervision of my executors; my soul I recommend to Him who made it, provided that He have not already taken the soul of Georgiana Austin Austin, my late wife, under his same supervision, in which case I reverently pray that it be left to my own disposition.

"I bequeath to my executors the sum of Five Thousand dollars, and direct that it be expended in the erection of a large white marble monument to my late wife, aforesaid, said monument to be designed after the florid manner of the later Gothic and to be placed upon my family lot at Mount Auburn, and to bear, besides the name of my late wife aforesaid, but one inscription, viz.: A Perfect Woman.

"I direct my executors to pay the sum of five hundred dollars annually to the niece of my late wife aforesaid, May Austin, until she be married; and upon her marriage I direct that said sum be annually paid to her husband, for his sole use and consolation.

"I devise and bequeath my bin of Lafite claret, so-called Eclipse, to my nephew, Austin May, together with all my other estate, real and personal, stocks, bonds, moneys, goods, and chattels, wherever the same be found, but subject only to the following condition, namely: I direct my executors to manage and invest all such moneys and estate, save the use of my estate in Brookline, Massachusetts, which I give to my said nephew directly; and all the income, rents, and profits of such estate to pay over to my said nephew annually upon his sole receipt; *provided*, that if he marry at any time within eleven years after my death, or before he shall reach the age of thirty-five, whichever shall first occur, then and in that case I revoke all the devises and bequests to my said nephew aforesaid; but direct my executors to deliver such of my Eclipse claret as then remains, to the most prominent Total Abstinence Association which shall then exist in the town of Boston; and all the rest and residue of my estate I devise and bequeath absolutely and in fee to my residuary legatee. And I have written the name of said——"

At this point in his reading, May

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heard a woman's laugh. It seemed to come from the shrubbery close by. In order to get more light for the will, he had opened the middle slats of the blind toward the trees; so that it almost seemed possible for a tall girl, standing close to the pavilion, to look directly in. With inconceivable agility, May dropped to the floor, beneath the window-sill, and ran rapidly around the large room on his hands and knees, close to the wall. When beneath the table where he had left his opera-glass, he took it up, and adjusting it hastily, stood upon his knees, high enough to look through the open shutter in the window toward the house. Sure enough, he had hardly got the proper focus, when a young girl emerged from the shrubbery and walked down the road. But she was very young, only eighteen or so, and though admirably pretty, May was confident that he had never seen her before. He watched her until she had disappeared in the distance; and then, rising to his feet, returned to the reading of the will. But first he altered the angle of the slats of the blind, so that it would be impossible for anyone standing outside to look into the room.

"And I have written the name of the said residuary legatee in a sealed envelope, which I hereby incorporate as part of this will and append thereto; and I direct that said envelope be not opened, but remain in the custody of my executors, or of the proper court, until my said nephew marry, or reach the age of thirty-five, or until eleven years have elapsed from the date of my death, whichever shall first happen; and thereupon my said executors may open the same and deliver a copy thereof to my said nephew; and proceed to pay over and deliver all my estate, real and personal, to my residuary legatee therein mentioned.

"And I will explain, for the benefit of the gaping and the curious, that this I do that my nephew may profit by my experience of early marriages. For no man should by law be allowed to choose what woman shall be his wife until he be arrived at the age when he may be hoped to have sufficient discretion not to choose any woman at all." Then followed the appointment of executors; and that was all.

May laid aside the scandalous old will and began to think.

How he had laughed at the last clause, he and May Austin, as they wandered by the lily-pond that evening! And when she had persuaded him not at once to give it all up and marry penniless, he had tried to make the best of it. If she would not marry him then, what were eleven years? Eleven years—bah! August 14, 1886—why he would only be thirty-three and she twenty-seven! But she had refused to make it an engagement, refused even to write to him; and the poor young Bachelor of Arts had gone off to his steamer most unhappily. And that farewell kiss under the lindens! And the letters he had written back—from Liverpool—beseeching May Austin to reconsider her determination! Austin May took another cigar from the box, and smiled pensively.

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HALF A CURSE.

By Octave Thanet.

On a certain April day, in the year 1862, the stage-coach was waiting at the plaza-corner of the oldest Floridian town. At that time the plaza was merely an unkempt common, where cows and pigs might ramble at will, taking their siestas in the ruined old market-house, or sunning themselves at the base of the stubbed pyramid erected by the last Spanish rulers. Where now the smart little shops elbow the grim old cathedral, then high coquina walls, over which waved orange- and palmetto-trees, joined the ancient house-fronts, and hanging balconies cast a grateful shade on the sand below. Then as now the wharf and the sea-wall bounded the eastern side, and the water glittered behind a little flock of sails. If one stepped on the sea-wall he could see the hated Yankee flag flying over the old fort, and a blue-coated officer was watching the crowd about the coach. High above the hats and bonnets towered a gay turban and a black cheek pressed tenderly against the white cheek of a child, while tears ran unrestrained down both faces alike. The child sobbed aloud; but the woman, not uttering a sound, only strained the small body closer, and looked through her tears at the young gentlewoman beside her. She was a beautiful creature—Johnny Tindall, the young Federal captain, thought—so slender, graceful, and high-bred looking, with such a touching sweetness of expression, and yet such a tropical fire in those brilliant, almond-shaped, dark eyes. He caught her last words: "Yes, it is hard, *hard;* but what should I do without you to take care of the place? I know I shall find you here whatever happens."

"Yes, Miss Nannie," was the answer; "I keep de place good's I kin, an' you sholy fin' me yere waitin'."

"All aboard!" shouted the driver.

The parting came, and was over; Johnny had the impression that all three cried at once.

"What is the matter?" said he.

He spoke to his next neighbor; but another man—a stout, florid man in civilian's dress, though wearing a military cap—replied; "Oh, jess some rebs leavin' ruther'n swaller the oath."

"Such a trifle wouldn't send you away, would it, Baldwin?" said Johnny, glancing with undisguised contempt at the speaker, a sutler in his own regiment.

"Of course I'd take the oath, captain; I ain't a Southerner."

"I thought you came from South Carolina."

"I was only there for a while," said Baldwin, sullenly; but directly, with a more cheerful air, he added: "Did ye notice them people? That there lady's Mrs. Legree. Her pa was a Charleston big-bug, and she married Renny Legree. He's off in the rebel army. They've a mighty fine place here. Say, did you ever see a mortal critter tall's that there colored woman?"

"I want to see her," said Johnny, walking off; but Venus was gone.

Afterward he learned something of her history. Venus Clinch was born a slave on the Clinch plantation in South Carolina. She claimed to have Indian blood in her veins, which is quite possible, since her father was one of the "negro allies" of the Seminoles, captured during the Florida wars. Venus was a famous cook; and on Miss Nannie Clinch's marriage, she was one of the wedding-gifts. With her went Ambrose, her husband, a handsome, amiable, indolent, utterly worthless mulatto. It was supposed that Venus might want her husband's company. She, however, was a most philosophical spouse. "Now, ole marse," said she, kindly, "don' ye poturb yoseff 'bout Ambros'. I ain't no-ways 'tickler 'bout dat ar nigger. Ef you all kin git 'im trowed in wid de hosses, I says, fotch 'im 'long; but he ain't wuth no buyin' no ticket fo', dat's sho!"

Nevertheless Ambrose came, and often enough Venus regretted her qualified assent.

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"Mazin' how come I taken up wid dat triflin', ornery, yaller nigger," she would say. "Nebber done a stroke fo' me, nebber guv me nuffin'—'cept de measles, an' dem I wan't seekin'. Dese yere yaller niggers dey's no nation; got de good er none, an' bad er all. Ambros' am bad down to he heel."

Venus never had but one child, and it died in infancy. After that her sore heart's entire and lavish devotion was given to Nannie Clinch. She was a faithful servant to all the Clinches, but she worshipped "Miss Nannie."

All these particulars gradually came to Johnny, who very soon made Venus's acquaintance.

The beginning was his noticing her as she walked daily on the beach before the barracks; indeed, no one could help noticing a figure built on such an enormous scale. Besides, there was a certain massive dignity, and even symmetry, about her form, and her features, Indian rather than negro, were brightened by a smile of true African good-humor. Her costume recalled the best days of the vanished *régime*. Her gay turban and her white apron were always fresh from the iron; and on her head was poised a great basket filled with enticing tropical sweet-meats, the secrets of which Aunt Venus had guarded for years.

When neither vending her wares nor making them, she toiled in the Legare garden. Meanwhile, Ambrose led a life of elegant leisure as skipper of a sail-boat so leaky and unruly that only a suicide could care to hire it. A little labor would have made a tidy sloop out of this relic of the Legares, but Ambrose always said: "Dar's udder t'ings en life dan toilin' fo' money!"

Johnny was Venus's best customer. Nothing pleased the faithful creature more than to talk of her mistress.

"I 'members," said she, "de ve'y fustis time I sot heyes on Miss Nannie, to know 'er. Ye muss know, sah, dat I wuz bawn on de plantation an' raised dar 'twel I'se risin' er sixteen, w'en my mammy she done die up. She wuz a witch'ooman, my mammy wuz; an' one er witchin's, 'e done got twurn' roun', some'ow, an' hit kill' 'er dead. De obberseer, he 'lowed 'twuz kase 'twuz fallin' wedder, an' she done cotch cold en de wet. But *I* knows 'twuz de *witchin'!* So, den, dey sen' me ter Chawlston, an' de cook she l'arn me ter cook, an' spat me good wh'n she's mad; an' onct she guv me a mos' outrigeous lick wid a stick er fat wood, an' runned a splenter enter my awm. So, den, I wuz pickin' at it outside, an' a grievin' fo' my mammy — dat nebber taken nuffin' wuss'n a shengle to me—an' a bellerin' ve'y sorf like, dat Aunt Phœbe don' heah my lammertations, an' give me mo' ter lammertate fo', w'en in runs my Miss Nannie. De angil looks er dat chile in 'er sweet li'le w'ite frock, an' de li'le black slippers, an' de big blue sash. An', ef ye please, she taken pity on me an' guv me a big chunk er cake, an' calls her paa ter cut out de splenter. She did so. He wuz a ve'y kin' man, ole marse; an' so wuz ole miss, too, dat's cole an' dead now, po' t'ing!"

It was curious what a sense of intimacy Johnny came to feel in this unseen rebel family. He knew all about "ole marse" and "ole miss," who had been an invalid ("ole marse kep' 'er a invaleed fo' twenty yeahs"), and Marse Tim, and Marse Bertie.

Johnny's cheeks were rosy, and he had a chubby little figure; but there was a streak of romance in his kind heart—why, indeed, should only the thin be romantic?—and it pleased him to be indirectly serving these absent enemies through Venus.

She always received him in the garden. "I wud like mazin' ter ax ye in, marse cap'n, but I knows Miss Nannie's 'pinyuns, an' I cay'nt; but de kitchen, dat 'long ter me, an' you is right welcome dar allus. I ain't none er yo' cooks dat's skeered fo' hab folks see dar cookin'."

Johnny's eyes twinkled. North, his chubby form was hailed with delight by all the mothers of his acquaintance—for Johnny had great possessions. South, it appeared, he might be glad to visit the kitchen. He did visit the kitchen, and was content to view the mansion from the garden. Venus regarded the house with awe, and even to Johnny's eyes it looked imposing—a Southern house of the last generation, built in fond imitation of a South Carolina home, with its lofty Doric portico, and the galleries

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on the sides, which the Cherokee rose changed into bowers. But it was the garden which was Johnny's paradise. Here, orange-trees, magnolias, and myrtles kept an unchanging verdure through the season, palmettoes lined the wide avenue, and strangely cut leaves of the tropics—fig, pomegranate, date-palm—mingled with more familiar foliage; while everywhere the tree-limbs dripped with Spanish moss. A sumptuous color and glow dazzled the Northern eye; trumpet-flowers swinging their flames against the walls, oleanders taller than pear-trees, the gold of jasmine and the dead-white of orange-blossoms relieved against the weird haze of the dripping trees. Johnny used to be reminded of the Garden of Eden. He would tell himself that the poignant odors which filled the air had intoxicated him.

Certainly he thought more than was good for him of the beautiful mistress of the place.

So, during a few weeks he walked in the garden, and Venus toiled hopefully, and Ambrose was quite as hopeful though he did not toil at all. Then, one fine morning, Captain Tindall's regiment marched away.

He went in the autumn; and in the following summer he was sent back to the town on some military business. As soon as he could he went to see Venus. There was a dismal change in the place. The gate was gone, and the fence looked as though a regiment had charged down on it. Within, it was worse. The flower-beds were trampled out of shape, the scuppernong-vines draggled on the ground, as if torn down by impatient hands; and limbs had been wrenched off the orange-trees, or left hanging at forlorn right angles by strips of bark. The house, with its shattered windows, and the weeds growing over its broad steps, seemed mutely lamenting over the desolation. Yet a wisp of smoke crept out of the huge coquina chimney of the kitchen—token that Venus must still be living there. But in vain Johnny hunted and shouted, and at last in despair he took his way back to the city gates. He passed along the narrow streets, vaguely depressed by what he had seen, until he was stopped by a crowd before the building which still bears the title of "The Governor's Palace."

In the day of Spain the palace doubtless cut a becoming and princely figure, with its tower and balconies and portico, and the famous garden, wherein was planted every kind of tree on earth (according to the old chronicler); to-day, shorn of all these, it is a commonplace post-office, but when Johnny saw it a shabby vestige of pomp remained in the crumbling ornamentation of the façade and the Spanish corridor of arches opposite that row of pride-of-India trees, not one of which remains. The building was used as a court-house by the United States Government during the war; and it was so used at this time. A crowd of men overflowed the corridor into the street.

The people were Minorcans for the most part, dark, thin, and dejected-looking; but there was a sprinkling of black faces and blue coats, and a little bandying of jokes. Johnny asked a man what was going on. He was a Minorcan; he answered, sullenly: "Dey refuge 'low us pay tax, so den dey sell our lan', now."

"Listen," called a soldier, nearer the door, "there's a circus in there. An old colored woman's bidding against Baldy. She goes him ten cents better every time, and he's hoppin' mad! Too bad! He's got it."

A burst of laughter rolled out of the court-room.

"What's the joke?" called another soldier.

"Auntie wants Uncle Sam to lend her a few hundred to beat Baldy, and to take it out in jam!"

Johnny wedged himself through the men to where Venus stood, her gay turban towering above all the heads and her black profile cut against the yellow stucco pillar like a bas-relief of anguish.

She turned a piteous gaze down to Johnny's kind eyes.

"You'se done come too late, marse cap'n," she said; "dey taken Miss Nannie's place 'way. I'se offer dem all de money fum de po'serves, but dey won' hab it."

Johnny got her out of the court-room into the plaza opposite, where he made her sit down.

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"Now tell me what this all means," said he.

"Dey done take hit, sah. Fust dey steal all de gyardin truck an' de chickins, an' dey 'tice 'way po' ol' Strawberry, de onlies' cow we all hab leff——"

"Why didn't you complain?"

"I done de bes' I knowed, sah. I cotch one t'ief an' I take my slipper to 'im de same like his own mudder; an' den I tote 'im to de cunnel by de collar. Dey done punish 'im. But I cudn't cotch no mo'; dey wuz too spry. Den dey putt de wah-tax on, an' I done went prompt fo' ter pay, wid de change e'zact; but de boss, he say Miss Nannie am a rebil, an' de loil peoples dey's de onlies' people kin pay taxes; an' he refuge——"

"But he hadn't any right to refuse!"

"Dunno. Dat am w'at he done. Dey done Mr. Dee Medeecis de same way; dey twurn 'im hout on de pa'metto scrub kase he hab two sons wid de 'federates, an' den dey sole 'im up. Dat t'ief, Bal'win, he git de 'ous. 'Spec' he git de town, d'rectly. Well."

Her head sank hopelessly on her breast; but in a moment she looked up; she even made an effort at the conversation which her notions of politeness demanded. "You's lookin' right peart, sah. I hopes you is gittin' on smart. I'se made some dem fig po'serbs an' guavas fo' ye, sah, an' ef ye cayn't tote 'em wid ye, whar will I sen' dem kase I won' hab no mo'—place."

A kind of dry sob shook her frame, though it brought no tears. Her woful patience affected Johnny so that the good fellow couldn't sleep that night. He did what he could—protested against the sale as illegal, and even offered Baldwin twice his purchase money for the title-deeds.

"Ye cayn't buy it of me," said Baldwin, grinning in a very irritating fashion. Thanks to Johnny, he was no longer in the army and he let his old captain understand that he remembered.

"I'm hanged but I'll get the house in spite of you, you scoundrelly cad," vowed Johnny at last. At which Baldwin only grinned again.

For the present, however, nothing could be done. Johnny helped Venus move Mrs. Legare's property into the house of a Minorcan, the same De' Medici whose wrongs had been recited by Venus. Venus herself worked like a horse, and never spoke a superfluous word. She showed a curious patience over all the delays and annoyances of such a flitting; even Ambrose did not get a hard word. He lent his amiable countenance to the occasion, advising, directing, criticising, everything but working; and the next morning he presented himself to Johnny very smartly dressed, with a travelling bag in his hand, like one ready for a journey.

"I'se called, sah," said Ambrose, in his softest voice, "ter 'trust ye, sah, wid my ados ter Venus. I'se gwine 'way, sah, wid Cap'n Grace. Venus, she sut'nly ar comical, an' I wisht, sah, you hab de kin'ness ter look ayfter 'er dis yere mawnin'; she up yonder ter de place, an' I'se unner de impression, sah, she aimin' fo' ter chop Mr. Bal'win's head open wid de ax! Yes'ah. No, sah"—as Johnny made an impulsive movement—"dar ain't no call fo' aggitatin' yo' seff; wait twell I comes ter de squeal 'er de story. I done seen Venus sharpin' dat ax, an' I seen 'er guvin' de stockin'—dat same stockin' she kep 'er money in, ye unnerstan', sah, an' nebber so much's let 'er lawfil husban' peek enter hit—she guv dat stockin' ter Miz Dee Medeecis fo' ter keep fo' Miz Legree. She done so; I seen 'er. I wuz present, pussonly, myseff, unner de bed. So, sah, habin' de bes' wishes fo' Venus, dough she hab no right notions 'bout de duties er de weaker vessel, I'se done gone ter Mr. Bal'win, an he won' go dar 'tall, but send de sogers."

"But she may resist the soldiers——"

"No, sah; pardin', sah; I'se guv 'em de key er de back do,' an' w'ile Venus she darin' dem in front, torrers kin come in behin'. I hates ter argy wid Venus; she am so pregedeeced like, she ain't reasonable. So ye be so kin', please, sah, gib my bes' respec' ter Venus, an' tell 'er I forgibs ev'yt'ing an' I'se done gone fo' good; an' ef we all don' meet up en dis worl', I hopes ter meet up with 'er en de bright worl' above, whar dey ain't no merryin' nur givin' up merryin' an' de wicked cease deir trubblin' an' de weary am at res'."

Here Ambrose took out a white handkerchief, and, so to speak, dusted his

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eyes with it; then made a deep bow and departed.

"Venus is well rid of him," thought Johnny; "now, how much of that was a lie?"

But for once Ambrose had spoken the truth, as Johnny discovered when he got to the Legree gate, for he could see blue-coats on the piazzas, and he met Venus with an axe on her shoulder. She answered his questions with inscrutable composure: "I'se gwine speak Mr. Bal'win," said she.

"Do you need an axe for that? Venus, I believe you mean to kill Baldwin. You think then Mrs. Legare will get the place back, but she won't; it will go to Baldwin's relations. You *never* will get it back that way. And they will hang you, my poor friend, and what will Miss Nannie do without you?"

He had touched the right cord. The axe trembled on the huge shoulder, then, all at once, it was hurled to the ground, and Venus was crouching beside it, rocking herself to and fro in bitter anguish, but never uttering a sound. Johnny did not know how to interrupt this savage, silent grief. At last she rose, arranged her dress decently, and said, very quietly: "Marse cap'n, Miss Nannie done los' ev'yt'ing—her paa, dem two boys, an' Marse Renny he killed up, too, las' monf; an'—an' my li'le w'ite baby, de Lawd done take 'er fo' ter be happy 'way fum we all. Marse cap'n, I cayn't lebe Miss Nannie by 'er lone! No, I'se hab ter stay. Oh, how come my witch mammy nebber l'arn me no witchin'? All I knows dess haff er cuss. W'at de wuth am *haff* er cuss? Debbil lebe ye most 'tickleres' p'int."

"Never mind, Venus," said Johnny; "we'll get it without the devil."

He quite meant what he said, and, on leaving Florida, he used all his own and his family's influence, which was not small, in Mrs. Legare's behalf; but it was a time when both sides were stripping themselves of the superfluous moralities for the last fierce tussle, and he could do nothing. Then he wrote to Venus, proposing that *she* try to buy the place of Baldwin. An answer came promptly enough, from Mrs. De' Medici; Venus had tried, but Baldwin wouldn't sell the place for less than five thousand dollars.

Johnny was not too good to swear a little over that letter. "Wait a little," said he, "we'll get the place cheaper than that."

His interest was so thoroughly roused that he went down to see Venus as soon as the end of the war left him at liberty. He found her established in the Minorcan's house, and selling preserves at such a rate that she had to hire an assistant. She had fitted up a room with the old furniture of Mrs. Legare's chamber, and kept it always ready, down to the nosegay on the table. "Kase I knows not de day nur de hour, an' I'se keep ready fo' my Miss Nannie."

Baldwin was as obdurate as ever. This was the state of things when Miss Nannie came back. Johnny was still in town, but so changed was she that he did not know her. He had gone out that day with Venus to "the place." Walking through the ruined gardens, and viewing the deserted and dismantled house, it seemed to him a type of the whole South. Perhaps, because he knew all the little domestic details of the life of the past owners, and because he had, in a way, entered into their joys and their sorrows, a profound sense of the contrast and the desolation made Johnny melancholy. He recalled the radiant creature whom he had seen, with a kind of pang. And it was at this moment that he saw a thin, elderly woman, in rusty, black draperies, come slowly and wearily down the avenue. She was quite near him before he perceived that really she was a young woman, whose hair had turned gray. Venus was just behind Johnny. She screamed, and ran toward the lady.

At the same time a man came around the house. The man was Baldwin. Johnny saw that the lady spoke to him. "Do you live here, sir?" said she.

"No, ma'am," answered Baldwin, civilly; "but I own the place."

"You—own—the—place?" gasped she. "How did you get it?"

"Bought it of Uncle Sam. It was sold for taxes."

Then Venus caught her mistress about the waist, and, supporting her with one arm, shook her free fist in Baldwin's face.

"Oh, ye debbil!" she yelled. "Dis am Miz' Legree!"

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"Hey?" said Baldwin. "Well, I don't guess ye'll expect me to say I'm pleased to meet ye, ma'am."

"I thought I was coming home, Venus," said the poor lady.

Johnny couldn't bear any more.

"Confound it all, Baldwin," said he, "let's see if we can't settle this. You say you will sell for five thousand; I'll give you your price."

"No, ye don't, colonel," said Baldwin. "I aint sellin', and what's more, I aint goin' to sell. The land will rise, and I kin afford to wait. An' if I was sellin', d—d if I'd sell to *you*."

"You cur," said Johnny, "if you say another word I'll thrash you." He looked as though he might not wait for the other word.

"An' I holp him," said Venus.

"No, Venus," Mrs. Legare cried. "No, sir; you are kind, but it would be useless; I know the man now. He was an overseer on my uncle's plantation, and was sent away for cheating. He went into the Yankee army afterward as a sutler, but he had to leave because he would get provisions for the people here from the commissary and then sell the provisions."

Baldwin ground his teeth, but it was not easy to deny this with Tindall looking on, so he forced a sickly kind of laugh, saying: "You're a lady, ma'am, an' you kin talk an' I have to listen, if it is on my own grounds, but it's gittin' late an' I have to be goin'."

Mrs. Legare turned her back on him, not deigning to answer. Venus accompanied her mistress; but she rather marred the dignity of their departure by shaking her fists at Baldwin all the way to the gate, and screaming unintelligible imprecations, backing out, meanwhile, as if from a royal presence.

She informed Johnny, later, that she had launched at Baldwin a curse of terrific power. "Dat same haff er cuss my mammy l'arn me," said she, "mek dat Bal'win squeal fo' sho, fotch de wuss sorter trubbel on him. Mabbe he git out dough, kase dey's jess de fust haff. Mos' like gre't trubbel, deff, mabbe, come ter me, too, kase er meddlin' wid de debbil's tings. Dat ar's w'yfo' I done nebber cuss 'im befo'. I like fo' ter lib an' see Miss Nannie. Dess see 'er, dat's a satisfaction ter me."

This was after Venus had taken Mrs. Legare to her home, and when she was bidding good-by to Johnny, who must leave the town that night, having received a telegram from the North about business requiring his presence.

Venus wept as she blessed him and implored him to return soon.

. . . . . .

The decrepit old Spanish town was transformed into a fashionable "winter-resort" before Johnny saw it again. He stared discontentedly at the smart new shops and the huge wooden hotels which had taken the place of the modest hostelries of his knowledge. "Confound it, how they have spoiled the place!" thought Colonel Tindall.

Strolling along, he found himself at last in one of those lane-like streets which are interrupted by the plaza for a space and then go crookedly on until they melt into the marshes beyond the town. He stopped before a house, such a house as used to be common as possible, but which was already growing rare. The pink plaster hiding the coquina front was richly mottled by lichens, chipped away, also, in places, showing the stone. It rose in a straight line from the sand (sidewalk the street had none), and was continued in a garden wall. The steep roof made an upward and forward slant over a hanging balcony, and some queer little dormer windows blinked out above. The door to the house was the garden gate. Over the brass knocker hung a sign—"Furnished Rooms."

"Now, *this* is a decent house," said Johnny. "By Jove!"

The exclamation was caused by the appearance of a gigantic negress on the balcony. She looked down, saw, clapped her hands together, and disappeared. In an incredibly short time she was below, kneeling before Johnny the better to embrace him, and blessing the Lord.

"De chari'ts er Isril an' de hossmen darof," shouted Venus, swaying Johnny backward and forward; "de rose er Sharon an' de lily er de valley, praise de Lawd, O, my soul, dis am you fo' sho', honey! De lamb, wid him same yaller

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ha'r, an' lubly red cheeks de ve'y same —dess fatter! Hallelooger! laws, laws —kin ye hole yo'seff stiddy, marse cunnel, dess a minit twell I res' my han' on yo' shoul'er 'n h'ist myseff hup—I ain't de figger fo' knellin', dat's sho'."

Of course Venus would have him go into the house to Mrs. Legare, who received him with a cordiality amazing to the modest fellow.

"Laws, my baby," said Venus, "ye ain't s'pose Miss Nannie Legree an' me done forgit ye? We all 'members ye reg'lar en our ev'nin' supperclations, we does. An' dat ar check er ye done sen' me, I'se got it safe en de stockin'. Miss Nannie, she guv de stockin' ter de bank fo' ter keep in deir big iron box——"

"But the check was for your law-suit —to get back your property," said Johnny. He sat blushing in the most extraordinary way, and thinking Mrs. Legare handsomer every minute. Gray hair?—well, what could suit those divine dark eyes better? Thin?—yes, to be sure; but the stouter Johnny grew in his own person, the slimmer became his ideal woman's shape.

Meanwhile, Venus answered in the fulness of her heart: "De 'serbs, dey pays fo' de lawin'. An' we rents rooms; sleeps 'em, don' eat 'em; an' we alls roomers don' make a mite er trubbel. An' de lawin' ar gwine on prosperin' an' ter prosper; be'n frow two co'ts a'reddy. We alls lawyer, he says ef we kin dess git de 'session we'se git de propputty. Dey's a right smart er folkses lawed bout deir propputty, an' some dey's comperromised, but dat Bal'win he won' gib in—I lay de debbil holp him——"

"How about the curse, Venus?" Johnny could not resist asking.

He got a portentous roll of head and eyes together, and "Nebber you min' de cuss," said Venus; "hit come. Ain't he done los' de onlies' chile he hab? An' I know dis, he don' durst lib in dat ar house hisseff; lets it ter a po' cracker man fo' mos' nuffin', he so skeered."

Johnny soon found from Mrs. Legare that Venus was not misinformed as to the value of the possession of the property in a legal sense.

"Venus," said Johnny, "I think I see my way; I'll manage the cracker."

"Yes, marse cunnel," said Venus, in nowise surprised, "an' dis time, I lay de debbil holp *us*."

Johnny and Venus had resumed their confidential relations at once. He had explained that his long absence was caused by his being in Europe. "Wid yo' wife, honey?" said Venus, rather anxiously.

"I am not so fortunate as to be married, Venus."

"I 'lows twar de lady dat am forternate," said Venus, simply. "Den you ain't merriad, an' Miss Nannie Legree am a widder? Singler! Singler! But ain't she dat sweet, marse cunnel?"

"She certainly is, Venus," said Johnny, with rather a doleful smile, for he had begun to think that he was likely to exchange a few delicious days for a long heartache. "However, I'll get her place back," thought he, "then I can go."

The cracker was induced to move out by night—how, Johnny best knew—and that same night Venus and Johnny moved Mrs. Legare's furniture back into the house. They had unloaded the last cartload, and were standing in the hall, and Venus had chuckled to herself, "Got de debbil on we alls side *dis* time," when they both heard the same noise—the rapid thud of hoofs, as if a furious rider were galloping down the avenue.

Somehow, Baldwin had discovered the plot. "Let him come," said Venus, grimly, flinging the door open wide, "me an' de debbil kin match him!" Baldwin jumped off his horse and rushed at her. She had a candle in her hand, and by its flare her vast bulk loomed up like a black mountain. With one arm she caught the raging man by the shoulder and held him writhing and sputtering with fury, but helpless as a kitten in her grasp, while with the other she slowly and impressively wagged the candle at him in the manner of a finger, saying: "I 'clar' I'se 'sprised at ye, boss, mos' knockin' me down dat a way; clean ondecent!"

"You git outer my house!" roared Baldwin.

"Dis yere am Miss Nannie Legree's house," said Venus; "it ain't yo' house nebber no mo'. We alls got de 'session, and I'se tell ye plain, boss, ef ye'se gwine on dis a way, 'sturbin' de quality an' tryin' ter faze 'em, I'se trow ye down,

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right yere, an' *sot* on ye twell ye ca'm an' peacerful an' readdy go home. Fo' de Lawd, I will so. Ye heah me!"

Baldwin blustered something about wanting to talk to a man.

"Try *me*," said Johnny.

"I'll fix *you* to-morrer," snarled Baldwin. "If there's a law in the land I'll have it, and——"

But the rest of his threats were lost, for he turned on his heel, mounted his horse, and rode off, swearing.

"Bress de good debbil, fo' so much!" said Venus.

All the next day they expected him—an anxious day it was; but he did not come, nor did he come the day after, and so a week went by without any sign from him, until it was rumored about the town that he had fallen ill. Then they said that his wife and a servant had taken the disease. Finally the oldest doctor in town reined in his horse to say a few low-spoken words to Mrs. Legare on the street. The horse was jaded and the doctor pale; he had been riding in different directions, but all his patients had the same disease, and all had been with Baldwin.

"He went to Savannah and brought it back with him," said the doctor. "When he knew he had it, he let people come to see him. Yes, ma'am. He has always been a curse to this town, but this is the worst of all, for it's yellow fever sure as death."

Mrs. Legare went home and warned her boarders. There were only three of them, the time being early in November. Two of them left the town that day. The third was Johnny Tindall. He flatly refused to stir unless he might take Mrs. Legare and Venus with him.

"But *I* have had the fever; there is no danger for me," pleaded Mrs. Legare, "and the negroes don't take it. Besides, I am a Southerner, these are my people, my place is here. But you, sir, why should *you* risk your life?"

Johnny looked at her, a longing that shook his heart rising in him, to tell her that it was because it would be sweeter to die with her, beside her, for her, as it were, than to live apart from her. But he only said: "Well, it would be rather a scrubby thing to run off and leave you, don't you think?"

He was the stronger—he stayed.

The fever grew worse and worse. People shut themselves in their houses, so that it became hard to get nurses for the sick. It was such a new calamity that the townspeople were stunned. "There never was a case of yellow fever in the town before," they would repeat piteously, as though there were some hope in their past immunity. Then they cursed the man who had brought this horrible mischief upon them. No soul would go near him, and the house where he and his wife lay sick was shunned like one haunted.

"Let them live or die as the devil pleased," the people said. So the weeds choked the garden, and the wind rattled the blinds, and the rain poured in through an open window, while the few passers-by only crossed themselves and hurried on.

"Hit am de cuss," said Venus, with solemnity, not without a touch of gloomy pride, "de cuss dat I cussed?"

One day, a lady, passing on the other side of the street, observed a little girl mount the steps, and called to her, "Don't go in there, dearie; they have the fever!"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I must!" answered the child, looking back brightly. "I take care of them; I'm their little girl! They're awful sick." Before the lady could cross the street she had entered the house.

"Oh, the poor little thing," thought Mrs. Legare. "Who can she be? They have no children. And oh, how like she is to Tessie!"

She told Venus about the incident. "'Clar' dat ar muss er be'n dat li'le gyurl dey done 'dopt," said Venus, "an' dey does say dat debbil am right petted on her. Dar now, Miss Nannie, you lay down an' res' or I'se tell Marse Tindall."

Already Johnny had come to play an important part in Mrs. Legare's thoughts. In those days of selfish fear and frantic misery brave souls were drawn together. She admired Johnny's clear head and his military cheerfulness, so independent of outside gloom. She would not let him assist her directly in nursing; but he was invaluable outside, the right hand of the mayor, the commandant of the post, and the

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doctors. Yet she was conscious, all the time, of a vigilant watch over her health and comfort, and of a hundred unobtrusive attentions. "Nobody but Venus could take such good care of me as you do," she said once, gratefully.

Venus, of course, was a tower of strength.

"Laws," said she, "I wisht I cud mek myseff inter ten folks, den I mought go 'roun'! Say, dough, Miss Nannie, dar am one pow'full comfort en dis yere hour er 'fliction—dat ar ole Bal'win ain't gwine to bodder we all no mo,' kase his gwine die, sho'. Miz' Dee Medeecis, she say she go by 'is 'ouse dis mawnin', an' she heah dat ar' li'le gyurl, po' ting! moanin', an' moanin' rale pittible, an' dey wuz clean deserted, an' dat debbil he come ter de winder, an' he wuz lookin' like deff, an' he h'ist down a tin pail, tied on a sheet tored in two, an' he done holler on Mis' Dee Medeecis, how he'd gin 'er ten dolla' fo' ter fotch 'im a pail er watter fo' ter guv dat ar baby. 'I know ye hates me,' sezee, 'but de chile nebber hurted ye.' So Miz' Dee Medeecis she got 'im de watter, an' she 'lows by dis time dey's all drinked deyseff ter deff, mos' like—laws, honey, whar ye gwine?"

Mrs. Legare did not look at the negress as she replied that she was going to the Baldwins.

"Oh, my heavenly Marster," screamed Venus, "de chile am gone clean 'stracted crazy. Dar, honey, you sot right down an' leff dat ar old debbil die comf'uble; he's got all dat ar watter!"

"Venus," said Mrs. Legare, "I *must* go. I have been thinking of it for two days. I said if the child got sick—Oh, Venus, the poor little child, the baby that looks like Tessie!"

"Well den," said Venus, sullenly, "if dat chile hab be sabe kase she favor Miss Tessie, den I'se de one ter do it, an' I does it. I goes an' nusses de w'ole batch er dem. I knowed dat debbil git eben wid me, foolin' wid he cusses!"

She was as good as her word, and in spite of Mrs. Legare's expostulations went to Baldwin's within the hour.

She faithfully nursed them until the fever turned and the new nurse secured by Johnny arrived. Then she went home. It is doubtful if, in their weakness and delirium, they quite realized why she was there.

The night of her return was rainy, and when Johnny looked in on Mrs. Legare, the next morning, he found Venus wrapped in shawls over the fire and Mrs. Legare busy with medicines.

"She ought not to have come out in the rain last night," said Mrs. Legare; "she was tired and heated, and she has caught cold."

"Laws, Miss Nannie," said Venus, feebly, "I cudn't holp comin', I wuz dat 'omesick. I'se cl'ar sides myseff wid j'y, gittin' back ter my own fambly ag'in. An' dis yere cole am dess de spite er de debbil, nuffin else on earth."

. . . . . .

Just a week from that day, John Tindall, sitting with his bowed head on his hands, vaguely conscious of the fragrance of roses all about him, heard the knocker on the front door clank and clank.

The man outside was Baldwin. Mrs. Legare opened the door. She was looking worn and pale, her eyelids were swollen with weeping, and her eyes had the glaze of recent tears, but they blazed into their old brilliancy at the sight of him and his words. "You see I've come, ma'am, like I said. Now, I want to know how soon you'll be ready to move out!"

He was prepared for everything except the one thing that happened. She drew aside her skirts; she said, "Come in!"

"Well!" said Baldwin; but he came in, stumbling a little because of his weakness and the dark hall, and she, leading, opened the parlor door.

Tindall had jumped up, and Baldwin saw him standing behind some large dark object. Looking more closely he perceived the object to be a coffin, and within the coffin, above the flowers and the soft wool draperies, was the peaceful mask that had been Venus's face.

Mrs. Legare laid her hand on the folded hands which would never work for her again.

"There," she said, very quietly, "there is my last friend. She lies there because she went to help you. She came home from your house and *died*. Now, if you will, turn me—and her out of our home!"

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Baldwin's hat was still on his head, he took it off; his face was changed, and he leaned against the wall.

"Damn it all," said he, hoarsely, "I ain't goin' to turn ye out. She came and nursed us, true enough. I know now. Look a here, she's always be'n tryin' to buy it—I *give* her the house."

He stumbled back through the hall. They heard the door swing—not loudly.

Johnny came and stood by Mrs. Legare.

"Dear," he said, "don't say your last friend, because that can't be while I am alive. I want to tell you what Venus said to me just before she died. You know, dear soul, she believed that she was dying on account of that foolish curse. 'The devil will kill me,' she said; 'but I don't care, I got the house for Miss Nannie. I give it to her and you. Keep it for her, won't you, Marse Tindall, for you love her, too?' Truly, she *has* given you the house now, and if—the other—Oh, my darling, I love you with all my heart, don't send me away!"

She was crying bitterly; but when he took her hand she did not repulse him.

"It is Venus gives it to me," he said.

IVORY AND GOLD.

By Charles Henry Lüders.

I PLUCKED you in the August noon,
When all the hills were hazy
With mists that shimmered to the croon
Of doves—belated daisy.

You grew alone; the orchard's green,
Which May and June had whitened,
Save for your modest bloom was e'en
Content to go unbrightened.

For this, the one I love, at last,
With countless charming graces,
Upon her bosom made you fast
Amid the folded laces.

You had not dreamed that you would rest—
What thought could so embolden?—
Above the treasures of a breast
So white, a heart so golden.

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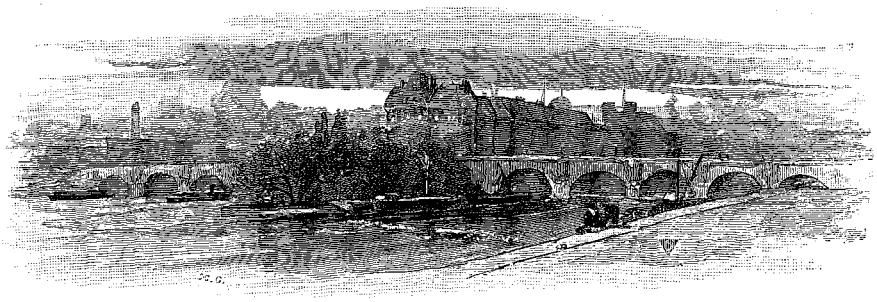

REMINISCENCES OF

THE SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By E. B. Washburne, Ex-Minister to France.

THE SIEGE.

It was amazing to see how quickly the demoralization set in after the fall of the Empire. Up to that time, I think, Paris was one of the best-governed cities in the world, speaking strictly of the municipal administration. The police was vigilant, alert and honest, and life and property were everywhere safe. I had never seen the time, up to the revolution of the 4th of September, that I would have been afraid to have visited the most remote and unfrequented streets in the City, for everywhere were to be found the most watchful policemen on their different beats. But this city government practically fell with the Empire, and in the absence of the governmental and political regulations there was much disorder; the streets were filled with the most obscene and disgusting literature, and the vilest caricatures were cried on the streets by men and boys, and sometimes even by young girls.

Those days of the last of September and the first of October were comparatively uneventful. There was certain fighting going on outside of the walls of Paris, and the usual number of proclamations and notices were issued, which now, read in the light of history, seem very absurd. The *Figaro*, a very widely read journal in Paris, made itself ridiculous by its advice and suggestions. One day it recommended that the National Guard should choose its *vivandières* from the most celebrated members of the *demi-monde*. Other recommendations, equally absurd and puerile, appeared in the same newspaper.

On the 4th of October, 1870, I recorded the following in my diary:

"16th day of the Siege.

"I had an unusually busy day to-day; everybody calling on me to do something. People now begin to want to get out of the city; and they are very persistent. The most persistent and unreasonable had the least occasion to remain. The Diplomatic Corps met at eleven at the residence of the Papal Nuncio. There was dissatisfaction with the manner in which he had managed things. The idea that he should be, *ex officio*, the Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps seemed absurd. He represented nothing but the person of the Pope, and he told me he hardly knew what his position was, for, said he, 'my Sovereign, the Holy Father, is a prisoner.' That was the first news that I had of that event. Great quiet to-day, and no event of the least public interest. The people of Paris are becoming very sober and much discouraged. It seems to be understood that the Provinces are doing nothing. If that be so, the 'jig is up,' and it is only a question of time

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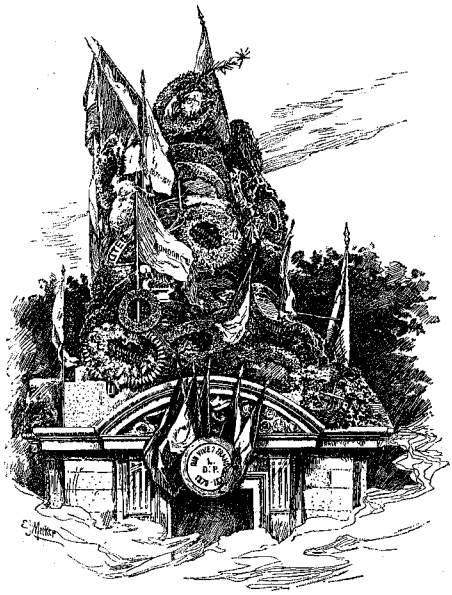
as to how long Paris will hold out. It can resist shells and bombardments but it cannot resist starvation. The long processions at the butcher-shops are ominous."



The Statue of Strasbourg decorated by the People. (From a Photograph.)

Entry in diary, October 6, 1870:

"18th day of the Siege.

"For the first time for weeks we have had a dull, foggy morning. My servant comes in and says the streets are vacant and sombre. My feelings are in unison with the appearance of the streets. This being shut out from all intercourse with the world, when you are on dry land, is becoming tedious.

"(Evening.) The day is run out without any incident of importance. Some little glimmer of news has come in from the Prussians, and the Parisians are a little more cheerful. But it all amounts to nothing, in my judgment. Nothing is being done. The days go and the provisions go. Speaking of provisions, I saw day before yesterday in the streets a barrel of flour made at Waverly, Iowa, some seventy or eighty miles west of Galena.

"Made a visit to the Prefect of Police, Count de Keratry, now 'Citizen' de Keratry. He formerly belonged to the French army, and is regarded as a man of courage and ability. He spoke quite hopefully about affairs, but I do not see it. Curious place is that old, dismal, dilapidated, gloomy, sombre, dirty Prefecture of Police, the theatre of so many crimes and so many punishments. If these frowning walls could speak, what tales of horror they might tell! Here were the headquarters of Pietre, the Prefect of Police who had become so odious under the Empire. And what may be esteemed a little curious under this new deal, I have learned that the same system is in actual operation now as under the Empire.

"News crept in on the morning of the 2d of October that Strasbourg and Toul had fallen. This created a very sad impression all over the city. Public opinion is voiced by Gambetta, who issues a proclamation saying that 'in falling, these places cast a glance toward Paris to affirm once more the unity and indivisibility of the republic; that they leave us a legacy, the duty to deliver them, the honor to avenge them.' Louis Blanc makes an appeal to the people of England, and he calls upon the Englishmen in Paris to bear witness to the fact that the windows of the Louvre are being stuffed with sand-bags to preserve the treasures there from the risks of bombardment. The clubs begin to denounce the government. There are many changes in the names of the streets. The Avenue de l'Impératrice has been changed to the Avenue 'Uhrich,' a hero of the passing hour. The journals continue to publish the Tuileries papers, which minister to the morbid taste of a portion of the public. Paris wears a sombre aspect. The guns from the forts no longer attract much attention. There are very few carriages in the Champs Elysées, and the *cafés chantants* have disappeared. The aspect of the villages outside of Paris, at this time, was a sad one. The houses were deserted, the streets were vacant; but one would constantly run across certain inscriptions intended to be insulting to the common enemy, such as '*Mort au Prussiens*,' '*Deux têtes pour trois sous, Bismarck et Guillaume.*' And that is called making war!"

On the 19th of October, Count de

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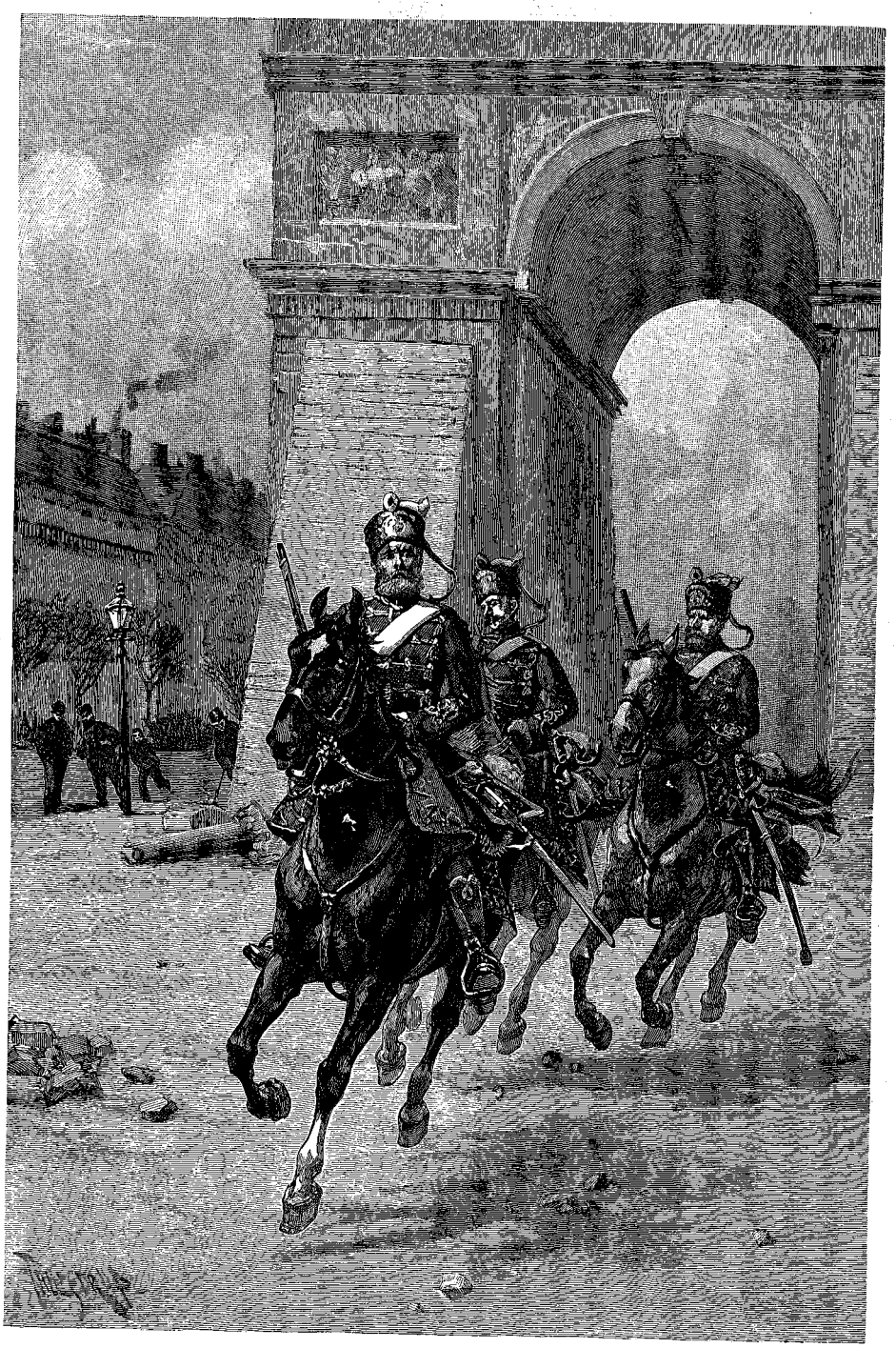

The Three Hussars.

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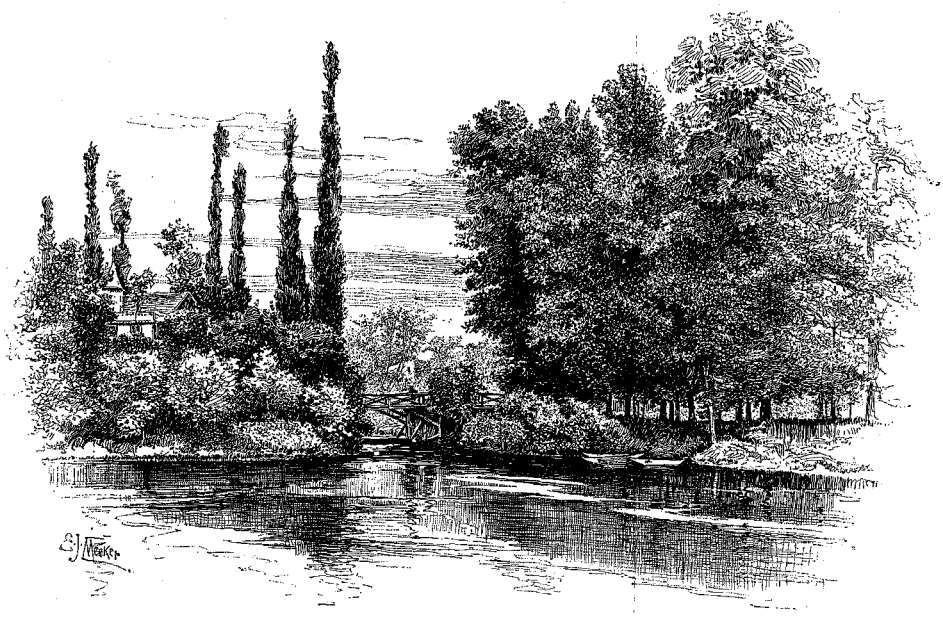
Bismarck wrote me still further in relation to certain persons in Paris, not French, leaving the city, and said that he had written to Jules Favre that they could only leave on the condition that their identity and nationality should be verified and attested by me. He expressed the regret that, in addition to so much trouble, he should be obliged to draw still further upon my kindness, and request that I should warn all persons holding my passports that they should not carry out any parcels, letters, or communications whatever; if they did, they would bring down upon them the full rigor of martial law. In view of so many persons leaving Paris who were required to have my passports, I got out a printed form for a special passport, to which I affixed my signature and the seal of the legation. On the back I placed the following indorsement, which was required to be signed by every person holding a *laissez-passer*: "Departure through the Creteil gate. The letter or package except personal baggage, under penalty of military law."

Entry in diary, October 21, 1870:

"33d day of the Siege.

"At 5 P.M. went to see M. Jules Favre about Americans leaving Paris. Pressure to get out is getting to be very great. All the nationalities are now calling upon me, and I believe that I am charged with the protection of half of all the nationalities of the earth. It is understood that there has been a good deal of fighting to-day, but nothing has been heard at General Trochu's headquarters up to half-past six this evening. I think that is ominous; if the French had been successful there certainly would have been some news of it."

It was at this time that I was in constant discussion with Trochu and Jules Favre in relation to getting the Americans out of the city. I shall never forget the interview I had with these two



The Porte de Creteil. (From a Photograph.)

undersigned, whose name is in the passport on the opposite page, admits that he has been notified by the aforesaid minister of the United States that he can be the bearer of no newspapers, gentlemen. One afternoon, accompanied by my secretary, I went with Jules Favre to the headquarters of Trochu and was ushered into a private *salon*. Trochu, notified of our presence, soon appeared.

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Coming in with slippers and dressing-gown, he looked more like a dancing-master than a soldier. The discussion was entered upon, and Trochu was evidently prepared to antagonize every proposal I should make in respect to the Americans leaving the city; and I must say I was never more surprised in my life than at the arguments he adduced and the reasons he presented. He would strut up and down the room talking about the susceptibility of the French character, posing in the most remarkable manner and striking his breast. I think one of the arguments he used was that nobody could fully see the emotion that it would create among the French people when they saw the Americans moving out through the Rue d'Italie to the Porte de Creteil, and how much danger there was that a riot might be created by such a sight, and which might lead to the gravest consequences. I declined to be satisfied with the puerile reasons which he presented, but insisted that my *nationaux* should be permitted to leave the city, particularly as they had received the permission of the German authorities to pass through their lines; that that permission I had obtained in the full belief and understanding that a like permission would be granted by the French, and that I then felt bound to insist upon its being given. Indeed, I intimated some ulterior measure if I did not receive this permission. As I was the only man then in Paris through whom the French could have any communication with the Germans, Jules Favre evidently saw how important it was that I should be satisfied. Indeed, he always behaved very well on this subject, and expressed a great desire that my wishes should be complied with. The result was, after an almost interminable gabble for three hours, that it was finally agreed that I should have the permission. A day was agreed upon (October 27th) when the Americans and all others who held my passes might go out. It was a large cavalcade; a line was formed, which passed out of the city under military escort, and which proceeded to the Porte de Creteil. I sent an *attaché* of the legation to accompany this cavalcade, who made a full report to me of the proceedings and of the parties who went out at that time. There were in the cavalcade forty-eight Americans, men, women, and children, and nineteen carriages; and also a Russian convoy of seven carriages and twenty-one persons, having my passes. The passes were all closely examined before the persons holding them could pass the French lines."

Entry in my diary, October 22, 1870:

"34th day of the Siege.

"This has been a raw, chilly, lonesome day, and I think there have been more 'blue devils' about than any other day during the siege. The meat ration (fresh meat) has been cut down to one-eighth of a pound for two days. But even that much meat cannot be had. Mule-meat has come into requisition and is regarded as superior to horse-meat. The Parisians are standing up pretty well under their deprivations. They are showing, however, symptoms of lawlessness for a few days. The people of the city have been going outside of the ramparts into the small villages and robbing the houses. No effort is made to stop it, so far as I can learn. We are awaiting the official report of the fighting yesterday, but from what I gather there were no particular results for the French. Thirty-five of their wounded were brought into the American ambulance. I had an interview with Trochu this afternoon on the subject of the Americans leaving Paris. It was far from satisfactory, and it was impossible to tell what the French Government is driving at. I shall, however, get out about a dozen to-morrow. I hope the people who have been waiting a long time, and are very anxious to leave, will be permitted to go. Bismarck requires that all people leaving the city to go through the Prussian lines shall have my pass."

On November 1, 1870, the forty-fourth day of the siege, I made the following entry in my diary:

"First as to the events of yesterday. *Voila!* Another revolution. I was very busy at the legation all day. The same night brought me news of the state of

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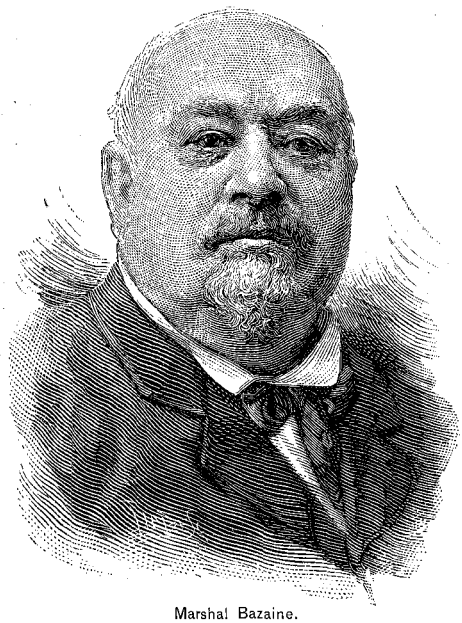
feeling in the city. The arrival of M. Thiers, the surrender of Metz,* and the disgraceful affair of Le Bourget created profound emotion among all classes.



Marshal Bazaine.

The Reds, up to this time cowed by the force of public opinion, now had their opportunity. It had become necessary I should see M. Jules Favre on an important matter, and I went to the Foreign Office at half-past five, and on my arrival, for the first time I learned of the gravity of the situation. I was then told that Trochu had been dismissed, and that Favre and all the members of the government of the National Defence had resigned; that there was an immense crowd at the Hôtel de Ville, and that all was confusion. I started immediately for the Hôtel de Ville in company with a friend, and arrived there at six o'clock. When within two or three squares of the hotel we found the Rue de Rivoli blocked up with troops singing the 'Marseillaise,' 'Mourir pour la Patrie,' and other revolutionary songs. We left our carriage, and made our way on foot through the dense crowd of people and soldiers, and entered into the building. There we found mostly soldiers, who were roaming around, with their muskets reversed, in the magnificent Hall of the Municipality. There seemed to be a sort of public meeting going on, and we started to mount the wooden staircase. We had scarcely reached the head of the stairs when we saw there had been a grand irruption of other soldiers into the building. They appeared to be composed mostly of the Garde Mobile and Garde Sedentaire. We immediately descended and got out of their way, and went around by another staircase, and finally got into the hall by a side door.

"This hall was dimly lighted by two oil lamps. The room was literally packed by soldiers yelling, singing, disputing and speech-making. The side rooms were also filled with soldiers, who sat around the tables, copying lists of the new government which they called the 'government of the Commune.' They all seemed to regard the revolution as an accomplished fact, which was only to be formally ratified by a vote of the people of Paris. Here is a list of the names of the members of the government of the Commune, handed to me most politely by a soldier of the Red Republican persuasion: Felix Pyat, Lorain, Louis Blanc, Delescluze, Mottu, Blanqui, Greppo, Malo, Chapelin, Dupies, Muller. Other lists were around, differing somewhat from the above.

"From the Hôtel de Ville I went to my dinner, thinking that the revolution had been practically accomplished and that we should have a genuine Red Republic. I returned to the legation at eight o'clock in the evening, to get my despatches ready to go out in the bag this morning, and sent a gentleman out to seek reliable information and to get at the exact status before closing my despatches. He soon brought back word that the government of the National Defence had not resigned; but certain parties, headed by Flourens, Blanqui, and others, had undertaken a *coup d'état*, had seized all the members

* Metz had been surrendered by Bazaine on October 27. In 1880 Marshal Bazaine sent from Madrid to Mr. Washburne a photograph as a souvenir "recalling their friendly relations in Paris." On the back of the picture, from which the portrait in the text is copied, he wrote, besides the inscription and autograph, the words reproduced in fac-simile, of which the following is a translation: "Ten years ago!—It was on this date, August 13, 1870, that the chief command of the Army of the Rhine was *imposed upon me*, in spite of my refusal as being the junior among the marshals. But I obeyed, and so became responsible for all the failures of that fatal war—in a word the scapegoat (Buccus) of the ancients. Is this just?"

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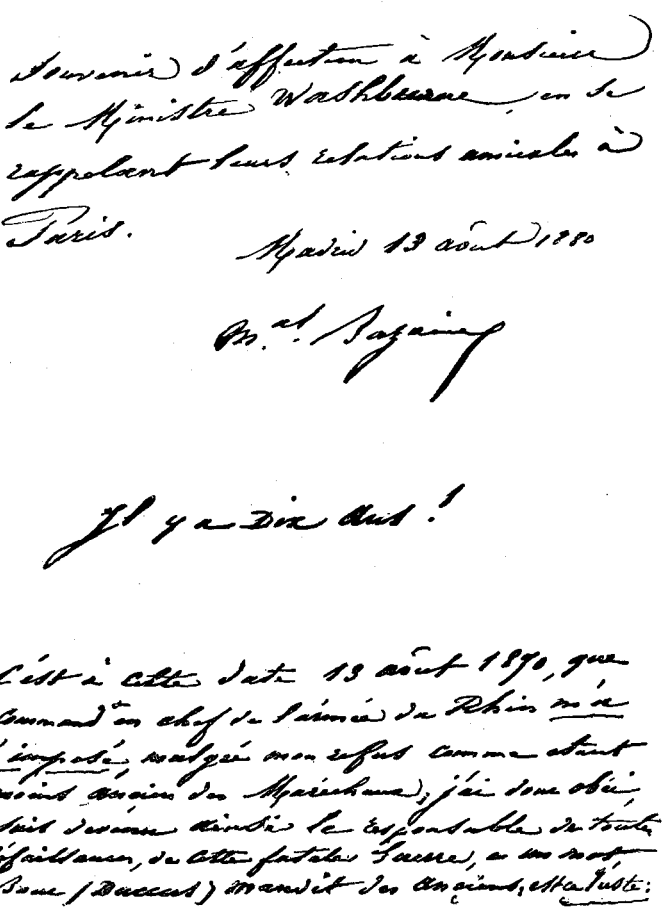
of the government, and held them all prisoners in a room in the Hôtel de Ville. Some of the people demanded that the members of the government should be sent to the prison of Vincennes; others demanded that they should be shot, but Flourens pledged his head that he would have them safely guarded where they were.

"Then the Reds went to work to make up their new government in the Hall of the Municipality, at the same place where I was at half-past six. A gentleman who was present during this time describes the scenes which took place as ludicrous. There was no harmony or concert among them, and they were all quarrelling among themselves; according to him, they pulled the venerable beard and kicked the venerable body of the venerable Blanqui, and denounced this one and that one as not among the patriots. But in all this confusion they issued orders and gave commands like a regular government. The other government being in jail while this pleasant sort of amusement was going on, some of the National Guard, faithful to the government, got into the building and effected the release of Trochu and Jules Ferry, who immediately took steps to release their associates from durance vile.

"At ten o'clock the 'rappel' was beaten all over Paris—that terrible sound which in the first revolution so often curdled the blood. I heard it under the window of the legation. It meant, 'every man to his post.' About ten o'clock the troops began to pour in from every direction toward the Hôtel de Ville. They soon filled the Place Vendome and the neighboring streets, and formed in a line of battle in the Rue Castiglione, which they completely surrounded. In the presence of this immense force, all shouting '*Vive Trochu!*' and '*À bas la Commune!*' the red forces of Flourens seemed to have realized their weakness, and before midnight they had mostly disappeared, the government released, and comparative quiet restored all over the city. I left the legation to go to my lodgings in the Rue de Londres at half-past twelve, and going by the Champs



Fac-simile of Note from Marshal Bazaine.

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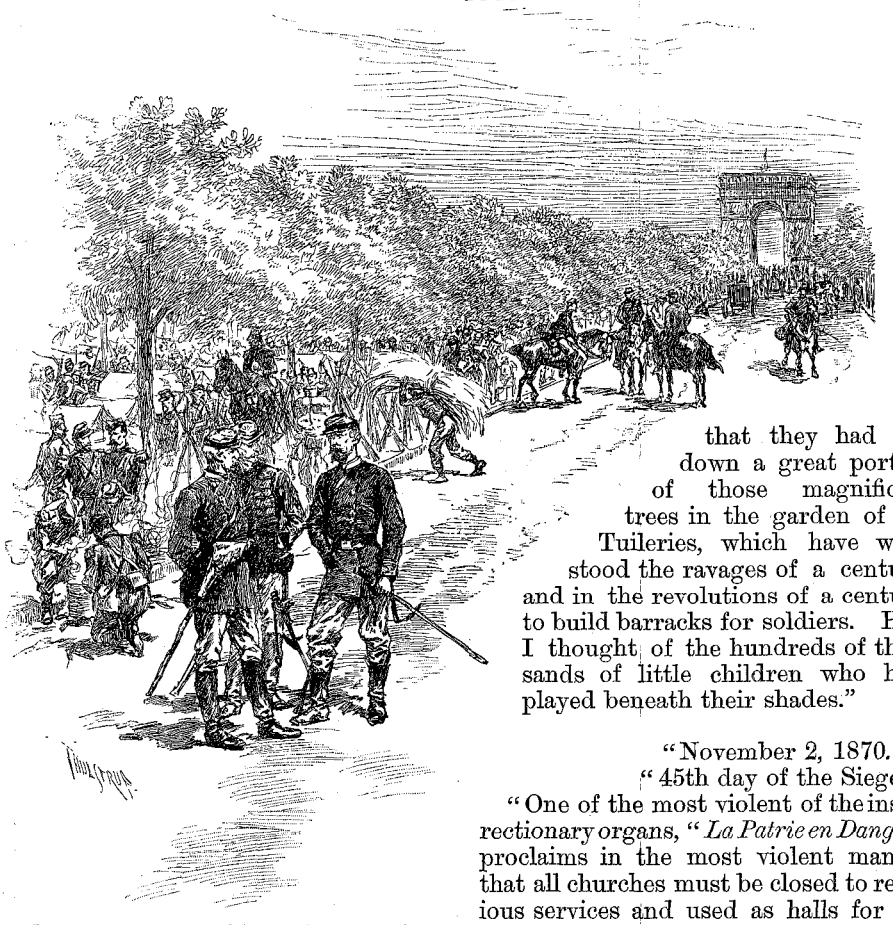
Elysées, the boulevards, and the Chaussee d'Antin, I found all of the streets deserted and the stillness of death everywhere. What a city—one moment revolution, and the next the most profound calm!

"To-day is the great fête day of All Saints. I went to the Hôtel de Ville at half-past nine this morning. The streets were comparatively deserted and most of the shops closed; the great square in front of the hotel was pretty well filled with soldiers. There were a good many people about there, but not the least excitement. I went there again this afternoon, and found the square densely packed with soldiers and people. No man seemed to know anything; each one was inquiring of his neighbor. The whole crowd appeared listless and indifferent. The suffering in Paris and the devastation outside and inside surpass belief. The destruction of that great historical palace of St. Cloud by the French themselves was a piece of vandalism. To-day, for the first time, I saw



Bivouac of National Guards in the Champs Elysées.

that they had cut down a great portion of those magnificent trees in the garden of the Tuileries, which have withstood the ravages of a century, and in the revolutions of a century, to build barracks for soldiers. How I thought of the hundreds of thousands of little children who have played beneath their shades."

"November 2, 1870.

"45th day of the Siege.

"One of the most violent of the insurrectionary organs, "*La Patrie en Danger*," proclaims in the most violent manner that all churches must be closed to religious services and used as halls for the meetings of clubs or for any other revolutionary purpose. All the ambulances must be purged of priests, who must be arrested, armed, and placed before the patriots in the most dangerous places. Barricades must be erected. This is the first thing to think of. No citizen must go out unless armed—revolvers, daggers, bayonets, all are good. All the Bonapartists must be arrested. All provisions must be put into the common stock, and each citizen placed on strict rations. Every individual who knows a hiding-place of gold, silver, or valuables must

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make a declaration thereof at the Mairie. Every house must bear a paper stating the name, age, and occupation of all its inhabitants. All women and children must be placed in places sheltered from projectiles. Their cries and their fears will hinder the action and paralyze the courage of some men. In the midst of such madness and fury one might well inquire if it were possible for any good to come out of Paris."

"Wednesday evening,
November 16, 1870.
"59th day of the Siege.

"Legation full of people reading all the old English and American newspapers, which I have left upon the table in the Secretary's room. As they contain no war news that could be made use of, I was glad in this way to gratify my countrymen, who for so long a time had nothing of our home news. There was a great deal of talk about the fall of Metz and what was called the "treason of Bazaine." I asked M. Jules Favre what he thought of it. He said he would not pass a judgment on so grave a matter without further evidence, but the fact that Bazaine had not made a single communication to the government since the 4th of September, and his going to see the Emperor had a bad look.

"It is evident that the siege begins to pinch. Fresh meat is getting almost out of the question; that is, beef, mutton, veal or pork. Horse-meat and mule-meat are very generally eaten now. They have commenced on dogs, cats, and rats, and butcher-shops have been regularly opened for the last mentioned. The gas is almost giving out, and to-day the order appears that only one lamp in six is hereafter to be lighted at night. Only to think, Paris in darkness; but then, no longer Paris except in name. No more foreigners. The government last night decided that in view of the fact that such large numbers had applied to go when they could go and did not, they cannot now stop their military operations to permit them to go out. The Prussians have also decided to let none hereafter go through their lines except those who already have had permission. Count de Bismarck writes that some of those who have gone out have violated their paroles. Few Americans would like to go now, but have to stay. I was very fortunate in getting the great body of them out before the gates were finally closed."

"Sunday afternoon,
November 20, 1870.
"63d day of the Siege.

"One of the features of the siege is the thousand rumors and reports that are constantly flying about. The most absurd and ridiculous canards are circulated every hour in the day. These French people are in a position to believe anything, even that the moon is made of green cheese. Some of the editors are the most deliberate and inventive liars of modern times. One of the papers said the other day it had received a number of the London *Standard* of November 11th, and went on to give various extracts and news taken from it. Everybody wondered how so late a paper could get into Paris, and when the matter was investigated, it was shown that no such paper had ever been received, and that the whole thing was a deliberate and wilful fabrication. The news that has come by 'pigeon telegraph' in regard to the French success at Orleans has had a great effect. Small favors thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion.

"For three days it has been war, war, but now, when these long, dreary days are running out, nothing is accomplished except every few days a letter or a high-sounding proclamation of Trochu. It has been a dead calm since the 31st of October, not excitement enough to stir the blood of a cat. These people, gay, light, frivolous, as they are, would endure wonders, could you convince them that anything was to be gained. They are getting down to what we called in the Galena lead-mines 'hard pan.' Fresh meat cannot last much longer, including horse and mule. The vegetables really seem to be holding out very well, but the prices are so high that the poor can buy but very little. Butter is selling for $4 a pound; turkeys, $16 apiece; chickens, $6 apiece; rabbits, $4 each; eggs, $1.50 a dozen, and so on. The price of bread, however, fixed by the city, is about as cheap as usual. Wine is also

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very cheap. Bread and wine will soon be about all the poorer classes will have to eat and drink. What misery! what suffering! what desolation!"

"Wednesday evening,
November 23, 1870.
"66th day of the Siege.

"Raining until noon. At one it had cleared up and I went to the photographer, who complained of my looking 'too sober.' Have been laying in some canned green-corn, Lima beans, canned oysters, etc. All these sort of things are being 'gobbled up.' Nobody can tell how long we are in for it, and to what extremes we may be pushed. I first put the siege at sixty days, and here we are at sixty-six days and no light ahead. The French seem to be getting more and more hopeful every day. Gambetta sends his proclamations pinned to a pigeon's tail, and tells of a great many things in the provinces, and then there is a prodigious excitement all over the city. The new quotations for to-day are as follows: For cats—a common cat, eight francs; a Thomas cat, ten francs; for rats—a common rat, two francs; long-tailed rat, two francs and a half; for dogs—a cur of low degree, two francs a pound; for a fat dog, two and a half francs; and for a '—— fat dog,' three francs per pound."

"Thursday night,
November 29, 1870.
"67th day of the Siege.

"And Thanksgiving at that. Visions of beef-steak, broiled chickens, hot rolls and waffles for breakfast; roast-beef rare, turkey and cranberry-sauce, roast-goose and apple-sauce, plum-pudding, mince-pie, pumpkin-pie, and Livermore cheese for dinner; but not as bad perhaps as it might be, we make the best of the cruel situation. Our thoughts go out warmly to the great unbesieged world. A few gather at the Episcopal Church at eleven o'clock; '*apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*' The Episcopal service is read and the pastor makes a little address. Returned to the legation at noon and always something to do, which is a blessing. The people here who have nothing to occupy themselves with are perfectly desperate. A Thanksgiving dinner at a restaurant on the Boulevard Italiens given by two of our American gentlemen. Quite a little table full and all quite jolly; but the portion of turkey to each guest is painfully small. Toasts, little speeches, till half-past ten, when the guests retired, most of them to go to a little Thanksgiving party given by one of our compatriots."

"Sunday,
November 27, 1870,
"70th day of the Siege.

"Seventy days of siege; that is just the length of time that Metz held out. Some enthusiastic Frenchmen say that Paris has just entered upon the first stage of the siege. I must confess that matters look to me more and more serious. The gates of the city are finally closed for good, and no person not connected with military can now get outside. Everything indicates that we are to confront the iron realities of a besieged life. What a marvel of change in this great city in three or four weeks! All that levity of Paris people seems to have disappeared; no more fancy parades of the military, with bouquets and green sprigs stuck in the muzzles of their guns; no more manifestations at the foot of the statue of Strasburg; no more gatherings of the Mobile and the National Guard at the Place of the Hôtel de Ville; no more singing of the "Marseillaise;" no more arresting of innocent people as Prussian spies. Since the revolution of the 31st of October the government of the National Defence has reigned supreme, and history scarcely records a parallel to what we have seen in this vast city since the siege began. With an improvised city government, without police, without organization, without effort, Paris has never before been so tranquil, and never has there been so little crime. You do not hear of a murder, robbery, theft, or even a row, anywhere. You may go into every part of the city at any hour of the night, and you will find a policeman there, and you will have the most perfect sense of security and safety.

"There is now more serious talk than ever of a *sortie*. There has heretofore been so much gabble on the subject, and so many times fixed for this *sortie* busi-

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ness, that I now pay but very little attention to what is said. The report is that a great movement will soon take place, headed by General Ducrot, who, at the moment, is regarded as a good soldier. The attempt is to be made to break the lines and form a junction with the army of the Loire, if such an army exist. We have had no reliable news of anything outside for three weeks.

"(5.30 P.M.) Went out between two and three o'clock and rode down the Champs Elysées; though the afternoon had been cloudy and the ground wet, yet there were great crowds of people walking up and down. I am told of great movements of troops being made all the forenoon.

Called on some American friends in the Avenue Friedland, who are bidding defiance to the siege, having a 'stock on hand' for six months. They recently laid in a little salt pork at $2 a pound."

German Shells Falling in the Latin Quarter.

"Monday evening, Nov. 28, 1870.

"71st day of the Siege.

"Entering on the eleventh week of the siege, and after so long a time waiting in this dismal and dreary siege-life, after so many false reports, there is this evening every indication that the hour of action has finally come to strike. The gates of the city were all shut yesterday, and

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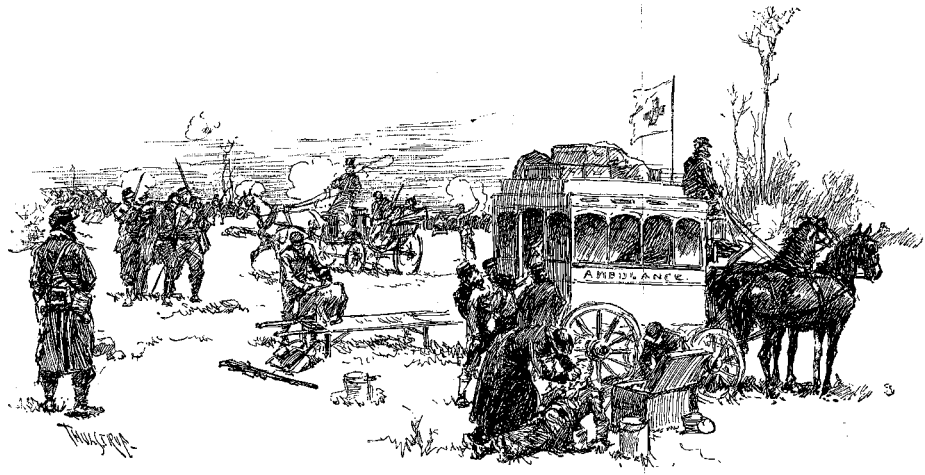
there were great movements of troops in all directions. It is generally believed that the French will attack in several places at daylight to-morrow morning. The American ambulance will leave at six o'clock, and I will accompany one of the carriages. A pitched battle



An Ambulance after the Sortie.

is to be fought by the two greatest powers of Europe, under the walls of Paris. At two o'clock this afternoon I took a friend with me in my carriage and we took a very long ride. There is something in the atmosphere and the general appearance of the city that betokens unusual events. The day is damp, chilly, gloomy, and cloudy, but the streets are filled. The Avenue of the Champs Elysées is crowded with the National Guard, marching up and down; great numbers of people on both sides of the avenue, and a very large crowd in front of the Palace of Industry. The Place de la Concorde is filled, and as we pass up to the boulevard we find the streets almost blocked. All is excitement, stir, and bustle. We find no diminution of numbers as we proceed along the boulevards; cabs, omnibuses, carriages, National Guards, Mobiles, troops of the line, men, women, and children, etc., and on we go to the Place de la Bastille and then through the world-renowned Faubourg St. Antoine, the great revolutionary quarter of Paris, and everyone is out of doors. The scene is exciting, and the people understand fully that something is on foot, for there is earnestness in their look, tone, and conversation. There is hope mingled with fear, and yet more hope than seems to have been felt heretofore. Then we cross the river and go beyond the Orleans depot, and clear out to the Barrier d'Italie; and there we are told of the vast number of troops that have gone out to-day. All seem to know that something important is on the *tapis*. The coming night is one of great anxiety to the people of Paris, for before another day is past the fate of France may possibly have been decided. The proclamation of Ducrot is very 'Frenchy.'"

"Tuesday evening,
November 29, 1870.
"72d day of the Siege.

"A great disappointment to the people of Paris, who had hoped better results. The information is not full, but one of the officials told me very frankly that the 'results want.' The report is that Ducrot was unexpectedly checked in his attempt to cross the Marne; not enough pontoons, which reminds one of the incidents of our war. I intended to have gone to-day with the American ambulance. We started at six o'clock to rendezvous at the Champs de Mars and on arriving there found orders to return. At noon took my carriage and in company with a friend started in the direction of Mont Rouge, passed the Barrier d'Italie, and

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continued on through the village of Arcueil. There had been a little fight in the morning, but it amounted to nothing. We went within eight hundred yards of the Prussian out-posts, but we saw nothing of interest and heard but little."

"Friday, 5 P.M.,
December 2, 1870.
"75th day of the Siege.

"This is a cold, frosty morning. Ice made last night half an inch thick. The battle seems to have commenced very early in the morning. The cannon has been thundering all day, but as I have not been where I could learn or hear anything, I am in ignorance of the events of the day. I have just come up from the Boulevard Prince Eugène, and I saw many crowds shivering in the street and apparently much excited. I went up to our house this afternoon to see how things looked there. While waiting, our old *maître d'hôtel* rushed into the room, pale as a ghost, and half dead with fright, and utterly unable to speak for the moment. As soon as he was able to articulate he said the Prussians had just broken over the ramparts at the Point de Jour, and were coming right upon us. I laughed at him, but he said it was so, because a soldier had so informed him. He soon took courage and went out in the further pursuit of knowledge, and returning, reported that instead of the Prussians coming in, the Mobiles and National Guard were going out to take the Prussians—'over the left,' I presume. The soldiers must suffer dreadfully from the cold. From all I can hear, there has been a great movement to-day. All Paris at this moment trembles with anxiety. There is talk of the bravery displayed by Ducrot. He stands pledged before all France to break out of Paris or die in the attempt.

"On Wednesday night, one of the American ambulance carriages was unable to come in from the field, and as Ducrot knew that it belonged to our ambulance, he invited two or three Americans in charge of it to stay that night with him. He took them to a house denuded of furniture and asked them to supper, which consisted only of bread and wine. Not a single thing besides that. After supper the general laid down on the floor with his guests, and thus passed the night. The men say he was cheerful and filled with hope."

"Friday evening,
December 23, 1870.
"96th day of the Siege.

"A cold, bright, clear day. No military movements and the great *sortie* has proved a grand fizzle, resulting in nothing but loss to the French. One of their best generals has been killed. I understand their whole losses will amount to fifteen hundred men, besides the vast number who have been put *hors du combat* by the excessive cold. The situation is becoming daily much more grave in Paris; the suffering intense, and augmenting daily. Clubs beginning to agitate; hunger and cold are doing their work. From the misery I heard of yesterday, I begin to think it impossible for the city to hold out to the 1st of February as I have predicted. They are killing off the horses very fast. I heard that the omnibuses will stop running next week. Very few cabs in the street at present, and they will soon disappear. In passing along the Champs Elysées at noon the other day I could not count half a dozen vehicles all the way from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde. Without food, without carriages, without lighted streets, there is anything but a pleasant prospect ahead. There is a certain discouragement evidently creeping all through Paris, and the dreary days and weeks run on. In the beginning no man was wild enough to imagine that the siege would last until Christmas."

"Christmas, Sunday,
December 25, 1870.
"98th day of the Siege.

"Never has a sadder Christmas dawned on any city. Cold, hunger, agony, grief, and despair sit enthroned at every habitation in Paris. It is the coldest day of the season and the fuel is very short; and the government has had to take hold of the fuel question, and the magnificent shade-trees that have for ages adorned the avenues of this city are all likely to go in the vain

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struggle to save France. So says the Official Journal of this morning. The sufferings of the past week exceed by far anything we have seen. There is scarcely any meat but horse-meat, and the government is now rationing. It carries out its work with impartiality. The omnibus-horse, the cab-horse, the work-horse, and the fancy-horse, all go alike in the mournful procession to the butcher shops—the magnificent blooded steed of the Rothschilds by the side of the old plug of the cabman. Fresh beef, mutton, pork are now out of the question. A little poultry yet remains at fabulous prices. In walking through the Rue St. Lazare I saw a middling-sized goose and chicken for sale in a shop-window, and I had the curiosity to step in and inquire the price (rash man that I was). The price of the goose was $25, and the chicken $7.

"Monday,
December 26, 1870.
"99th day of the Siege.

"Quite a little dinner of ten covers yesterday evening at seven o'clock at my house at No. 75. I could not afford to let Christmas go entirely unrecognized. The cold was intense, but I managed to get the *petit salon* and the *salle à manger* quite comfortable by the time the guests arrived. Here is the bill of fare for the 98th day of the Siege :

1. Oyster Soup.
2. Sardines with Lemons.
3. Corn Beef with Tomatoes and Cranberries.
4. Preserved Green Corn.
5. Roast Chicken.
6. Green Peas.
7. Salad.
8. Dessert—Pumpkin Pie and Cheese, Macaroon Cakes, Nuga Cherries, Strawberries, Chocolates, Plums, and Apricots, Café noir.

"The cold is not as great as yesterday. The papers this morning speak of the awful sufferings of the troops. Many have frozen to death. I take it that all military movements are at an end for the present. The papers say bad fortune pursues the French everywhere. We are now getting long accounts from the German papers of the fighting on the Loire, and fearful work it must have been ; and yet the Prussians go everywhere, but they purchase their successes at a dear price.

"There is now high talk in the clubs. This last terrible defeat has produced intense feeling. Trochu is denounced as a traitor and an imbecile. They say he is staying out at one of the forts and don't care about coming back into the city. He cannot fail more than once more without going to the wall. Never in the history of the world has any army of half a million men cut such an ignoble figure. It should not be said that the soldiers are not brave, for they are. It is the want of a leader that has paralyzed France for fourteen mortal weeks."

"Monday evening,
December 26, 1870.
"99th day of the Siege.

"I add to my diary of yesterday : This has been a very cold day, and the sufferings of the troops must have been intense. I did not leave the legation until 6 P.M., having been kept busy in getting my despatches and letters ready for the bag which leaves in the morning. A great many people of all nations calling ; a greater number of poor Germans than ever. The total number I am feeding up to-night is fifteen hundred and forty-seven, and more are coming. It is now a question of fuel as well as food. Wood riots have commenced. The large square across the street diagonally from our house was filled with wood from the Bois de Boulôgne which has been sawed up to burn with charcoal. At about one o'clock this afternoon a crowd of three thousand men and women gathered in the Avenue Bugeaud, the Rue Stontine, and the Rue Bellefeuille, right in the neighborhood, and they went for this wood. 'Old Pére,' the *maître d'hôtel*, undertook to pass through the crowd in an old cab, but they arrested him as an aristocrat, crying out '*Il ne passe pas!*' Nearly all the wood was carried off. These people cannot freeze to death or starve to death."

"Tuesday evening,
December 27, 1870.
"100th day of the Siege.

"And who would have thought it ? It is a cold, gray, dismal morning, spite-

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fully spitting snow. Started on foot for the legation at eleven o'clock, nearly two miles. The butcher-shops and the soup-houses surrounded by poor, half-starved, and half-frozen women. At the corner of the Rue de Courcelles and the Rue Monceau the people had just cut down two large trees and were carrying them off. Every little twig was carefully picked up. At a wood-yard in the Rue Billaud the street was blocked up with people and carts. I hear that several yards were broken into last night. The high board fences enclosing the vacant lots on the Rue Chaillot, near the legation, were all torn down and carried off last night.

"The news this evening is that the Prussians commence this morning the bombardment of some of the old forts, but we do not learn with what success. The bag came in at 1 P.M., bringing my official despatches and a very few private letters, but not a single newspaper. What an outrage! I can look for nothing more for a week. The Prussians sent in news yesterday, by *parlementaire*, that the army of the North had been beaten and dispersed. Another 'blessing in disguise' for the French."

"January 1, 1871.
"105th day of the Siege.

"What a New Year's Day! With a sadness I bid adieu to the fatal 1870, and with sadness I welcome the new year 1871. How gloomy and *triste* is the day! A few callers only, among the number M. Picard, the Minister of Finance, who made quite a long call and seemed to be in very good spirits. But the government has not heard a word of news since the 14th of December from the outside world. It is rather a heavy burden for me to carry around all the news from the outside which there is in Paris. I only made three calls to-day and dined at Mr. Moulton's, and a good dinner it was for the 105th day of the siege. Up to this time there had been no deficiency in certain articles, and no change in the price of coffee, chocolate, wine, liqueurs, and tea. The weather has been so cold for some time that several hundred soldiers had either been disabled or had perished by the cold. The boulevards, dimly lighted, were thronged with people who were bent up and shivering with cold."

"Wednesday evening,
January 4, 1871.
"108th day of the Siege.

"*Nil.* It is cold still, and more dreary than ever. I have been busy, however, with the current matters at the legation and receiving calls. More people than ever seem to be coming to the legation. Indeed, there are so many that it is almost impossible to do any work there. We seem to be the great centre, as the only news that comes to Paris comes to me, or through me; but as I can make no use of it I am tired of receiving it. The newspapers all like to talk. One says it has news that comes through me. Another says: 'I have got news, but as it is favorable to the French I won't let it out.' And then they made an attempt yesterday to bribe old Pére. They offered him a thousand francs for the latest London paper, but he stood firm. I have concluded that it is too much for me to have the news for two millions of people, and I don't care to bear the burden; besides, it may get me into trouble. I have therefore written Bismarck that I will have no more London newspapers sent to me. I had rather be without them than to be bothered as I am. I will have the home papers, however."

"Sunday, 5 P.M.,
January 8, 1871.
"112th day of the Siege.
"4th day of the Bombardment.

"One more day and we don't seem to be any nearer the end, unless this bombardment shall effect something. It is so hard to get at the real truth as to what the Prussians have actually accomplished since they commenced bombarding the forts of the East, eleven days ago. They certainly have not yet got a fort. The bombardment of the forts of the West has now continued four days without intermission, and with all the violence and power that could be brought to bear, and it is plain that no particular harm has yet been done. How long this thing can continue I cannot, of course, judge; but one thing is certain, that the Prussians have fired

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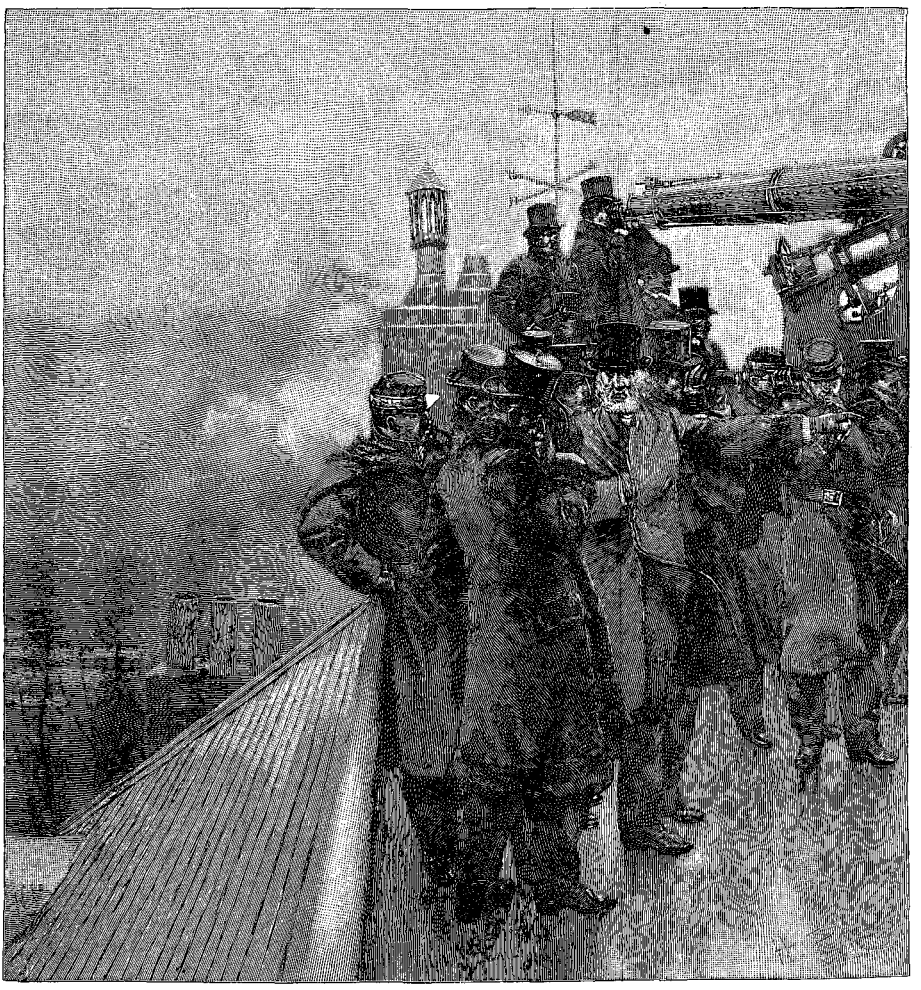

Looking into the Prussian Lines from the Château de la Muette.

away an immense amount of material. The carelessness and nonchalance of the Paris people in all this business is wonderful. No sooner does a shell fall than all the people run into the quarter to see what harm it has done, and if it has not exploded they pick it up and carry it off. They have carried this thing so far that the government has had to forbid it. Ladies and gentlemen now make excursions to the Point de Jour to see the shells fall. Twenty-four Prussian shells fell yesterday in precisely the same spot, and not the least harm was done.

. . . . . .

"No bag yet, and I don't see why Bismarck detains it, unless he thinks it could contain bad news for the Prussians, which might come out in some way. The French have great hopes that Chanzy has done something for them outside, but such will prove vain."

"Monday evening,
January 9, 1871.
"113th day of the Siege.
"5th day of the Bombardment.

"'*Des canons, toujours des canons.*' The bombardment was furious all last night and all day to-day. The shells have come into the Latin quarter thick and fast, and many people killed and wounded. Among the latter is a young American by the name of Swager, from Louisville, Ky. He was sitting in his room, in the Latin quarter, last night,

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when a shell came in and struck his foot. It fractured it to such an extent that he had to have his leg amputated. He was taken to our American ambulance, where the operation was performed by Doctors Swinburne and Johnston. It has been snowing a little all day, but I have been very busy in my room writing despatches and letters. A short time before my bag was ready to be closed, I got word from the military headquarters that they could not send it out to-morrow morning on account of military reasons. It may now be detained a whole week. The French have some news this morning, the first from the outside government for three weeks. If to be credited, it is rather good. Baked pork and beans for dinner to-day. I showed the cook how to prepare the dish in Yankee fashion."

"Thursday evening,
January 12, 1871.
"115th day of the Siege.
"8th day of the Bombardment.

"From what I can learn I think the bombardment is slackening a little to-day, but it is possibly only 'getting off to get on better.' Much indignation is expressed at the bombardment of the hospitals, ambulances, and monuments of art, and if the city be not taken by bombardment or assault they will only hold out longer and suffer more. The weather has become colder within the last two or three days. We have snow enough just to whiten the ground. It looks like young winter to-day. They are now cutting down the big trees in the great avenues of the city, in the Champs Elysées and the Montaigne. It made me sick to pass through the Avenue Bugeaud, that splendid avenue, with its magnificent shade-trees, adding so much to the beauty of our neighborhood. How pleasant of a June morning to be protected by their grateful shades. Not one single tree left."

"Thursday, 5 P.M.,
January 19, 1871.
"123d day of the Siege.
"15th day of the Bombardment.

"This is the day of the great *sortie*. At this hour nothing is known of results, but it has undoubtedly been the bloodiest yet seen about the walls of Paris. The great fighting seems to be between St. Cloud and Versailles, or rather to the north of St. Cloud. It is said, however, that other parts of the Prussian lines have been attacked also, but I hardly believe it; but the attack has been terrific on St. Cloud. At 2.30 P.M. Colonel Hoffman and myself went to the Château de la Muette, in Passy, which is the headquarters of Admiral de Langle. This is a historic château once owned by the Duke of Orleans, Philip Egalité, and where he held high carnival. Nature made it a magnificent spot, elevated and beautiful, and it was adorned by everything that money and taste could supply. It is now owned by Madame Erard, the widow of the celebrated piano manufacturer. From the cupola of this château is the most magnificent view on that side of Paris, and it was there that we went to look through the great telescope into the Prussian lines. We found there M. Jules Favre, Ernest Picard, Minister of Finance, M. Durey, the Minister of Public Instruction under the Empire, Henri Martin, the French historian, and others. We first look at Mount Valerien, that noted and renowned fortress, standing in its majestic grandeur, overlooking and commanding this ill-fated city and holding in awe its proud enemy for miles around. We then look at the Aqueduct, where we see the Prussian Staff as plainly as we could see a group of men at the house of a neighbor from our own balcony. Then we turn to St. Cloud and see the ruins of that renowned palace, for centuries the pride of France. Now we look right in the eyes of those terrible Prussian batteries, which for two weeks have been vomiting fire and flame, death and destruction, upon devoted Paris.

"But, strange to say, they are comparatively silent, only now and then a discharge from each battery. They have apparently other business to attend to besides firing into the streets of this sombre capital. Five hundred thousand men are struggling to break through that circle of fire and iron, which has held them for four long, long months. The lay of the country is such that we cannot see the theatre of the conflict which has been raging all day. The low

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muttering of the distant cannon and the rising of the smoke indicate, however, where is the field of carnage. This crowd of Frenchmen in the cupola were sad indeed, and we could not help feeling for their anxiety. Favre and Picard wore grave faces and were silent, and we only passed the word of salutation.

"From the château I went to the American ambulance. The carriages had just returned from the battle-field with their loads of mutilated victims. They brought in sixty-five of the wounded, and all they had room for in the ambulance. The assistants were removing their clothes, all wet and clotted with blood, and the surgeons were binding up their ghastly wounds. Men who went out with the ambulance, Dr. Johnston, Mr. Bowles, Rev. Dr. Lamson, and G——. They represented the slaughter of the French troops as horrible, and they could not see that they had made any headway. The whole country was literally covered with the dead and wounded, and five hundred ambulances were not half sufficient to bring them away. Our American ambulance went to Rueil, and our men are in a high state of indignation, thinking that the Prussians deliberately shelled them in the streets; but I don't believe that. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, and but one of the carriages was hit. Mr. Bowles saw a shell hit the church where repose the remains of the Empress Josephine. I must now wait until I hear further, and that may not be until to-morrow morning. The day has been mild and a little cloudy, and on the whole a capital one for military operations.

"All Paris is on the *qui vive*, and the wildest reports are circulating. The streets are full of people—men, women, and children. Who will undertake to measure the agonies of this dreadful hour?"

"Friday evening,
January 20, 1871.
"124th day of the Siege.
"16th day of the Bombardment.

"The results of yesterday—blood, tears, anguish, and horror. I was not mistaken last night at the results of the fighting, except it is worse than I could have imagined. The troops have all come back into the town. From what I can gather the *sortie* has been the most fatal of all to the French; and has inflicted no great harm on the enemy. Everything has been so oppressive that I have been about very little to-day. McKean has just been in and says the government published very bad news to-night, and that the feeling of the people is terrible. Trochu admits his shocking defeat, and Chanzy beaten, and losing ten thousand prisoners. I got the news of the defeat of the latter by my bag, which Bismarck has sent in to-day in advance of time on account, probably, of its containing such bad news. But as I give out no news I shall not let that out. Nobody has paid any attention to bombardments to-day. Dr. Kern thinks we may have serious trouble here in France, and that Trochu must be about at the end of his rope."

"Sunday evening,
January 22, 1871.
"126th day of the Siege.
"18th day of the Bombardment.

"And yet another week rolled around and the end seems to be no nearer. Always the same ill-fortune for France. The bombardment less effective. The official report says only eleven persons wounded on the 19th inst. The Journal Official just brought in, with a despatch from Chanzy, and I gather from it that his army will be destroyed. More and more, worse and worse. His is the principal army outside, and when that is gone it will be "hard sledding" for the French. And at last Trochu is dethroned, having remained long enough to destroy everything. Old Vinoy is now in command, but what can he do? He seems to be a good soldier of the old school, but I don't see that he can do anything more than capitulate; but Paris will not agree to that at present. The bombardment seems heavier again, but we are getting used to it.

"(5.30 P.M.). At two this afternoon went to a meeting of the Diplomatic Corps at Dr. Kern's, to consider Count de Bismarck's answer to our letter in regard to the bombardment without notice. We there learned of the great excitement in the town. There were great crowds at the Hôtel de Ville, yelling, '*A*

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bas Trochu!' and the Belleville battalions were marching through the streets demanding the commune, etc.

"Leaving Dr. Kern's at 4 P.M., I started for the Hôtel de Ville to see what was really going on. Everywhere on my way I saw straggling companies and straggling squads of the National Guard and great crowds of people in the streets. Descending to the Rue de Rivoli, there were yet more people, all moving toward the Hôtel de Ville or standing in groups engaged in earnest talk. Within two squares of the hotel the streets were completely blocked up by the crowd and our carriage could proceed no farther. Beyond there was a dense mass of men, women, and children, and still farther on the street and the great square were literally packed with soldiers, all standing in the mud. Here we met an acquaintance, a young surgeon in the French navy, who was profoundly agitated and profoundly depressed. He said the Breton Garde Mobile had just fired on the crowd and killed five persons, and that nobody knew what would come next, but that, at any rate, France was 'finished.'

"On returning, the streets were filled with excited people, all making their way toward the Hôtel de Ville. Up the Champs Elysées large numbers of the troops of the line and the National Guard were drawn up. 'Mischief, thou art on foot,' in my judgment. The first blood has been shed, and no person can tell what a half-starved population will do. Old Vinoy may have the nerve to put down the mob; if he have not, the mob will have the nerve to put him down."

"Monday,
January 23, 1871.
"127th day of the Siege.
"19th day of the Bombardment.

"Yesterday was another dreadful day for Paris, and, as the *Journal des Débats* says, 'the most criminal that ever reddened the streets of Paris with blood.' On Saturday night the mob made an attack on the prison of Mazas, and Flourens, Pyat, and others of the revolutionists of the 31st of October were released. Yesterday morning the insurrectionists seized the mairie of the twentieth arrondissement and went to work to install the insurrection, but they were soon driven out by some companies of the National Guard. Along in the afternoon the crowd, men, women, and children, and some companies of the National Guards urged toward the Hôtel de Ville, crying '*Donnez nous du pain!*' Some of these went into the neighboring houses, and it was not long before a regular attack was made on the Hôtel de Ville. Many shots were fired, and explosive balls and bombs were hurled, principally from the windows. At this moment the gates and windows of the hotel were opened and the Mobiles fired on the mob, killing five and wounding eighteen, and then such a scattering and crying '*Ne tirez plus!*' and in twenty minutes all was ended."

The news of the convention of the 28th of January, 1871, providing for the armistice, was very badly received by a great mass of the lower class of the people of Paris, and particularly by the National Guard, which had done no fighting during the siege, but had been fed and housed in the best manner possible, under the circumstances, by the government of the National Defence. Those who had fought least made the greatest noise, and were more furious than anybody else to continue the war "*à outrance.*" Gambetta, at Tours, who had been at the head of the government outside of Paris, could not be consulted in reference to the armistice. On the 31st of January he issued a fiery proclamation, which added fuel to the flame of excitement which was then prevailing in Paris. On the 6th of February, 1871, he wrote to the government at Paris that his conscience would not permit him to remain a member of a government with which he no longer agreed in principle, and he therefore resigned his place.

The armistice provided that the government of the National Defence could convoke an assembly, freely elected, which would pronounce upon the question of whether war should be continued or not, and what conditions of peace should be made. The assembly should reunite in the city of Bordeaux, and all facilities would be given by the commandants of the German army for the election and re-

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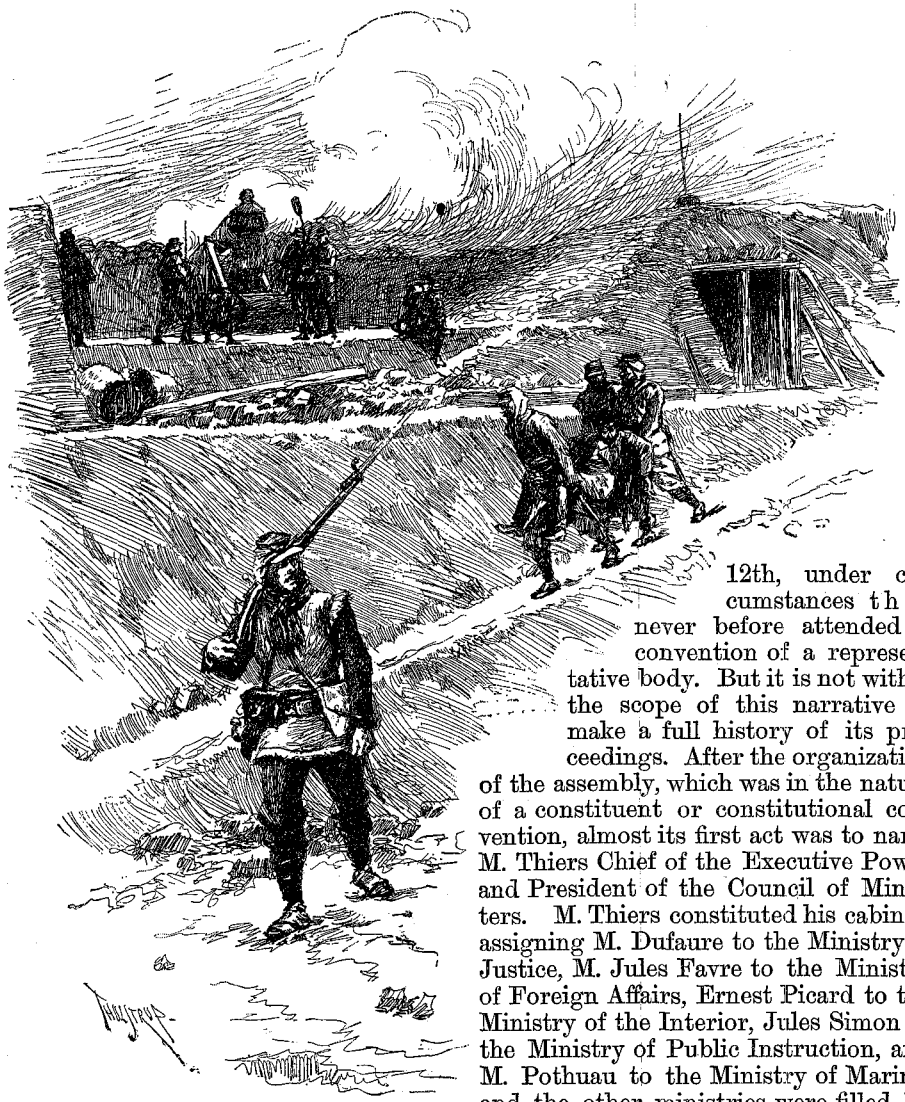
union of the deputies who should compose the convention. But I cannot refer further to the articles of this convention, which were signed by Bismarck and Jules Favre on the evening of the 28th of January. The elections were ordered for the 8th of February, and



On the Ramparts.

the assembly was to meet at Bordeaux on the 12th of that month. Among the forty-three deputies which were elected from Paris were many who had been engaged in the revolutionary proceedings, and who had made themselves particularly violent against the armistice, and who had been inciting the people to anarchy and revolution, and who, after taking their seats in Bordeaux, had resigned to join the communists of Paris.

The assembly met at Bordeaux on the 12th, under circumstances that never before attended a convention of a representative body. But it is not within the scope of this narrative to make a full history of its proceedings. After the organization of the assembly, which was in the nature of a constituent or constitutional convention, almost its first act was to name M. Thiers Chief of the Executive Power and President of the Council of Ministers. M. Thiers constituted his cabinet, assigning M. Dufaure to the Ministry of Justice, M. Jules Favre to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Ernest Picard to the Ministry of the Interior, Jules Simon to the Ministry of Public Instruction, and M. Pothuau to the Ministry of Marine, and the other ministries were filled by persons not so well known. A Minister of Finance was not then named. After appointing fifteen commissioners to assist the government in the peace negotiations at Versailles, the convention took a recess until negotiations should be concluded. No time was lost by the

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members of the government and the commissioners in repairing to Versailles to enter upon negotiations for peace.

On the 28th of February, 1871, I wrote an official despatch to my Government, in which I stated that the treaty of peace between France and the new German Empire, to be ratified thereafter by the national assembly at Bordeaux, was signed at Versailles a day or two previous. The principal conditions were well understood at Paris, and the news of the signing of the treaty created there a very profound impression. The condition that a portion of Paris was to be occupied by thirty thousand German troops until the ratification of the treaty produced an intense feeling, but still I was in hopes that the city would pass through that trying ordeal without any scenes of violence. The provision in the treaty that the German troops should remain in Paris until the ratification of the treaty seemed to be intended as a pressure on the national assembly to hasten its action. The government made a strong appeal to the people of Paris, counselling forbearance and moderation, and the press with great unanimity seconded such appeal. Indeed, all the papers agreed to suspend their publications during the Prussian occupation. The principal negotiators of the treaty on the French side were M. Thiers and M. Favre. A more cruel task was probably never before imposed on patriotic men, and it was only during the final hours of the armistice that the treaty was signed. It was said that there was a great "hitch" in regard to the cession of the fortress of Belfort. That was persistently demanded by the Germans, and equally persistently refused by the French negotiators; and at last M. Thiers declared absolutely that he would sign no treaty which ceded Belfort, though the Germans were willing to agree that they would not enter Paris if they could retain that fortress. The Germans finally yielded that point, seeing how much M. Thiers had his heart upon it, and how resolved he was never to sign a treaty which yielded it up.

The treaty having been signed, providing for the entry of thirty thousand troops into Paris, until it should be ratified by the assembly at Versailles, the German troops came into the city on the first day of March, 1871. At nine o'clock in the forenoon three blue hussars entered the Porte Maillot, proceeded up the Avenue of the Grand Army, and walked their horses slowly down the magnificent avenue of the Champs Elysées, with carbines cocked and fingers upon the trigger. These hussars looked carefully into the side streets, and proceeded slowly down the avenue. But few people were out at that early hour in the morning. Soon after this, six more hussars made their appearance by the same route, and every few minutes thereafter the number increased. Then came in the main body of the advanced guard, numbering about one thousand men, consisting of cavalry and infantry (Bavarian and Prussian), forming part of the Eleventh Corps, under the command of General Kanamichi. By this time the crowd on the Champs Elysées had increased, and met the advancing Germans with hisses and insults. A portion of the German troops halted, and, with great deliberation, loaded their pieces, whereat the crowd, composed mostly of boys and "roughs," incontinently took to their heels. According to a previous understanding among the French, all the shops and restaurants along the route had been closed; but, notwithstanding their vigorous asseverations that no consideration whatever would induce them to look upon or speak to the Prussians, I found, on going down the Champs Elysées at half-past nine o'clock, a large number of them attracted thither by curiosity which they were unable to resist. In walking down the avenue to the point where the main body of the force had halted, in front of the Palace of Industry, notwithstanding the vehement protestations that had been made that no Frenchman would look at or speak to a German soldier, I counted a body of twenty-five French people—men, women, and children—in the most cordial fraternization with the German soldiers. Stopping for a moment to listen to the agreeable conversation which appeared to be carried on, a German soldier advanced to salute me, and addressed me by name. He turned out to be the clerk

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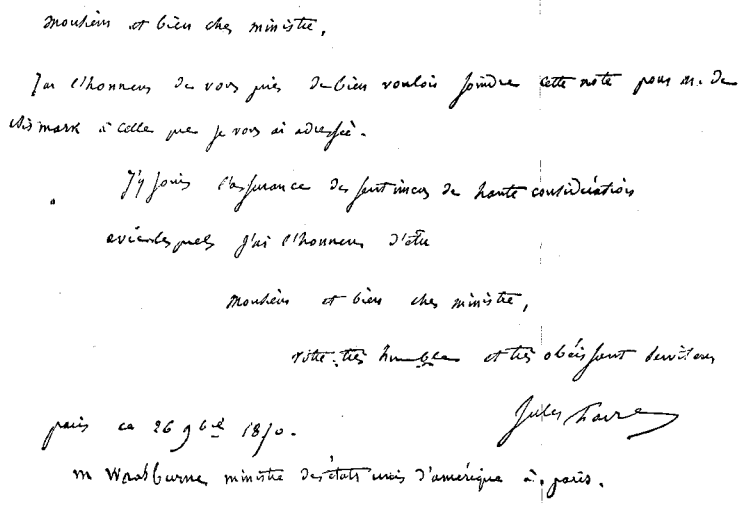
at a hotel at Homburg les Bains, where I had lodged during my visit to that place in 1867 and 1869. From what I could learn, the great body of the German troops were reviewed by the Emperor at Long Champs, before their entry into Paris. Instead, therefore, of the mass of the troops entering at ten o'clock, as had been previously announced, it was not until half-past one o'clock in the afternoon that the royal guard of Prussia, in four solid bodies, surrounded the Arc de Triomphe. Then a company of Uhlans, with their spears



Fac-simile of a Note from M. Jules Favre.

stuck in their saddles, and ornamented by the little flags of blue and white, headed the advancing column. They were followed by the Saxons, with their light-blue coats, who were succeeded by the Bavarian rifle-men, with their heavy uniform and martial tread. Afterward followed more of the Uhlans, and occasionally a squad of the Bismarck cuirassiers, with their white jackets, black hats, and waving plumes, recalling to mind, perhaps, among the more intelligent French observers, the celebrated cuirassiers of Nansousty and La Tour Maubourg, in the wars of the first Napoleon. Now came the artillery, with its pieces of six, which must have extorted the admiration of all military men by its splendid appearance and wonderful precision of movement. Next fell into line the royal guard of Prussia, with their shining casques and glittering bayonets, which had been massed around the world-renowned Arc de Triomphe, erected (and with what bitter sarcasm it might be said) to the glory of the grand army. I witnessed this entry from the balcony of the apartment of a friend, Mr. Cowdin, of New York City, which was at the head of the Champs Elysées. A good many French people were on the sidewalks on either side of the avenue. At first the troops were met with hisses, cat-calls, and all sorts of insulting cries; but as they poured in thicker and faster, and forming by companies, as they swept down the avenue to the strains of martial music, the crowd seemed to be awed into silence, and no other sound was heard but the tramp of the soldiery and the occasional word of command. The only disturbance that I saw was occasioned by some individual advancing from the sidewalk and giving his hand to a German cavalry-man, whereat the crowd "went" for him. But his backing seemed so powerful that the discontents soon dispersed without any further disturbance. The entry of the main body of the troops occupied about two hours, and after that they began to disperse into the various quarters of the city to which they had been assigned, in search of their lodgings. We were busily engaged at the legation almost the entire

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day, endeavoring to secure protection for the American apartments and property. At five o'clock I went to see M. Jules Favre in relation to the sudden and indiscriminate billeting of the German soldiers upon the American residents, and learned from him of the probabilities of the ratification of the treaty of peace by the assembly at Bordeaux that evening, and of his hopes that everything would be settled before the next morning, when the German troops would be withdrawn from the city. He told me that there would be no doubt about the ratification of the treaty. He hoped it would have been ratified the night before, and thus have prevented the entry of the Germans into Paris at all. But M. Thiers unfortunately had been delayed in reaching Bordeaux, and which had postponed the action on the treaty in the assembly until that day. M. Favre was kind enough to tell me in this interview that he would send me a notice of the ratification of the treaty the moment he received it, and he kept his word, for as soon as the matter was completed he sent me the notice. In returning from the Foreign Office, on the other side of the Seine I found the bridge guarded by French soldiers who resolutely refused to let me pass. Soon a large crowd of roughs appeared and attempted to force the guard, and it appeared for a short time as if a sharp little battle was to be improvised. After standing around for about an hour, I was enabled by the courtesy of a French officer to slip through the guard and finally to reach my residence. My coachman was so thoroughly penetrated with fear of the Prussians that he utterly refused to harness his horses again during the day. I wrote an account of this entry of the Prussians into Paris at eleven o'clock the same night. The day had opened cloudy and sombre, with a raw and chilly atmosphere. A little after noon the sun had come out bright and warm, and the close of the day was magnificent. I sent two gentlemen out of the legation in the evening to go through the city and report to me the situation. From the Boulevard du Temple to the Arc of Triumph not a store or a restaurant was open, with the exception of two of the latter on the Champs Elysées, which the Germans had ordered to be kept open. There were no excited crowds on the boulevards. What was very remarkable, and without precedent in the memory of the oldest inhabitants, not an omnibus was running in the whole city, and every omnibus office was closed. Neither was there a private or a public carriage to be seen, unless a hearse could be deemed and taken as a "public carriage;" unfortunately, too many of these were then seen in every hour of the day. Paris seemed literally to have died out. There was neither song nor shout in all her streets. The whole population was marching about as if under a cloud of oppression. The gas was not yet lighted, and the streets presented a sinister and sombre aspect. All butcher and barber shops in that part of the city occupied by the Germans were closed, and if the people had not provided themselves for the emergency there would have been an increase of suffering. The Bourse was closed by the order of the syndics of change. No newspapers appeared on that day except the Journal Officiel. No placards were posted upon the walls of Paris, and I could hear of no act of violence of any significance. It is but just to say that the people of Paris bore themselves during all that cruel experience with a degree of dignity and forbearance which did them infinite credit.

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SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE NAME OF THE FAMILY.

Miss Sabrina sat by her accustomed window an hour after the return from the grave, waiting for Albert. The mourning dress, borrowed for the occasion from a neighbor, was cut in so modern a fashion, contrasted with the venerable maiden's habitual garments, that it gave her spare figure almost a fantastic air. The bonnet, with its yard of dense, coarse-ribbed crape, lay on the table at her elbow, beside her spectacles and the unnoticed Bible. Miss Sabrina was ostensibly looking out of the window, but she really saw nothing. She was thinking very steadily about the coming interview with her nephew, and what she would say to him, and wondering, desponding, hoping about his answers.

The door opened, and Albert entered. "You wanted to see me, Aunt, so Annie said," he remarked gravely, in a subdued tone.

She motioned him to a chair and answered, in a solemn voice curiously like his own: "Yes, there's some things I want to say to you, all by yourself."

They sat for some moments in silence, the lawyer watching his aunt with amiable forbearance, as if conscious that his time was being wasted, and she, poor woman, groping in a novel mental fog for some suitable phrases with which to present her views. Under Albert's calm, uninspiring gaze those views seemed to lose form, and diminish in intelligence as much as in distinctness. It had all been so clear to her mind—and now she suddenly found it fading off into a misty jumble of speculations, mere castles in the air. She had expected to present an unanswerable case lucidly and forcibly to her lawyer nephew; instead, it seemed increasingly probable that he would scout the thing as ridiculous—and, what was worse, be justified in so doing. So it was that she finally made her beginning doubtingly, almost dolefully:

"Of course I dunno haow you feel abaout it, Albert, but I can't help thinking something ought to be settled abaout th' farm, while yer here."

"Settled? How settled?" asked Albert. There was a dry, dispassionate fibre in his voice which further chilled her enthusiasm.

"Why—well—you knaow—what I mean, Albert," she said, almost pathetically. It was so hard to know just how to say things to Albert.

"On the contrary, I don't in the least know what you mean. What do you want settled about the farm? What is there to settle about it?"

"Oh, nothin', ef yeh don't choose to understand," said Miss Sabrina.

Another period of silence ensued. Albert made a movement as if to rise, and said:

"If there isn't anything more, I think I'll go down again."

There was an artificial nicety of enunciation about this speech, which grated on the old lady's nerves. She squared her shoulders and turned upon her nephew.

"Naow what's the use of bein' mean, Albert? Yeh dew knaow what I'm thinking of, jis' ez well ez I dew! Yeh unly want to make it ez hard fer me to tell yeh as yeh possibly kin. I s'pose thet's the lawyer of it!"

Albert smiled with all his face but the eyes, and slightly, lifting his hands from his fat knees, turned them palms up, in mute deprecation of his aunt's unreasonableness. The gesture was as near the shoulder-shrug as the self-contained lawyer ever permitted himself to go. It was a trifle, but it angered the old maid enough to remove the last vestige of hesitation from her tongue:

"Well, ef yeh *don't* knaow what I mean, then I'll tell yeh! I mean that ef th' Fairchilds are goin' to be a Dearborn Caounty fam'ly, 'n' hole their heads up

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amongst folks, ther's got to be a change o' some sort right away. Your father's let everything slide year after year, till there's pesky little lef' naow to slide on. He's behine hand agin in money matters, even with th' Pratt mortgage on top of t'others. What's wuss, it's in everybody's maouth. They've left him off th' board at th' cheese-factory this year, even; of course they say, it's cuz he never 'tended th' meetin's—but I knaow better! It's jis' cuz Lemuel Fairchild's goin' deown hill, 'n' the farm's goin' to rack 'n' ruin, 'n' ev'rybuddy knaows it. Jis' think of it? Why, 'twas th' Fairchilds made that cheese-factory, 'n' it's allus gone by aour name, 'n' we used to sen' th' milk of a hundred 'n' thirty caows there—almost as much as all th' rest of 'em put togither—'n' ez I said to Leander Crump, when he was squirmin' raound tryin' to make me b'lieve they didn't mean nothin' by droppin' Lemuel aout o' th' board, says I—'Nobuddy ever 'spected a tablespoonful o' water in aour milk!'—'n' he colored up, *I* tell yeh!"

"No doubt," said Albert, impassively.

Miss Sabrina paused to mentally retrace her argument, and see if this remark had any special bearing. She could discover none, and grew a little angrier.

"Well, then, th' question's right here. My father, your grandfather, made a name fer hisself, and a place for his fam'ly, here in Dearborn Caounty, second to nobuddy. Fer years 'n' years I kin remember thet th' one question people ast, when it was proposed to dew anything, was 'What does Seth Fairchild think 'baout it?' He went to th' Senate twice; he could 'a gone to Congress from this deestrick time 'n' time agin, if he'd be'n a mine to. Ev'rybuddy looked up to him. When he died, all of a suddent, he lef' Lemuel th' bes' farm, th' bes' stock, th' bes' farmhaouse, fer miles raound. Well, thet's forty year ago. I've lived here threw it all. I've swallered my pride every day in th' week, all thet time. I've tried to learn myself a humble spirit—but I've hed to see this place, and the fam'ly, going daown, daown, daown!"

There were tears in the old maid's eyes now, as she spoke, tears of mortification and revolt against her helplessness, for she seemed to read the failure of her appeal in the placid face of her nephew, with its only decent pretence of interest. She went on, with a rising voice:

"You knaow a little of haow things hev' gone, though you've allus took precious good pains to knaow ez little ez yeh could. You knaow that when you were a boy you were a rich man's son, with yer pony, 'n' yer dancin' lessons, 'n' yer college eddication; 'n' yer mother dressed well, 'n' had a kerridge, 'n' visited with th' bes' people of Albany, people who were *my* friends tew when I used to go to Albany with yer grandfather. 'N' what hev we come to? Yer mother slaved her life aout, lost all her ambition, lost all her pride, saw things goin' to th' dogs and didn't knaow haow to stop 'em—sakes forbid thet I should say anything agin Sissly; she did all she could; p'raps 'twould 'ev gone different if she'd be'n a different kine o' woman, p'raps not; there's no use talkin' 'baout thet. 'N' ef I'd hed *my* say, tew, maybe things'd be'n different; but it's ez it is, 'n' it's no use cryin' over spilt milk.

"Father never meant to be hard with me. When he lef' me nothin' but a living aout o' th' farm, he expected, ev'rybuddy expected, my Aunt Sabrina'd leave me a clean sixty thaousand dollars when she died. She was an ole woman, 'n' a widow, 'n' she hed no childern. She'd allus promised my father thet if I was named after her—confaound her name!—I shaould be her heir. 'N' then, less'n a year after his death what does the old huzzy up 'n' do but marry some fortune hunter young enough to be her son, 'n' give him every cent she hed in the world. He led her a fine dance of it, tew, 'n' serve her right! But there I was, lef' 'thaout a thing 'cep' a roof over my head.

"'N' then Lemuel, nothin' 'ud do but he must go to Californy when the gold cry riz, 'n' no sooner 'd he git there than he was homesick 'n' hed to come back; 'n' when he got back, 'n' begun to hear what fortunes them who'd gone aout with him were a making, than he must start aout again. But where it 'd be'n wilderness a few months b'fore, he faound cities naow, 'n' ev'ry chance took up; then

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he got robbed o' all his money, 'n' hed to borrer, 'n' then he took chills 'n' fever off th' isthmus, 'n' hed to lay in quarantine fer weeks, on 'caount o' th' yellah fever; it 'd be'n a poor year on the farm, 'n' when he got back, it took ev'ry cent of his ready money to set himself right.

"From thet day to this, his Californy luck has stuck to him like death to a nigger, tell here, to-day, the Fitches don't think it wuth while to come to your poor mother's fun'ral—I kin remember Lije Fitch when he was glad enough to beg beans o' my father fer seed—'n' I'm wearing borrered mournin' of Sarah Andrewses, *a mile tew big for me!*"

"It seems to me I've been told all this a good many times, Aunt Sabrina," said Albert, as his aunt stopped and glared at him, trembling with the excitement of her peroration. "There's nothing very pleasant in it, for either of us, to listen to or talk about; but I don't see that there's anything more than I've heard over and over again, except about your having on another woman's dress, and I don't assume that I'm expected to interfere about *that!*"

Poor Miss Sabrina was too deeply moved, and too much in earnest, to note the sarcastic levity underlying the lawyer's conclusion. She caught only the general sense of a negative response, and looked at her nephew steadily with a gaze half indignant, half appealing.

"Then you won't dew anything, ay?" she asked at last.

"Oh, I am very far from saying that. *That's* another thing. You send for me, saying that you have an important communication to make to me—at least, I assume that it is important, from the circumstances surrounding the request. I come, and you first insist that I know as well as you do what you mean, and then, when I demur, you rehearse all the unfortunate details of my father's failure in life. I suggest that these are already tolerably familiar to me, and *this* mild statement you construe as a definite refusal on my part to do something—what, I don't know."

"I declare, Albert, you better send in a bill fer givin' me this consultation. *I* never knew a son who could take his father's ruin 'n' his fam'ly's disgrace so cool before. I s'pose *that's* th' lawyer of it, tew!"

"Perhaps it's an advantage that some one of the family should keep cool, Aunt, and look at things one by one, in their true relation. Now, if you have any proposition to make to me, any plan to present for my consideration, I should like to hear it—because really this other style of conversation is profitless beyond description. In a word, what do you want me to do?"

"What do I want yeh to do?" The old maid leaned forward and put a thin, mitted hand on Albert's knee, looking eagerly into his face, and speaking almost shrilly. "I want yeh to take this farm, to come here to live, to make it a rich gentleman's home agin! to put the Fairchilds up once more where my father left 'em."

"Yes?" was the provokingly unenthusiastic response.

Miss Sabrina felt that she had failed. She put her spectacles on, and took the Bible into her lap, as if to say that she washed her hands of all mundane matters. But it did not suit Albert to regard the interview as closed.

"There is one thing you don't seem to see at all, Aunt," he said; "that is, that Dearborn County is relatively not altogether the most important section of the Republic, and that it is quite possible for a man to win public recognition or attain professional distinction in other communities which might reconcile him to a loss of prestige here. It may sound like heresy to you, but I am free to admit that the good opinion of the business men of New York City, where I am regarded as a successful sort of man, seems to me to outweigh all possible questions as to how I am regarded by Elhanan Pratt and Leander Crump and —and that Baptist gentleman, for instance, whom you had here to-day. The world has grown so large, my dear aunt, since your day, that there are thousands upon thousands of Americans now who go all their lives without ever once thinking about Dearborn County's opinion. Of course I can understand how deeply you must feel what you regard as a social decline in the eyes of your neighbors. But truly, it does not specially affect me. They are not my neighbors; if I seem

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to them to be of less importance than I was in my boyhood, when I had a pony, I can't help it, and I am sure I don't want to. Frankly, to use my mother's old phrase, I don't care a cotton hat for their opinion—good, bad, or indifferent. It is this, I think, which you leave out of your calculation."

Miss Sabrina had listened, with the Book opened only by a finger's width. The elaborate irony of her nephew's words had escaped her, but she saw a gleam of hope in his willingness to discuss the matter at all.

"But then this is the home o' the Fairchilds; the fam'ly belongs to Dearborn Caounty; father was allus spoken of ez Seth Fairchild o' Dearborn, jis' as much ez—ez Silas Wright o' Dutchess."

"Of course that last is a powerful argument," said Albert with a furtive smile twitching at the corners of his mouth. "But, after all, the county-family idea doesn't seem to attract me much. Why, aunt, do you know that your grandfather Roger was a journeyman shoemaker, who walked all the way here from Providence? There was nothing incongruous in his son becoming a Senator. Very well; if you have a state of society where sudden elevations of this sort occur, there will inevitably be corresponding descents—just as lean streaks alternate with fat in the bacon of commerce. The Fairchilds went up—they come down. They have exhausted the soil. Do you see?"

"Nao! I don't see a bit! 'N' I b'lieve at heart you 're jis' ez praoud ez I be!"

"Proud? Yes! Proud of myself, proud of my practice, proud of my position. But proud because three or four hundred dull countrymen, seeing my cows sleek, my harness glossy, my farm well in order, and knowing that my grandfather had been a State Senator, would consider me a 'likely' man—no, not at all."

Albert rose at this to go, and added, as he turned the door-knob:

"As soon as he's equal to it, Aunt Sabrina, I'll get father to go over his affairs with me, and I'll try and straighten them out a trifle. I dare say we can find some way out of the muddle."

"But yeh won't take up the thing yerself? Yeh won't dew what I wanted yeh tew?"

The lawyer smiled, and said: "What really? Come here and be a farmer?"

Miss Sabrina had risen, too, and came toward her nephew. "No," she said, "not a farmer. Be a country gentleman, 'n'—'n'—a Congressman!"

Albert smiled again, and left the room. He smiled to himself going down the stairs, and narrowly escaped forgetting to change his expression of countenance when he entered the living room, where were sitting people who had not entirely forgotten the fact that it was a house of mourning.

For Albert had a highly interesting idea in his mind, both interesting and diverting. Curiously enough he had begun developing it from the moment when his aunt first disclosed her ambition for him. At the last moment, in a blind way she had suggested the first political office that entered her mind as an added bribe. She could not know that her astute nephew had, from the first suggestion of her plan, been trying to remember whether it was Jay and Adams Counties, or Jay and Morgan, that were associated with Dearborn in the Congressional District; or that, when she finally in despair said, "Be a country gentleman and a Congressman," his brain had already turned over a dozen projects in as many seconds, every one Congressional.

CHAPTER VII.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

After the early supper of stale bread, saltless butter, dark dried apple-sauce, and chippy cake had been disposed of, Lemuel returned to his rocking-chair by the stove, Aunt Sabrina and Isabel took seats, each at a window, and read by the fading light, and Albert put on his hat, lighted a cigar, and went out. His brother John stood smoking a pipe in the yard, leaning against the high well-curb, his hands deep in his pantaloons pockets, and his feet planted far to the front and wide apart. Seth was coming from the barns toward the well, with a bucket in his hand. Albert

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walked across to the curb, and the three brothers were alone together for the first time in years.

"It does one good to be out of doors such an evening as this," said Albert. "It seems to me it would be better if father would get out in the open air more, instead of sitting cooped up over that stove all the while."

"When a man's been out in the open air, rain or shine, snow or blow, for fifty years, he ought to have earned the right to stay inside, if he wants to. That's about the only reward there is at the end of a farmer's life," answered Seth, turning the calf-bucket upside down beside John and sitting on it. Seth had his old clothes on once more, and perhaps there was some consciousness of the contrast between his apparel and that of his black-clad brethren in the truculent tone of his reply.

John had nodded at Albert on his approach, and thrust his feet a trifle farther forward. He still stood silent, looking meditatively at the row of poplars on the other side of the road through rings of pipe-smoke.

"So you don't think much of farm work, eh?" said Albert.

"Who does?" said Seth, sententiously.

A considerable period of silence ensued. Albert had never had a very high idea of his younger brothers' conversational qualities, and had rarely known how to talk easily with them, but to-night it seemed a greater task than ever. He offered them cigars in a propitiatory way. Seth accepted and lit one; John said, "Thanks, I prefer a pipe," and silence reigned again.

It was twilight now, and in the gathering dusk there was no sign of motion about, nor any sound save the tinkle of a sheep-bell in the pasture opposite.

John's pipe burned out, and Albert pressed a cigar upon him again.

"I *want* you to try them," he said, almost pleadingly, "I'm sure you'll like them. They are a special brand the steward at the Union League gets for me."

This time John consented, and he seemed to feel that the act involved a responsibility to talk, for he said, with an effort at amiability as he struck a match:

"Your wife seems to be looking very well."

"Yes, Isabel's health is perfect, and it always benefits her to get out in the country. That's a kind of Irishism isn't it? I mean it makes her good health more obvious."

"Good health is a great thing," John answered.

The conversation was running emptings again, almost at the start. Albert made a heroic effort to strengthen it.

"Well, this is a regular quakers' meeting," he said, briskly. "We see each other so seldom, we are almost strangers when we do meet. I want to be frank with you, come now, and you should be frank with me. You have something on your minds, I can see. Isn't it something I ought to know?"

Seth spoke again: "Perhaps on the evening of one's mother's funeral it isn't to be expected that even brothers should feel chatty."

The village journalist felt the injustice of this comment from the youngster.

"No, Seth," he said, "don't snap Albert up in that fashion. I dare say he feels the thing, in his own way, as much as the rest of us. You are right, Albert; there *is* something, and I'll tell you plainly what it is. Do you see those poplars over there? In the morning their shadows come almost to our front door. Father planted them with his own hands. When I was a boy, I used to play over there, and climb up on to the bolls, and pretend I was to build houses there, like in 'Swiss Family Robinson.' Well, that land passed out of our hands so long ago—it's been an old story for years. Do you see the roof of the red school-house over back of the hill?" turning toward the South. "Or no, the light is too poor now, but you know where it is. When I used to cut 'cross lots to school there, I went the whole way over father's land. Now, if I wanted to go there, how many people would I trespass on, Seth?"

"Ferguson owns the clover meadow, and Pratt has the timothy meadow, and what we used to call the berry patch belongs to Sile Thomas; he's begun to build a house on it."

"Precisely. Why, even the fence

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close to where mother's grave is, divides ours from another man's land now."

"Sabrina spoke to me about all this this afternoon," said Albert, hesitatingly, "and I tried, as I often have before, to make her understand that that must be the natural course of affairs, so long as the East tries to compete with the West in farming."

"Well, that may be all right, but Elhanan Pratt seems to manage to compete with the West, as you call it, and so do the Fergusons and all the rest of them. We are the only ones who appear to get left, every time. Of course, it's somebody's fault. Father's been a poor manager, no use of denying that. But that doesn't make it any the easier to bear. Father hardly knows which way to turn for money; he might have scraped through the year if hops had had a good season, but at nine cents a pound it was hardly worth while to take them to the depot. You can't clear expenses at less than eleven cents. And then if he does have a fairly decent year, his hop-pickers are always the most drunken, idle gang of them all, who eat their heads off, and steal more fruit and chickens than they pick boxes, and if anybody's hops are spoiled in the kiln, you can bet on their being Fairchild's, every time. And three years ago, it was the hop merchant who failed, just at the opportune moment, and let father in for a whole year's profit and labor. Of course, it's all bad luck, mismanagement, whatever you like to call it, and it can't be helped, I suppose. But it makes a man sour, and it broke poor mother's heart. And then here's Seth."

"Oh, never mind me, I can stand it, I guess, if the rest can. I'm not complaining" came from the figure on the bucket—only dimly to be seen now, in the shadow of the curb, and the increasing darkness.

"Here's Seth," continued John, without noting the disclaimer. "You and I had *some* advantages—of course, mine were not to be compared with yours, but still I was given a chance, such as it was, and I don't know that I would trade what I learned at work during college years for a college education—but this poor boy, who's thought about him, who's given him a chance to show what's in him? He's been allowed to come up as he could, almost like any farm laborer. His mother tried to do her little, but what spirit did she have for it, and what time did the drudgery here give him? Thank God he's had the stuff in him to work at education himself, and he's got the making of the best man of us three. But it's no thanks to you. And *that's* why we feel hard, Albert. Nobody supposes you could make a good farmer and manager out of father; nobody blames you for a bad hop season, or the dishonesty of Biggs. But I do say that of us three brothers there's one who frets and worries over the thing, and though he's a poor man, does all he can afford to do, and more too, to help make it better; and there's another, young, ambitious, capable, whose nose is held down to the grindstone, and the best years of whose life are being miserably spent in a hopeless wrestling with debt and disaster; and there's a third brother, the oldest brother, rich, easy, enjoying all the luxuries of life, who don't give a damn about it all! *That's* what I say, and if you don't like it, you needn't!"

The silence which ensued was of the kind that can be felt. The two cigars at the corners of the old curb glowed intermittently in the darkness. John's had gone out during his speech, and as he re-lighted it the glare of the match showed an excited, indignant face. There was no room for doubt, after the momentary exhibit which the red light made, that John was very much in earnest.

Albert was thinking laboriously on his answer. Meantime, he said, to fill the interval, "Do you like the cigar?"

"Yes; a fifteen-center, isn't it?

Albert had it in his mind to say truthfully that he paid $180 per thousand, but the fear of invidious comparisons rose before him in time, and he said, "About that, I think?"

He waited a moment, still meditating, and threw out another stop-gap: "It's curious how the rhetorical habit grows on a man who writes leading articles. I noticed that you used three adjectives every time, the regular cumulative thing, you know."

"Maybe so; it would be more to the purpose to hear what you think about

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the spirit of my oration; the form doesn't matter so much."

"Well, I will tell you, John," said Albert, slowly, still feeling his way, "to speak frankly, no doubt there's a good deal in what you say. I feel that there is. But you ought to consider that it isn't easy for a man living in a great city, immersed in business cares, and engrossed in the labors of his profession, to realize all these things, and see them as you, who are here on the ground, see them. It's hardly fair to attack me as heartless, when you present these facts to me for the first time."

"For the first time! You ought to have seen them for yourself without presenting. And then you said Sabrina had often discussed the subject with you."

"Oh, but her point of view is always family dignity, the keeping up of the Fairchilds' homestead in baronial state, and that sort of thing. You should have heard her this afternoon, telling me how her father's name used to be coupled with Dearborn County, just as Silas Wright's was with Dutchess—either Dutchess or Delaware, I forget which she said—but it was very funny."

"Sabrina and I haven't spoken for I don't know how long, and we're not likely to again in a hurry, but for all that I'm bound to say I wish some others of the family had as much pride as she's got," said John. "Whatever else she may be, she's as loyal and faithful to the family idea, as jealous of the family's name, as any old Spanish grandee. And I confess the Silas Wright thing doesn't seem funny to me at all—any fellow with the right kind of a heart in him would feel that it was deucedly pathetic—the poor old maid clinging through the shipwreck to that one spar of support—the recollection of a time when her father was bigger than his county. Such things oughtn't to be laughed at."

Albert lost his patience. "Confound it, man, do you want to force me into a quarrel—this night of all others? By George, was there ever such a brace of brothers! I come out here to get you by yourselves, to talk over with you some plans that have occurred to me for setting things right here—and I haven't had a civil answer yet from either of you. First it's the youngster who scowls and snarls at me, and then you read me lofty lectures on my behavior, and then both together in concerted condemnation. No wonder I come rarely to the farm! It's enough to sicken any man of family ties, to be bullyragged in this way. I've a good mind to tell you you can all go to the devil, and be hanged to you!"

The figure on the bucket rose to its feet with a spring, so energetically that there seemed a menace in the action. The village editor restrained this movement with a quiet hand, and a whispered "Keep cool, Seth." Then he said with exaggerated calmness of voice:

"Personally, perhaps, I shouldn't mind much if you did. But there are others to look after, and so, before you do, it might be worth while to learn what the fine alternative was to have been. It would be a great pity not even to hear these noble plans with which you were primed, you say, when you came out."

"But you must admit, John, that you and Seth to-night have been enough to try the patience of a saint."

"Oh, yes, we admit that. Go on!"

"Well, you've made it a little difficult for me to develop my plans—they were scarcely formed in my mind. In a general way, I wanted to consult you about freeing the farm, perhaps buying back some of the original land that has gone, putting the house in shape again, improving the stock, placing father and Sabrina beyond the chance of ever being embarrassed again—and—and—doing something for Seth."

"Nobody wants you—" began the impatient Seth.

"Youngster, *you* shut up!" said John, again using the quieting hand. "Do you really mean all this, Albert?"

"I should scarcely have spoken in detail as I have, otherwise," answered the lawyer loftily.

"Well, this—" said John, "this takes a fellow's breath away."

"If you hadn't been in such haste to impute bad motives and convict me without judge or jury, perhaps the effect of my plans might not have been so overpowering."

"Yes, we did you an injustice, Albert, clearly we did. We were full of the idea

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that all these troubles rolled off you like water off a duck's back. It seems that was our mistake. But—what's your scheme?"

"Definitely, I have none, except to do all I can in the way we may decide will be best all around. I have been thinking some of coming to live here myself, say from May to November of each year, and taking the farm into my own hands."

"H'm—m! That might have its advantages, perhaps—*but*——"

"Oh, I know what you mean. If I do, everybody's rights shall be respected. We'll fix that beyond question, to your satisfaction, before a thing is done."

"I don't care about myself, particularly, you know that; but then there's Seth, you know—we've always figured on the farm as his. It's true he don't want to be a farmer, that he hates the whole thing, but still, that represents all his capital, so to speak, and——"

"My dear John, that shall all be arranged. I am a childless man—probably always shall be. As long as Father lives the farm shall remain in his name. Either his will can be in my favor, or I can manage the farm as a trustee for all three of us, after he's gone. In either case, you shall both be protected in turn by my will—absolutely protected. Meantime, what do you want me to do for Seth? What does he want to do?"

"Nothing needs to be done for me," began Seth, "I can——"

"Now, youngster, *will* you be quiet!" said John, in mock despair. "I'll tell you what you can do for Seth, and do easily. Get him a place on some decent newspaper, in New York or one of the larger cities of the State, and let him have money enough to eke out a small salary at first, so that he can begin at editorial work instead of tramping up through the reporter's treadmill, as I had to. That's all Seth'll ask, and it will be the making of him."

"Begin at editorial work—Seth? Nonsense!"

"No nonsense about it. For two years back Seth has been doing some of the best work on my paper—work that's been copied all over the State."

"Bless my soul, what a literary family we are!" said the lawyer." Does Aunt Sabrina write, too? Perhaps those love poems you have on the last page are hers."

John continued, without noticing the interjection. "Do you remember that long article on 'Civil Service Reform' we had in the *Banner* last January?"

"I don't think I do, John. To be frank, although we enjoy having you send us the *Banner* immensely, occasionally it happens that the stress of professional duties compels me to miss reading a number."

"Well that article was reprinted in all the big papers, from Boston to Chicago. I never knew any other thing from a little village paper to travel so far, or attract so much attention. I had lots of letters about it, too. That article was Seth's—all his own. I didn't change a word in it. And he's hardly seen anything of the world yet, either."

The lawyer was heard chuckling, when John's voice died away in the darkness. The cigars had long since burned out, and the men could with difficulty see one another. The two younger brothers waited, the one surprised, the other increasingly indignant, to learn the cause of Albert's hilarity.

"Do you realize, John," he said at last, with merriment still in his voice, "what a delightful commentary on civil service reform your words make? The best article on that doctrine is written by a youngster who has never left the farm—who doesn't know the difference between a Custom House and a letter-box on a lamp-post! Ho, ho! I must tell that to Chauncey when I see him."

An hour later, John and Seth still leaned against the mossy curb, smoking and talking over the words of their elder brother, who some time before had gone in to avoid the dew-fall.

"I wonder if we *have* misjudged him, after all," said Seth. "I'm almost ashamed to accept his favors, after the way I pitched into him."

"I wonder what his scheme really is," mused the more experienced village editor.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALBERT'S PLANS.

It became generally known, before Sunday came again, that Albert was to

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take the farm, and that Seth was to go to the city—known not only along the rough, lonesome road leading over the Burfield Hills, which had once been a proud turnpike, with hospitable taverns at every league, and the rumbling of great coaches and the horn of the Post-boy as echoes of its daily life of bustle and profit, and now was a solitary thoroughfare to no place in particular, with three or four gaunt old farm-houses, scowling in isolation, to the mile—not only on this road, and at the four corners below, but even at Thessaly people learned of the coming change as if by magic, and discussed it as a prime sensation. It need not be added that the story grew greatly in telling—grew too ponderous to remain an entity, and divided itself into several varying and, ultimately, fiercely conflicting sections.

The Misses Cheesborough had the best authority for saying that Albert had acted in the most malignant and shameful manner, seizing the farm, and turning poor Seth out of doors, and it was more than a suspicion in their minds that the feeble old father would soon be railroaded off to an asylum.

On the other hand, Miss Tabitha Wilcox, who by superior vigor and resource held her own very well against the combined Misses Cheesborough, knew, absolutely *knew*, that Albert had behaved most handsomely, paying off all the mortgages, making a will in favor of John and Seth, and agreeing to send Seth to college, and what was more, Miss Tabitha would not be surprised, though some others might be, if the public-spirited Albert erected a new library building in Thessaly as a donation to the village.

Between these two bold extremes there was room for many shades of variation in the story, and many original bents of speculation. Down at the cheese factory they even professed to have heard that a grand coal deposit had been surreptitiously discovered on the Fairchild farm, and that Albert was merely the agent of a syndicate of city speculators who would presently begin buying all the land roundabout. Old Elhanan Pratt did not credit this, but he did write to his son in Albany, a clerk in one of the departments, to find out if a charter for a railroad near Thessaly had been applied for. The worst of it was, neither John nor Seth would talk, and as for Albert, he had gone back to New York, leaving his wife behind.

On the farm the fortnight following the funeral passed without event. In the lull of field labor which precedes haying time, there was not much for Seth to do. He went down to the river several times on solitary fishing trips ; it seemed to him now that he was saying farewell not only to the one pastime which never failed him in interest or delight, but to the valley itself, and the river. How fond he was of the stream, and all its belongings !

More like home than ever the old farm house on the hill seemed some of these haunts to which he now said good-by—the shadowed pool under the butternut-tree, with its high, steep bank of bare clay where, just under the overhanging cornice of sod, the gypsy swallows had made holes for their nests, and at the black base of which silly rock bass lay waiting for worms and hooks ; the place farther up where the river grew sharply narrow, and deep, dark water sped swiftly under an ancient jam of rotting logs, and where by creeping cautiously through the alders, and gaining a foothold on the birch which was the key to the obstructing pile, there were pike to be had for the throwing, and sometimes exciting struggles with angry black bass, who made the pole bend like a whip, and had an evil trick of cutting the line back under the logs ; and then the broader stretch of water below the ruined paper-mill's dam, where the wading in the thigh-deep rifts was so pleasant, and where the white fish would bite in the swift water almost as gamely as trout, if one had only the knack of playing his line rightly in the eddies.

A score of these spots Seth had known and loved from the boyhood of twine and pin-hooks ; they seemed almost sacredly familiar now, as he wandered up and down the stream, dividing his attention between the lures and wiles of the angler's art and musings on the vast change of scene which was so close before him. Ah, how fair were the day-dreams he had idly, fondly built for himself here in these old haunts, with king-

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fishers and water-rats for sympathizers, and the ceaseless murmur of the water, the buzz of the locusts in the sun, the croak of the frogs among the reeds, for a soft, inspiring chorus of accompaniment to his thoughts!

Now these dreams were really to come true; he was actually going to the city, to wear decent clothes, to mingle as much as he chose with men of wisdom and refinement, to attain that one aim and vision of his life, a place on a great paper!

It was only here by the river, rod in hand, that he seemed able to fully realize the beatitude of the vista. So as often as he could he came, and if there was a ground-note of sorrow at leaving these nooks, this dear old river, there was also a triumphant song of exaltation in the air, the water, the sunshine, which he could not hear on the farm.

Partly because these excursions generally led him from the house before she made her appearance mornings, partly because he felt vaguely that his own victory over fate involved disappointment for her, Seth did not see much of Isabel during her husband's absence. So far as he knew, she had taken the news of Albert's determination to move into the country quietly enough. Neither by word or sign had she discovered to Seth any distaste for the prospect. But none the less he had a half-guilty conviction that she did not like it, and that she must blame him, or at least have some feeling against him, for it. She had spoken so earnestly to him about the curse of existence in the country; it was not conceivable to him that she should suddenly accept for herself, without protest or repining, the very life she had thus commiserated with him about.

Yet it seemed after all that he was mistaken. It was the evening after Albert's return, and Annie had come over after supper, ostensibly to borrow a wrapper-pattern from Isabel, but really, it need not be doubted, to hear the news.

What news there was to be given out the eldest brother dispensed to the family circle, after Alvira had cleared away the "tea-things."

That domestic had a clear idea of making one in the circle, and, hastening in from the kitchen without her apron, drew up a chair to sit with the others, and enjoy the revelations which, from Albert's manner during supper, all felt to be impending. But the invasion of city manners, which she and Milton had deplored and ridiculed for a fortnight back, had an unsuspected bitterness in its train for her. The lawyer looked at her coolly, as he struck a match on the under side of the mantel-piece, and asked: "Hadn't you better go out, Alvira, and see that the chickens don't get into the kitchen?"—and she flounced out again, with nose in air, and black eyes flashing.

Albert lighted a cigar, put an arm-chair down near the old rocker in which his father sat, and took his seat. Near the open door, overlooking the farm-yard and the barns, and full in the light from the west, sat Miss Sabrina, knitting, and Isabel, with a paper. At the latter's feet, on a hassock, was Annie, and Seth sat on the doorstep.

"Father," said Albert, "things have been arranged in New York so that I can speak, now, about the plans which I hinted of ten days ago."

The old man nodded his head, and said, plaintively: "Whatever yew think best, Albert, s'long as the boys git a fair shaow."

"You needn't worry about that. My business is settled now, I think, so that I can live here six or eight months in the year, say from March till October, running down occasionally, perhaps, but making this my residence. I will take up all the mortgages—perhaps buy back some of the old farm, may be all of it. There are three or four ways in which this can be equitably arranged—we'll talk of those in detail later on, some day when John can come up. I will have the carpenters here in a few days, to look over the house, and figure on putting it in first-class repair. The barns will have to be new throughout. There must be new machinery, new fences, and a pretty thorough weeding out of the cattle. We shall want a carriage-house—but then it's no use of enumerating, there is so much to be done. We will put some money into horseflesh down on Long Island, and see if something can't be done in the way of a

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stock-farm. I'm thinking of a trout-pond, up beyond the orchard, in the ravine there, too."

"Oh, Albert, this is what I've be'n prayin' for this thirty year!" It was Sabrina who spoke. There were tears of joy in her eyes.

Lemuel Fairchild seemed rather dazed, not to say dismayed, at the prospect thus bewilderingly unfolded. "It'll cost a heap o' money, Albert," he said at last, rather dubiously, "an' I dunnao' 'baout yer gittin' it back agin."

"That will be *my* look out," said the lawyer, confidently. "At any rate, Isabel and I will make a good home for you and Aunt Sabrina, as long as you both live. It will be a pleasant change for us both. As for Seth——"

There was a pause, and Annie nestled closer to Isabel, with a soft, "Oh yes, about Seth."

"As for Seth, it's time he saw something of life besides grubbing here like a farm-hand. We will try and get along without him here. I've talked the matter over with a friend of mine, the proprietor of the Tecumseh *Chronicle*, and he is willing to give him a start there under the most favorable conditions. The salary will be small at first, of course, but I will supplement it with enough to give him a decent living, if he is frugal. After that, of course, it all depends on himself."

Seth stood up, as these last words were spoken, and replied, stammeringly: "You needn't be afraid of my not trying hard, Albert. I'm sure I'm very grateful to you. It's more than I dared expect you would do for me." He pushed his way past the women to shake hands with his brother, and say again, "It's so good of you."

Albert received these expressions of gratitude benevolently, adding some words of advice, and concluding with, "You had better get ready to start as early next week as you can. One of the *Chronicle* men is going on a vacation, and it's Workman's idea that you would be handy in his absence. You could go, say, Wednesday, couldn't you?"

"So far as getting ready is concerned, I don't know that there is anything to do which couldn't be done in a day. But —but——"

"Of course you will need some things. I'll talk with you about that in the morning. We'll drive down to Thessaly day after to-morrow together."

Albert rose with this to go out and see Milton, and the family interview was at an end.

Miss Sabrina hurried out to the kitchen, impatient to begin discussing with Alvira, as had been her wont for years, this new development in the affairs of the household.

CHAPTER IX.

AT "M'TILDY'S" BEDSIDE.

Lemuel Fairchild sat still, smoking his wooden pipe, and looking absently, straight ahead, into the papered wall. This habit of gazing at nothing was familiar to them all, and when, at Isabel's suggestion, the three young people started for a stroll through the orchard path, they left him entirely without ceremony. This was growing to be the rule; no one in the family now consulted him, or took the trouble to be polite to him. He seemed to have become in his own house merely an article of animated furniture, of not much more importance than the rough-furred sickly old cat who dozed his life away back of the stove.

He sat thus in solitude for some time, blankly studying the grotesque patterns in the old-fashioned wall-paper, and drawing mechanically at the pipe in his mouth, unconscious that no smoke came. Thus Miss Sabrina found him when, after a more than ordinarily sharp passage at arms with Alvira, she returned from the kitchen.

"I swaow! thet girl gits wuss tempered 'n' more presumin' ev'ry day o' her life," she exclaimed.

"Who—Annie?" asked her brother, rousing himself as if from a nap.

"Annie! nao! who's talkin' abaout *her?*"

"Oh, nothin', unly I was thinkin' 'baout Annie—'baout her 'n' Seth, yeh knaow," answered Lemuel, apologetically.

"Well, what abaout 'em?" The query was distinctly aggressive in tone.

"Oh, nothin' much. I was sort o' thinkin'—well, *you* knaow, S'briny, haow

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Sissly used to lot on their makin' a match of it—'n' I was kine o' wond'rin' ef this here notion o' Seth's goin' away wouldn't knock it all in th' head."

"Well?" Miss Sabrina's monosyllabic comment had so little of sympathy or acquiescence in it, that Lemuel continued in an injured tone and with more animation, not to say resolution:

"Well, I've hed kine of an idea o' goin' over 'n' talkin' it over with M'tildy. Mebbe that'll be the best thing to dew?"

"Oh, *you* think so, dew yeh? Thet's all th' pride *you've* got lef', is it? I think I see *my*self goin' hangin' raound Matildy Warren, beggin' her to let her granddaughter marry a Fairchild! I'm ashamed of yeh, Lemuel."

"I don' see, much, what ther' is to be ashamed on." He added, with the faintest shadow of a grin on his face: "'N' b'twixt you 'n' me, I don't see 's there's so blamed much fur me to be praoud abaout, nuther. 'Tain't 's if I was goin' to ask a favor o' M'tildy, at all. She 'n' Sissly used to talk 'baout the thing 's if 'twas settled. 'N' now 't she's gone, 'n' Seth's talkin' o' quittin' th' farm, seems to me it'd be the sensible thing to kind o' fine aout ef M'tildy wouldn't offer th' young folks her farm, ef they'd stay."

"*Very* well, sir. Hev' yer own way," answered Miss Sabrina, with stern formality. "You allus *would* hev' yer own way—and yeh kin go muddle things up to yer heart's content, for all o' me!"

Lemuel watched his sister march to the stairs-door and close it decisively behind her. He was accustomed of old to this proof of her wrath; as far back as he could remember it had been Sabrina's habit to figuratively wash her hands of unpleasant complications on the ground-floor by slamming this self-same door, and going up to sulk in her own room. She did it as a young girl, in the first months of her disagreements with his young wife; it seemed to him a most natural proceeding now, when they were both old, gray-headed people.

Just now, it was a relief to him that she had gone, for if she had stayed he might not have had the courage to put his thoughts into actions. As it was, he took his hat from its nail back of the kitchen-door, and started across lots for the Warren homestead.

There was no danger of not finding Mrs. Warren at home. For seven or eight years she had scarcely stirred beyond her own door, and for the past eighteen months she had been bedridden. The front door was opened to Mr. Fairchild by a young slip of a girl, one of the brood of daughters with which a neighboring poor family was weighted down, and all of whom had been driven to seek work at any price among the farmers of the vicinity. It seemed as if there was a Lawton girl in every other farm-house the whole length of the Burfield Road.

The girl ushered him into the gloomy hall, gloomier than ever now in the gathering twilight, and unceremoniously left him there, while she went to announce his presence. He heard through a door ajar at the end of the hall a thin, querulous voice ask, "Which one of the Fairchilds is it?" and the girl's reply, "The old man."

Then the servant returned to him, and with a curt, "Come ahead," led him to the mistress of the house, who lay in her bed-home, in a recess off the living room.

Mrs. Matilda Warren had never been what might be called a popular woman in the neighborhood. She and her husband, the latter dead now for many years, had come from Massachusetts. They were educated people in a sense, and had not mingled easily with their rougher neighbors. The widow Warren had, after her daughter's escapade, carried this exclusiveness to a point which the neighborhood found disagreeable. Gradually she had grown into the recluse habit, and younger generations on the hill-side, eking out the gossip of their elders with fancies of their own, born of stray glimpses of her tall, gaunt figure and pale face, came to regard her with much that same awe which, two centuries before, reputed witches had for children, young and old.

Something of this feeling Lemuel himself was conscious of, as he stood before her. The coverlet came up close under her arms. She wore a wrapper-dress of red flannel. As he entered she raised herself, with an evidently cruel effort, upon her elbow, dragging the pillow down to aid in supporting her

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shoulder. She panted with this exertion as she confronted him. Her scanty white hair was combed tightly back from her forehead, and bound in place with a black-velvet band; a natural parting on the side of the hair gave the withered face a suggestion of juvenile jauntiness, in grotesque, jarring contrast with the pale blue eyes which glittered from caverns of dark wrinkles, and the sunken, distorted mouth. She had changed so vastly since their last meeting that Lemuel stood bewildered and silent, staring at her.

She spoke first. "I'm trying to think —it must be twenty year since we've met, Lemuel Fairchild."

"Nigh onto that, M'tildy," he replied, turning his hat in his hands.

"I didn't expect ever to lay eyes on you again, I couldn't come to you, and wouldn't if I could, and I didn't dream you would ever show your face here." The aged woman said this in a high, sharp voice, speaking rapidly and with an ungracious tone.

Lemuel fidgeted with his hat and moved his feet uneasily on the dog-skin rug. "Yeh needn't be afeered, M'tildy, I wouldn't hev' come naow ef it hadn't been somethin' partikler 'baout Annie."

The invalid raised her shoulder from the pillow with a sudden movement, and bent her head forward. "What's happened to her? Is she hurt? Tell me, quick!"

"Oh nao, they ain't nothin' th' matter with her. It's unly 'baout her 'n' Seth. I kine o' thought we ought to talk it over 'n' see haow the land lay. That's all."

"Oh, that's it, is it? *Samantha!*"

Betrayed out of her shrewdness by the suddenness of the summons the servant girl made her immediate appearance through the hall door.

"Yes, I knew you were listening, you huzzy," said Mrs. Warren, grimly. "You get along up stairs, go into Annie's room, an' make a noise of some sort on the melodeon till I call you. Not too much noise, mind; jest enough so I can know you're up there."

As the girl left the room, the invalid explained: "What she don't hear, the rest of the Lawtons won't know. That family's as good as a detective force for the whole county." Then, in a less amiable tone: "You might as well set down. What is it about my girl an' Seth?"

As Lemuel awkwardly seated himself near the bedside and prepared to answer, a wailing, discordant series of sounds came from the floor above. The knowledge that the girl was creating this melancholy noise to order, and on his account, confused his thought and he found himself stating the case much more baldly than he had intended. "The fact is," he said, stroking his hat over his knee, "Seth's thinkin' o' goin' away to Tecumsy—Albert's got him a place there—'n' so I s'pose it'll be all up b'twixt him 'n' Annie."

The grandmother never took those light, searching eyes off her visitor's face. He felt himself turning uncomfortably red under their malevolent gaze, and wished she would speak. But she said nothing. At last he explained, deferentially:

"I thought it'd only be right to tell yeh. I know Sissly 'n' you use to talk abaout th' thing. Th' way she useto talk, speshly jis' 'fore she died, it 'peared 's if you tew hed it all settled. But Albert's goin' to take th' farm, it seems, 'n' Seth, he's fig'rin' on goin' away to be a neditor, 'n 'it looks to me 's if th' hull plan'd fell threw."

Still no reply from the bed. He added, helplessly, "Don't it kind o' seem so to you, M'tildy?"

The wretched discords from the chamber above mocked him. The witch-like eyes from the shadows of the recess began to burn him. It was growing into the dusk, but the eyes had a light of their own, a cold, steely, fierce light. Would she never speak? How he regretted having come!

"I'll tell you what seems to me, Lemuel Fairchild," she said at last, not speaking so rapidly now, and putting a sharp, finishing edge on each of her words. "It seems to me that there's never been but one decent, honorable, likely human bein' in your whole family, an' she came into it by the mistake of marrying you. I blame myself for not remembering the blood that was in you all, an' for thinking that this youngest son of yours was different from the rest.

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I forgot that he was a Fairchild like the others, an' I forgot what I owed that family of men, so mean and cowardly and selfish that they have to watch each other like so many hyenas. An' so you've come to tell me that Seth has turned out like his father, like his uncle, like all of his name, eh? The more fool I, to need to be told it!"

Lemuel's impulse was to rise from his chair, and bear himself with offended dignity, but the glitter in the old woman's eyes warned him that the attempt would be a failure. He scowled, put his hat on the other knee, crossed his legs, pretended to be interested in the antics of a kitten which was working havoc with a ball of yarn at his feet. Finally he said:

"You ain't fair to Seth. He's a good boy. He ain't said nothin' nor done nothin' fer yeh to git mad at. Fer that matter, you never was fair to any of us, 'cept Sissly."

"Fair! *Fair!*" came the answer promptly, and in a swifter measure. "Hear the man! Why, Lemuel Fairchild, you know that you cheated your own brother out of the share in that farm that was his by all rights as much as yours. You *know* that your father intended you both to share alike, that he died too suddenly to make a new will, and that you grabbed everything under a will made when your brother William was thought to be too sickly to ever raise. You *know* that you let him grow up an idle, worthless coot of a fellow, an' then encouraged him—yes, don't deny it, encouraged him, I say—to make a fool of my daughter, and run away with her. You knew I wouldn't look at him as a suitor for Jenny; but you thought I would be soft enough, once they were married, to give him my farm, an' you counted on getting it away from him afterward, just as your father got the Kennard farm before you. You egged him on into the trouble, an' you let him die in it, without help. Oh *I* know you, Lemuel Fairchild—I know your breed!

"Your *wife* was a good woman—a million times better than you deserved. *She* knew the wrongs that had been done me, an' Annie, an' her poor ne'er-do-well of a father before her; *she* was anxious to make them good, not I. It was she who talked, year after year, when she ran over here on the sly to visit me, of squaring everything by the young folks' marriage. For a long time I didn't like it. I distrusted the family, as, God knows, I had reason to. But all that I heard of Seth was in his favor. He was hard-working, patient, even-tempered, so everyone said. What little I saw of him I liked. An' I felt sorry for him, too, knowing how dear he was to his mother, and yet how helpless she was to give him advantages an' make something besides a farm-drudge out of him. So, little by little, I gave in to the idea, an' finally it became mine almost as much as Cecily's.

"As for Annie, I don't know how much she has grown to care for him; I'm afraid she's known about our talks, and lotted on 'em, though if anything has passed between them she would have told me. For she's a good girl—a *good* girl—and she'll stand by me, never fear, and say, as I say now, that it's good riddance! D'ye mind? Good riddance to bad rubbish—to your whole miserable, conniving, underhanded family! There ain't an honest hair in your head, Lemuel Fairchild, and there never was. And you can go back to them that sent you, to your old catamaran of a sister and your young sneak of a son, and tell 'em what I think of them, and you, and the whole caboodle of you, that ruined and killed my Jane, and made me a broken old woman before my time, and now tries to break my granddaughter's heart! And the longest day you live, don't ever let me lay eyes on you again. That's all!"

Lemuel groped his way out again through the dark hall, to the front door. The groaning discords from upstairs rose to a triumphant babel of sound as he knocked against the hat-rack, and fumbled for the latch, as if to emphasize and gloat over his discomfiture. The cold evening air, after the sweltering heat of the sick-room, was a physical relief, but it brought no moral comfort.

Old Lemuel was much pained, and even more confused, by the hard words to which he had had to listen. They presented a portrait of himself which he felt to be in no way a likeness, yet

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he could not say wherein a single line should be altered. He knew that he was not a bad man; he felt conscious of having done no special wrong, intentionally, to anybody; he had always tried to be fair and square and easy-going with everybody; yet the mischief of it was that all these evil things which the witch-like M'tildy had piled at his door were of indubitable substance, and he could not prove, even to himself, much less to her, that they did not belong there. It was a part of the consistently vile luck of his life that all these malignant happenings should be charged up against him, and used to demonstrate his wickedness. He had not enough mental skill or alertness to sift the unfair from the true in the indictment she had drawn, or to put himself logically in her place, and thus trace her mistakes. He only realized that all these events which she enumerated had served to convince Mrs. Warren that he was a villain. The idea was a new one to him, and it both surprised and troubled him to find that, as he thought the matter over, he could not see where she was particularly wrong. Yet a villain he had certainly never intended to be—never for a moment. Was this not cruelly hard luck?

And then there was this business about Seth. He had meant it all in the friendliest spirit, all with the best of motives. And how she had snapped him up before he had a chance to explain, and called him a scoundrel and his boy a sneak, and driven him from the house! Here was a muddle for one—and Sabrina had said he would make a muddle of it, as he had of everything else, all through his life. The lonely, puzzled, discouraged old man felt wofully like shedding tears, as he approached his own gate—or no, it was Albert's gate now—and passed the young people chatting there, and realized what a feeble old fool they all must think him.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST FURROW.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

THE Spirit of Earth, with glad restoring hands,
'Mid ruin moves, in glimmering chasm gropes,
And mosses mantle and the bright flower opes;
But Death the Ploughman wanders in all lands,
And to the last of Earth his furrow stands.
The grave is never hidden; fearful hopes
Follow the dead upon the fading slopes,
And there wild memories meet upon the sands.

When willows fling their banners to the plain,
When rumor of winds and sound of sudden showers
Disturb the dream of winter—all in vain
The grasses hurry to the graves, the flowers
Toss their wild torches on their windy towers;
Yet are the bleak graves lonely in the rain.

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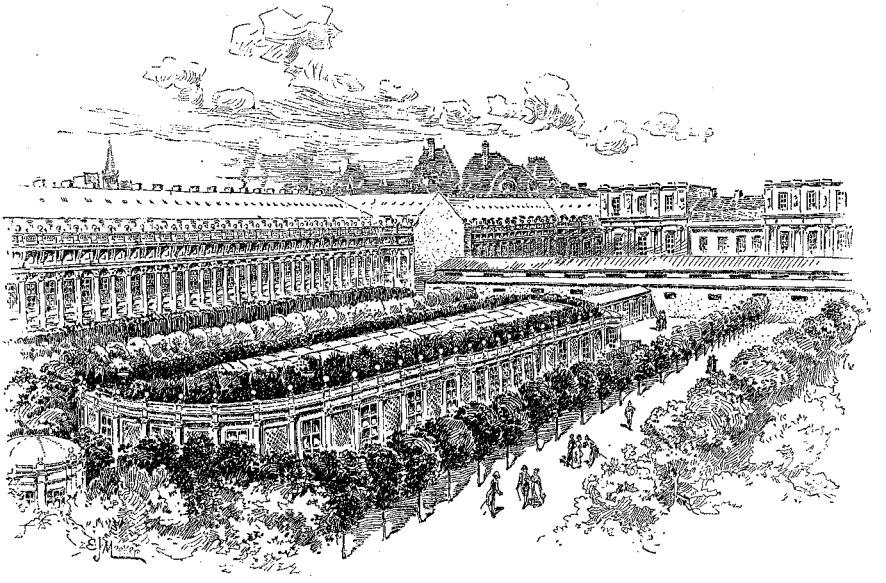

The Palais Royal at the Time of the Revolution. From an old Print.

GLIMPSES AT

THE DIARIES OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

SOCIAL LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE PARIS OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Annie Cary Morris.

SECOND PAPER.

It hardly seems possible that Mr. Morris really found himself "not sufficiently brilliant for the constellation" which gathered round Madame de Staël; and his own reason for not entering into the *ton* of this society, "that I should not please here, because I am not sufficiently pleased," seems to offer the only excuse for the feeling he expressed almost every time that he made one of the "constellation." There was no lack of "bel esprit" and brilliant conversation on all topics, and it is possible the key to his feeling may be found in a little lurking sarcasm in his criticism on the few observations he made himself, which, he says, "have more of justice than splendor, and therefore cannot amuse."

Meditating on the quality of the conversation in "this upper region of wits and graces," he concluded that there was a road to success "here, which I am half tempted to try. It is the sententious style. To arrive at perfection in it one must be very attentive, and either wait till one's opinion be asked or else communicate it in a whisper. It must be clear-pointed and perspicuous, and then it will be remembered, repeated, and respected. This, however, is playing a part not natural to me; I am not sufficiently an economist of my ideas."

Mr. Morris gives a most interesting description of the fashion among the members of the national assembly, of submitting their arguments, before reading them in public, to the criticism of a small, select circle of persons interested in the orator—among whom, Mr. Morris says, "is generally the intimate friend of the speaker, or else the fair whom he intends to make his friend; and this

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ceremony does not fail to affect the form at least, and perhaps the subject."

It happened sometimes, however, that a subject appealed strongly to the listeners—the personality of the reader, the pathos of his voice and words, so overpowered their better judgment that, despite the unsoundness of the principles he advocated, his argument met with the fullest applause. Often present at these readings, Mr. Morris's criticism was generally asked for, and given with the candor he usually displayed.

He gives a particularly interesting account of one evening in Madame de Staël's salon, where a party of choice spirits were assembled to listen to Clermont-Tonnerre, "one of the greatest orators of the day," read an oration which he intended to deliver in the national assembly. "It was a very pathetic oration," he says; the object of which was to show that penalties are the legal compensation for injuries and crimes. The man who is hanged, having by that event paid his debt to society, ought not to be held in dishonor; and, in like manner, he who has been condemned for seven years to be flogged in the galleys should, when he had served out his apprenticeship, be received into good company as if nothing had happened."

This seems a strange doctrine; but was really a strong reaction against the extreme to which the matter had been carried the other way. "Dishonoring thousands for the guilt of one has so shocked the public that this extreme has become fashionable." "The oration was very fine," Mr. Morris says; "very sentimental, very pathetic, and the style harmonious. Shouts of applause and full approbation greeted it."

"Extremely eloquent," he told Monsieur de Tonnerre, he found his speech; but made one or two observations on the reasoning, telling him candidly that "his principles were not very sound." This opinion created universal surprise, and a few more remarks from Mr. Morris "changed the face of things, and brought the company to an opinion so adverse to the reader that his position was universally condemned, and, apparently much mortified, Clermont-Tonnerre left the room. I fear," adds Mr. Morris, "that I have made an enemy of him."

Did Clermont-Tonnerre really have any faith in an argument that could be killed by one adverse opinion? seems a natural question; and it finds a ready answer in the fact, which Mr. Morris notes, "that the discourse was never delivered in the assembly," and yet he goes on to say: "It was of the kind which produces a decree by acclamation, for sometimes an orator gets up in the midst of *another* deliberation, makes a full discourse, and closes with a good snug resolution which is carried with a huzza and the clapping of hands," which so shocked Mr. Morris's sense of propriety.

Taking the active interest he did in public affairs, with his ready wit always on the alert to turn a pretty speech or to amuse the society he was in, and with a vein of sarcasm difficult for him to subdue when called out by a condescending person or by one whose mind was not responsive to his—and, as he says, often expressing his sentiments and opinions too openly was a fault not easy for him to curb—it is not to be wondered at that, insignificant as he thought he was, he should occasionally have found himself an object of dislike. It is impossible not to be amused by the account he gives of having inadvertently offended a hot-headed gentleman he met at dinner, simply by answering an observation of his to the effect that "Paris maintained the kingdom of France." "I said," says Morris, "Oui, monsieur, comme moi je nourris les éléphants de Siam. This excited the choleric humor of a pedant, and he takes revenge by circulating the report that I am an *intriguant*, a *mauvais sujet*, and a partisan of the Duke of Orleans." Madame de Flahaut, to whom the story of the man's wrath and threats had been told by her physician, knew the fellow to be himself a "mauvais sujet," and a very dangerous person besides; and was most solicitous that Mr. Morris should speak to Lafayette, and ask protection against a man "whom she is sure," she tells him, "would not scruple to bring him to the lanthorn—in other words, to have me hanged. This would be a rather sharp retri-

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bution for the remark which has excited his rage."

There was but one thing to be done, he told Madame de Flahaut, if he stirred at all in the matter, and that "is to call on him, and tell him that if he speaks disrespectfully of me again I will put him to death. But in times like the present such conduct would only give an air of importance to what must otherwise fall of itself, for I am not of sufficient consequence to occupy the public attention; and, luckily, the things he says are too improbable to be believed." A wise course to adopt, it would seem, in a place where the "Lanthorn" was ready for a victim, and a crowd always at hand to sacrifice him.

Mr. Morris was a sworn enemy to cards and the gaming-table. Having, as he says, "imposed upon myself the law not to play," he seldom transgressed, and then indulged only in a mild game of whist, for sixpenny points, to while away an hour. When the guests went to the card-table, he either left them or utilized the time his friends were wasting in the joys and sorrows of their game by informing himself of the state of opinion in the Assembly, as embodied in the last speech delivered before that august body, or in looking over somebody's memoir, and so kept up with the latest subjects that were being discussed.

Paris was quite given over to gambling, and the fever attacked alike the dignitary of the Church, the deputy, weary with his labors in the Assembly, and the fine lady in her salon.

It was necessary to oppose a strong determination against this all-absorbing amusement, or, more properly speaking, business, not to be drawn into this whirlpool and destroyed, for the very air seemed calculated to excite the disease. Like drowning men catching at straws, these people, seeing their means of living gradually slipping away from them, sought to supply the deficiency at the roulette-table. When, in 1789, the contents of the famous "Red Book," that ignominious catalogue of fraudulent pensions, was announced to the Assembly, the sum total of which was 277,985,017 livres, Paris stood aghast. That portion of the community whom the pensions had not benefited were furious about the frauds practised in high places; while the other half said that, with the stoppage of the pensions, starvation, the necessity to abandon the life so dear to them, and possibly banishment, stared them in the face. It must have infuriated the friends of the revolutionary party to have such disclosures as the "Red Book" contained trumpeted forth by their own leaders—to see Camille Desmoulins gloat over the revelations, picking out of the twenty-four million examples the most glaring frauds. Loud and vehement were the protests against the *décret* touching the pension-list made by the Assembly. "In Madame de Staël's salon," Mr. Morris says, "the matter was discussed pretty much at large, and I tell them that when privileges were abolished the road was opened for the destruction of all property. This gives rise to an endless dispute, in which Madame de Staël shows much genius and little good-breeding. The opinions are various, but they will all be alike. I throw out the idea on purpose to make an impression on some who have, I know, styled me *aristocrat* because I do not approve of their sentiments."

Madame de Flahaut, whom the decree deeply affected, Mr. Morris found one day "*au désespoir*, and she intends to cry very loud, she says. Her servants, this morning, have waited on her, with the assurance that they will, if necessary, live on bread and water for the next six months. She has been in tears all day. Her pensions from Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois are stopped. On that from the king she receives but 3,000 francs—and must, therefore, quit Paris. I try to console her, but it is impossible. Indeed, the stroke is severe; for, with youth, beauty, wit, and every loveliness, she must quit all she loves and pass her life with what she abhors."

Unfortunate Mademoiselle Duplessis, a member of Madame de Flahaut's family, was quite beyond the help of sympathetic words. Her pension was stopped, "and the poor girl," Mr. Morris says, "who does not know what to do, spends her days and nights in tears." With a delicacy that could not hurt her, he sent her, in the form of 500 francs, the only sympathy that could effectually help her, "and took," as he says, "every

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precaution to prevent discovery." Almost constant demands were made upon his sympathy, and not a few upon his purse to lighten the burden of daily increasing troubles of poverty and afflictions of all descriptions, and always, with a thoughtful delicacy, he gave what help was possible; alike he opened his *heart* to his friend, Madame de Chastelleux, whom he found "in bed one morning in tears over the reported death of her brother at the capture of Belgrade," and his *house* to the terrified people who rushed to him for protection on the 10th of August—that night when the pent-up animosities, the sufferings, the wretchedness of years burst out in brutal acts, and men's hearts literally failed them for fear.

It cannot be said to have been a stroke of good fortune for him which placed Mr. Morris as Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of Louis XVI. just at the moment when king and court were about to vanish and a new order of things was forcing itself to the front. That Mr. Morris should be the accredited minister of the United States to France had been, from the time of his arrival at Paris, the openly expressed wish of many of his friends. For himself, he does not say that he ever desired the position, but his answer always was, when spoken to on the subject, that if he were appointed he should certainly not decline the office. His credentials reached him while he was in London, during the spring of 1792; but almost as soon as he returned to Paris and set to work fitting up a house which should be properly arranged for entertaining, and with surroundings that should do credit to the representative of America at a foreign court, he found that a party had formed themselves against him, and rumors reached him to the effect that he might not be accepted as minister. No man could have taken upon himself the duties of such a position at a more unfortunate moment; and the fact that he had moved almost entirely in high aristocratic circles increased the difficulties tenfold, but in this set he found a ready welcome in his public capacity. Madame La Princesse de Tarent, one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting, who was with her the fatal night of the 10th of August, sends him word that she is glad to hear that he is back in Paris. "It is the gladness in that quarter," he says, "which indisposes the others to receive me." It was extremely difficult to know just what was the right course to take at this moment. Months must elapse before Mr. Morris could possibly have heard the wishes of his Government in regard to his action. The patience it must have required to wait for an answer to a question upon which large issues depended is difficult for us even to imagine, who have a question asked and answered in almost the time it took then to write a long document. Mr. Morris chose to wait the issue of events; and in the meantime went quietly along with his plans, and finally settled himself pleasantly in the Rue "de la Planche" and kept open house.

He had barely settled himself when, early in August, the mob-rule commenced in all its force and wickedness, and with it those days so appropriately called the days of "Terror." At once the shelter of Mr. Morris's house and flag was demanded by terrified people, who rushed to him early in the morning and in the late hours of the night, sure that, for the moment at least, they might escape the fury of the wild creatures in the streets. "Men torn by affliction," he says, "and women violently affected," he took under his roof and cared for. Knowing that his conduct in his diplomatic capacity might be severely criticised, and not in the least knowing, he says, that "my house will be a protection to them," he fearlessly acted upon the impulse of the moment, and determined to take whatever consequences might follow.

Writing of August 11th, he says: "Paris is in great agitation; cannon and musketry are heard all through the day. A sleepless night renders me heavy during the day. The king and queen remain at the Assembly, which goes on rapidly under the *dictée* of the tribunes. We are quiet here in my house, and things are taking on their new order." During these terrible days, when the moral world was at a red-hot temperature, the physical world was almost equally red-hot. Mr. Morris often mentions the excessive heat of the August weather, which added greatly to the general

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suffering. He speaks of some "perch which were alive in the morning and spoiled by dinner-time. So rapid a state of putrefaction I never saw before. In the Champs de Mars, where I go to take a walk, I see a few ragamuffins who are signing the petition for the *déchéance*. In the evening Monsieur de St. Pardou calls on me and seems torn to pieces by affliction; the royal family, he tells me, are hourly expecting to be murdered, and in the Assembly they have decreed the suspension of the king's authority. I desire him if he sees the royal family to tell them that relief must soon arrive."

But the only relief, if such it could be called, for those unfortunate people, shorn of all their pomp and state, and with barely a change of clothing, was to be found in the wretched rooms in the Tour du Temple—that treasure-house of the Knights Templar, and of many of the kings of France, now empty, its treasures gone, and become a prison-house for the most afflicted king of France. But even inside the gloomy, forbidding-looking walls of their prison they were by no means safe from the constant insults heaped on them in the form of pamphlets and caricatures of the vilest description. Mr. Morris is silent on the subject of the king and queen after the 10th of August, presumably for the reason which he gives when, a few months later, he stops his diary. "The situation of things," he says, "is such that to continue this journal would compromise many people. I prefer, therefore, to put an end to it." This he accordingly did; in his letters only did he keep a chronicle of events. After his two years of service in a diplomatic capacity, and after he had left Paris forever, he resumed his diary and continued it until his death.

After the imprisonment of the king and the fall of the monarchy, the Brissotine faction tried to force Mr. Morris to recognize the government. The Minister of Foreign Affairs wrote him a most insulting letter to that effect, and with a view to driving him out of the country. Mr. Morris, however, felt that to leave "would look," as he says, "like taking part against the late revolution; and I am not only unauthorized in this respect, but I am bound to suppose that if the great majority of the nation adhere to the new form, the United States will approve thereof, because, in the first place, we have no right to prescribe to this country the government they shall adopt, and, next, because the basis of our own Constitution is the indefeasible right of the people to establish it." Still he wavered in his determination to stay until a half-apologetic letter came from the minister, which decided him to await orders from home.

It required a certain courage to stop in mob-ruled Paris, and to see gradually one by one of the charming society that had made his life, and to which he had been such a brilliant addition, slip away—some of them to be marched to the guillotine, to gratify the mob's insatiable thirst for blood; some of them fleeing for their lives to an exile, to them, little short of death. Soon he was to find himself almost alone, and never quite sure of his own safety. The *corps diplomatique* were recalled by their respective governments; and all who could get passports left Paris, glad to escape with their heads intact. When the Venetian ambassador was "very ignominiously treated, brought back to Paris, and his papers examined," Mr. Morris says: "This is strong, and raises in my mind a question whether I ought not to show resentment by leaving the country."

The British Ambassador and Lady Sutherland Mr. Morris found one evening in much distress. "They can't get passports," he says, "and Lord Gower is in a tearing passion; he has burned his papers, which I will not do. They give me broad hints that honor requires me to quit this country." Not in the least influenced by these hints, he seems only to have laughed at their fears and Lord Gower's anger, which, he says, "made me very gay, which exhibition of spirits his lordship can hardly bear."

There was, no doubt, a strong desire on Mr. Morris's part to stay and watch the issue of the momentous struggle that was shaking France—and, indeed, Europe—to the very foundations; but a very sincere sense of duty must also have induced him to remain at his post during this time of tumult and sorrow. It was terrible enough to know "that

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the priests shut up in the Carmes and the prisoners in the Abbaie" were, as he says, "all killed, and that the murdering goes on all day; and that there were about eight hundred men concerned in it." But to have been quietly eating dinner and to be told "that a friend is on his way to the place of execution," and not to know which of the guests partaking of his hospitality would be the next victim of the scaffold, must have made life nearly unbearable.

Of course there was little hope that the brutal passions, aroused and stimulated by the sight of blood, would quiet down after the sacrifice of a few victims; for Mr. Morris says: "Everything wears an appearance of confusion—no authority anywhere; and, notwithstanding the common danger, the factions seem daily more embittered against each other, and are far from a disposition to unite. It seems probable that those who possess Paris will dictate to the others. People have been amusing themselves in the streets to-day tearing the ear-rings out of women's ears and stealing watches." Such is the history Mr. Morris gives of many days, gradually growing worse as the new government and the mob gained strength. It would be useless to go into details in the short space allotted to this article, and it is a much more grateful task to pass over them and go back a few months, when, although there was plenty of trouble, and clouds of impending danger hung over society, people rose above the depression, and, bravely trying to accept the change from the old order to the new, enjoyed themselves in many ways.

Goncourt says that during 1790 and 1791 the only commerce that prospered was the "*commerce de la gueule.*" The pleasures of the palate were, in some degree, made to compensate for the disagreeable disorder and general wretchedness of life. A feeling of "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," seemed to animate society, and much ingenuity was exercised to create an endless variety of delicious dishes, with names to fit the particular excitement of the moment. Arthur Young gives a very interesting picture of the well-appointed French table of that day, with its clean linen, which he found everywhere of a coarse quality, but in great profusion. The poorest Frenchman never thought of eating a meal without a napkin; and he contrasts this with the rather unpleasant habit in the houses of "well-to-do people" in England—of not using them because, owing to the extreme fineness of the English linen, the expense of it was enormous. Mr. Morris does not go into the details of the linen as Arthur Young does; nor has he, like Goncourt, noted the menus of most enticing dinners. These items, so interesting to the general reader, have, unfortunately, escaped his notice.

He *does* mention, in a casual way, going to dine with Madame de Foucault, and being informed by her that "the *maître d'hôtel* has shot himself this morning, so we dine late." As a rule, he was more occupied with the guests than the dinner, though he did, on one occasion, remark that the Duchess of Orleans had profited by changing her *maître d'hôtel,* and he was never slow to acknowledge the good quality of the entertainment. His province seems to have been to, if possible, counteract the tone of depression and sadness which possessed his friends, and by a jest, a well-turned compliment, or a verse, to turn their thoughts, for the moment at least, from their troubles.

He did not hesitate to make merry with Madame de Montmorris over her reduced circumstances, when she showed him an almanac the Duke of Dorset had just sent her from England, "in which, among other things, is a table of weights and measures. She says it is one among many things which will be useless to her." This was too good an opportunity to lose; so the ever-ready verse was forthcoming, intended to amuse her and, at the same time, give a sly hit at the wearying discourses and endless conversations he was forced to listen to—"and on a blank leaf of the almanac," he says, "I wrote the following lines:

> "A table of weight and measure,
> In times like these it *is* a treasure;
> For each one measures now the State,
> And what his reasons want in weight
> He makes up, as a thing of course,
> By the *abundance* of *discourse.*"

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Sometimes the endless "discourse" on politics was agreeably interrupted by music. In her own drawing-room Madame de Staël sang, and selecting the most favored guest, would sing *at* him and make love to him with all the fervor she could throw into voice and eyes. Under the aliases of "Colin Maillard," "Blind Buck and Davy," the school-boy game of "Blind Man's Buff," was the amusement," Mr. Morris says, "offered one evening in Madame de Gibert's salon." It is hardly to be supposed that this "citizen of a new world, who had left one of his legs behind him," indulged in such a romp. As he omits to say what course he took, it is fair to suppose that the ever-ready pencil and paper, upon which to jot down a few apropos lines, gave him occupation for the evening.

Often the Abbé de l'Isle, undisturbed by the commotions around him, gave infinite pleasure by repeating or reading his verses, which Mr. Morris invariably speaks of as admirable, and about which, indeed, he often uses stronger expressions of approval. One evening the abbé repeated his "Catacombs" to an audience at the Palais Royal. "The verses," Mr. Morris says, "are very fine and very well spoken, but I remark to him that one of his lines—'*Il ne voit que la nuit, n'entend que le silence*'—is *un peu fort*. He tells me that he is surprised that I, above all men, should make that remark, who must remember Milton's 'darkness visible.' There is a difference, however, both in the phrase and in the idea; there is a difference, also, in the kind of poem, and perhaps Milton was on the verge, at least, of bombast in that expression. However, I do not discuss the matter further with him."

The theatre, too, still held up its head, and was a solace not to be despised. Not until later did "*art* emigrate," and then Vestris and Gardele, those marvels in their art, danced off the stage to safer scenes. Then the *marchandes de modes* went, leaving Paris destitute, and mourning that there was no one left to suggest how to trim a bonnet, and the fine ladies had to depend on the provinces for their fashions, which came to them in odd style enough, yellow flowers being the rage, because it was maliciously hinted they were "*au teint de la Constitution.*" Then, indeed, desolation and desertion reigned, and Goncourt says of those days: "Paris has only *fagotières* left." Before, however, such utter desolation took possession of Paris, Préville was delighting the lovers of the drama. Mr. Morris fell a victim to his charms and was loud in his praise. He says: "I have the pleasure to see Préville perform in the 'Bourreau bienfaisant,' and in the part of *Sosie* in Molière's 'Amphitrion.' He is seventy-five years of age and wonderful—truly an actor. He would be considered excellent, his age out of the question; but, all things considered, he is a prodigy—nothing below and nothing above his part, no false ornament, but 'the naked nature and the living grace.' The best of the others may be said to act well their parts, but he represents his." So enthusiastic was Mr. Morris over this man's acting that he says: "I go to the Comédie Française, where I am kept above half an hour waiting before my servant can get a ticket, and afterward I get a very bad place; but still I think myself compensated by Préville, who is truly formed to hold the mirror up to nature and to show to the very 'shape a body of the time—his form and pressure." Just at a moment of strong political feeling the play of "Brutus" was brought out, and much excitement attended its *début*. "At dinner at the Marquis de Montmorin's," Mr. Morris says, "we conversed about the play of this evening, 'Brutus.' It is expected to excite much disturbance. After six o'clock Bouinville and I go to see the play, and at leaving the room, as it is supposed that there will be three parties in the house, I cry in the style of rant: '*Je me déclare pour le Roi, et je vole à la victoire.*' We cannot find seats; therefore I go to the *loge* of D'Angeviliers and find that I was expected, having promised to come and then forgotten it. The piece excites a great deal of noise and altercation, but the *parterre*, filled with democrats, obtains the victory, and, having obtained it, roars for above ten minutes, '*Vive le Roi!*' After the play a motion is made to place the bust of Voltaire on the

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stage and crown it, which is complied with amid repeated acclamations."

About the same time that the revolution was stretching its hand out toward the properties of the Church, and the priests, after making a desperate fight for their possessions, and incidentally for their religion, were almost ready to say with the Trappist monk, "*Frères, il faut mourir*," the play of "Charles Neuf" was put upon the stage, by way of assisting the Assembly in its crusade against the priests and irritating still more the already half-distracted clergy. "It is a tragedy founded on the massacre of St. Bartholomew," Mr. Morris says, "and a very extraordinary piece to be represented in a Catholic country. A cardinal who excites the king to violate his oaths and murder his subjects, then in a meeting of the assassins consecrates their daggers, absolves them from their crimes, and promises everlasting felicity—all this with the solemnities of the established religion. A murmur of horror runs through the audience. There are several observations calculated for the present times, and I think this piece, if it runs through the provinces, as it probably will, must give a fatal blow to the Catholic religion. My friend, the Bishop d'Autun (Talleyrand), has gone a great way toward its destruction by attacking the Church property. Surely there never was a nation which verged faster toward anarchy. No law, no morals, no principles, no religion."

Of all the different persons in many walks of life and of various degrees of moral excellence whom Mr. Morris met, there are none that he handles so severely as he does these same priests and high ecclesiastical dignitaries who, with the Abbé Maury as their leader, fought for the rich benefices of the Church. "The Abbé Maury," he says, "is a man who looks like a downright ecclesiastical scoundrel." He met him in Madame de Nadaillac's salon, where were "a party of fierce aristocrats. They have the word '*Valet*' written on their foreheads in large characters. Maury is formed to govern such men, and such men are formed to obey him, or anyone else. But Maury seems to have too much vanity for a great man. I tell him in the course of conversation that I expect he will get the hat the Cardinal de Lomerice has sent back. And I further tell him that the holy father has done wrong in laying the kingdom under an interdict. He answers, 'that opinion is no longer with the Sainte Liege, and that without an army to support the interdict it would be laughed at; that the instance of England makes Rome cautious.' I reply that the cases are somewhat different; but further, as the Assembly have left the pope nothing, he might play a sure game, since he can lose no more, and at any rate he had better have done nothing than only one-half of what he might do, because mankind may by degrees be habituated to everything.

"He agrees to the truth of this, and owns that he should have preferred extremities. I tell him that from the moment when the Church property was seized I considered the Catholic religion at an end, because nobody would be priest for nothing. He agrees fully." Mr. Jared Sparks, in one of his quotations from his diary, has given Mr. Morris's first impression of Talleyrand, which was not particularly favorable to the worthy bishop. "Sly, cool, cunning, malicious, and, of course, ambitious," was his verdict after seeing and talking to him one evening in Madame de Flahaut's salon. And although afterward he saw him constantly and in the most intimate way he never seems to have trusted the Bishop of Autun.

Mr. Morris's introduction to this portion of the community was soon after his arrival in France, at Madame de Durfort's, one evening, when, much to his surprise, for he evidently expected more dignity in a member of the Church, he says: "A bishop from Languedoc makes tea, and the ladies who choose it stand round and take each their dish. This would seem strange in America; and yet it is by no means more so than the Chevalier de Louis, who begged alms of me this morning after introducing himself by his own letter."

The Bishop of Orleans, with whom he dined at the table of the Duchess of Orleans, did not escape his criticism, as that reverend father evidently did full

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justice to the princess's dinner, for Mr. Morris says: "This bishop seems to be of that kind whose sincerest prayer is for the fruit of good living, and to judge by his manner of talking one would suppose that he deems it of more importance to *speak* than to speak the truth." Mr. Morris cannot help showing his amusement, and a little of his sarcastic vein crops out in the short mention he makes of a conversation he had with the celebrated Cardinal de Rohan, the hero of the diamond-necklace scandal. He met him at Madame de Flahaut's one evening—"and we talk," he says, "among other things about religion, for the cardinal is very *devout*. He was once the lover of Madame de Flahaut's sister. Accidentally he mentions his *procés*," at the time of the diamond-necklace excitement, "and after relating the circumstances which brought it to his mind, he declares that he thinks it a weakness to talk of it; and he is right." "He has," is Mr. Morris's comment, "*plus de grace que d'esprit*, but he speaks in too good style to write in a style as bad as Madame de la Motte has attributed to him."

It is quite evident that Mr. Morris found the society of prelates the least congenial in Paris. He was much more in the element that pleased his fancy when the house of the British ambassador was opened to him, and he and Lord Gower became very good friends. He found as well a charming friend and companion in the wife of the British ambassador, Lady Sutherland, who seems to have been a most lovely woman, and the friendship she and Mr. Morris formed lasted many years. She it was who showed her sympathy for the queen when the royal family, after the break-up of the 10th of August, were put into a cell in the ancient monastery of the Feuillants, by sending, in a very private way, some linen for the dauphin. The queen told Madame Campan, who mentions this incident, that Lady Sutherland alone, of all the foreign representatives, noticed their misery and actual want. In the drawing-rooms were to be found all the distinguished English people passing through Paris, as well as many well-known French people. Here he met "Lady Ann Lindsay, with whom," he says, "I have a curious conversation. She is desperately in love with Mr. Windham, and tortured with jealousy. I tell her that if she wishes to bring back a lover she must alarm his fears, and if she chooses to make use of me I am at her orders. I tell her how she ought to act, and she says that if it becomes necessary she will apply to me." Of course he wrote verses to Lady Sutherland's charms, and when he gave them to her, "her countenance," he says, "shows me that they are not thrown away. She afterward confides to me that she was ashamed, flattered, and delighted."

She asks his sympathy and interest in the fact that "she and Lord Gower have quitted playing, and she thinks I like them well enough to be pleased at it. I assure her of my attachment more in tone and manner than by words." It is impossible to comment on the style of conversation and the badinage indulged in by the highest society in Paris and France. It must stand on its own merits, if it has any; as it was *then*, so it is *now*. Startling in its freedom to the uninitiated, but by no means ungrateful to the ladies of France, who then, as now, made but a feeble protest, with the slightly drooped eyelid, the little characteristic shrug of the shoulders, and a gentle exclamation—rather inviting than repelling a continuance of the insinuating flattery or the *risquée* anecdote.

Mr. Morris had one advantage over most persons, which he was not slow to turn to profit, for under cover of English, which was not understood by many of his friends, he could observe to the ambassadress, his hostess, "that she doesn't eat, but is merely a dish at her own table, and that not the worst, but that she has not the politeness to ask anyone to partake of it. Madame de Montmorris wants to know," he says, "the subject of our conversation, which she does not understand. Lady Sutherland tells her: '*Il me dit des méchancetés.*' 'Oh,' was her answer, '*il en est bien capable.*' Madame de Staël comes in late, and the Princesse de Tarent makes mouths at her. After dinner the princess tells me that the queen often talks to her of me when they are riding together. I reply only by a bow. She repeats it and dwells on

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the subject, but I make only the same reply. The princess then tells me that she loves me because I love the queen, and her reception proves that my conversation is not disagreeable. She wishes very much to have my sentiments on affairs. I tell her that I have formed none. She wishes some kind of advice for the queen, but I tell her that in my present diplomatic situation I can give none; but further, I think their majesties should not only march in the line of the constitution, but should not permit any person in their presence to jest on that subject, much less seriously to blame the ministers or their measures."

The queen's knowledge of Mr. Morris began in 1790, when he opposed the king's intention of going to the Assembly, and boldly said that his advisers were giving him "*un conseil ou inepte ou perfide.*" When, however, the king determined upon his course and went to the Assembly, Mr. Morris immediately communicated to Madame de Flahaut "a note upon the situation of affairs and the conduct which the king ought to pursue. This," he says, "she will hand to the queen's physician, Vicq d'Azir," who was always near the queen, and was also one of the many courtiers who had become entangled in the fair De Flahaut's meshes, by whom she could approach royalty. "I tell Madame de Flahaut," Mr. Morris goes on to say, "that she must cultivate the queen and give her good advice, the direct contrary of what the king receives from the ruling party; that if they succeed, she will then be provided for by means of her friends, but if they fail, then the queen will feel obligations which, having the power, she will of course repay." "Vicq d'Azir gave to her majesty," Mr. Morris says, "the note I had written, but she says that so long as Monsieur Necker remains in office she will not indulge in affairs."

From very excellent authority Mr. Morris heard that the "queen had decided the king to go to the Assembly; that his majesty, the day before he was to go, swore hard at Necker, and asked him if that step would procure peace, which of course the poor minister could not promise; that his majesty was very much out of humor also all the morning, and that when he returned from the Assembly he passed some time in tears. I doubt that this picture is overcharged, but I believe the ground is just." The king delivered his discourse standing, hat in hand, and De Montmorin told Mr. Morris that the "speech was received with great applause, and the Assembly took an oath to support the constitution which is to be made. A strange oath, as I consider the constitution they have proposed is such that the Almighty himself could not make it succeed without creating a new species of man. Monsieur de Lafayette is much surprised to hear that I disapprove of the king's step. I tell him that I think it can do no good, and must therefore do harm; but he says it will enable him to advocate the royal authority in the Assembly.

The night after the king had delivered his speech, so full of popular catchwords and phrases, promising to bring up his son to the new order of things, and to maintain constitutional liberty, one of the guests who dined with Mr. Morris at the Palais Royal "tells me," he says, "that I was right in my ideas about the effect of the king's speech, and owns that he was mistaken. I whisper to my neighbor, Madame de Segur, that this information has no effect either to alter or confirm that opinion which is founded on what I conceive to be the nature of man. It is a very strange thing that men who have lived in the world fifty years should think that opposition founded on strong direct personal interest can be instantly calmed by a few honeyed expressions. The present idea is that it will have a wonderful effect in the provinces, but I can conceive of no effect other than to create animosity. The *noblesse* will consider it as the effect of thraldom, in which he is held; and the populace, as a declaration of war against their superiors." Mr. Morris thought "that if this step of his majesty's had any effect on reasonable minds it would be to prove more clearly the feebleness of his ministers. For these three months past they have inveighed to the members against the proceedings of the Assembly, and now they appear to give his majesty's full approbation." Again, in

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August, 1791, Mr. Morris made an effort to influence the king in the acceptance of the constitution, which he did not hesitate to say was "a ridiculous one," and gave into the hands of Monsieur de Montmorin what he calls "a plan of a discourse for the king," to be presented to his majesty. Morris's advice to the king was to accept the constitution, to "make clear and pointed observations on it, and assign as a reason for accepting it the mischief which would inevitably follow from his refusal." The character of his advice all through was exceedingly bold, and it startled Monsieur de Montmorin, "who," says Morris, "finds it too forcible; that the temper of the people will not bear it. I leave the paper with him, however, and he is to show it to the king on Monday. I gave him leave (which he otherwise would have taken) to show it to his daughter, Madame de Beaumont, as I know that she will encourage such a step, having previously mounted her imagination to that point."

Madame de Staël, in her most mischief-making mood, is to be thanked for making an interesting history for this memoir, which otherwise might have remained unheard of, like several others presented to the king at the same time on the same subject. That lady put into practice what no less a person than her father said "was a common trick with her, to pretend in order to learn," and, Mr. Morris says, "requests me at her own dinner-table to show her the memoir I have prepared for the king. I am surprised at this, and insist on knowing how she became acquainted with it. She tells me pretty nearly. I read it to her and the Abbé Louis, through whom she gained her intelligence, and they are, as I expected, very averse to so bold a tone. I am well persuaded that a poor conduct will be adopted." Madame de Staël's next move was to speak to the Bishop of Autun of the work, forgetting or not caring that what she said would get back to Mr. Morris. "Madame de Flahaut tells me," he says, "that Madame de Staël had found my work very weak, and that *she* had told the bishop that this is false, for that, on the contrary, Madame de Staël had feared only from its being too strong. I expected that conduct from Madame de Staël. She has told other persons that she has seen my work. She is a devilish woman."

When he next met her he says: "I have not the opportunity to tell her what I intended, for she seems a little conscience-struck and avoids me; but I tell the Abbé Louis that I renounce all influence in the business, and shall desire that my plan be not followed. Monsieur de Montmorin tells me that Madame de Staël played the same trick on him. I tell him that I have caused her to believe that I have given up the idea entirely, and desire him to speak of it lightly and as a thing I have abandoned." The question was, Who could be trusted? Madame de Staël could make mischief and try to spoil things with her tricks, but Monsieur de Montmorin was not above saying one thing and doing another; for he told Mr. Morris that "the plan was in the king's possession, and that his majesty found the discourse prepared for him difficult to swallow, because it acknowledges the loss of the crown. But he replied to this that it was only defective because he had not the command of 150,000 men." The king accepted the constitution on the 14th of September. The day before, "Monsieur de la Marck tells me," Mr. Morris says, "that the king's observations will be made to-morrow. He seems a little cool and shy on the subject. Dining at Madame de Flahaut's to-night, I learn the purport of the king's letter, which is meagre enough. It would seem that intrigue has at length succeeded, and caused the poor monarch to adopt a middle party which is good for nothing." "This morning is introduced by peals of artillery," Mr. Morris says. "It is a high festival on the adoption of the constitution. As no carriages can move I walk out, at one, and go to the Palais Royal. In the evening, having deposited my watch, purse, and pocketbook at home, I walk through the Rue St. Honoré to the Champs Elysées, thence to the Tuileries. The illumination of the château and avenues is superb."

"I see Monsieur de Montmorin, and on inquiry find that he did not deliver my paper until after his majesty had accept-

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ed the constitution. This is wrong, but it is too late to do any good by saying so. I am now pretty well persuaded that the poor king has been prevented by an intrigue, in which Monsieur de Montmorin is a party, from acting as he ought."

Mr. Morris was assured that the king preferred "my observations to those presented by Pelling, and my informer felicitates me. I lead him off the scent, but he tells me that he is informed of this in such a manner as admits of no doubt, and also that Monsieur de Montmorin is vexed at the preference."

The vivid interest Mr. Morris always took in the affairs of France was by no means unnoticed by the king and queen. "Their majesties spoke to De Moustier of me," he says, "and he tells me that I stand well in their opinion." This intelligence interested him, in view of his possible mission to the court of Louis XVI., "where their favorable opinion," he says, "may be useful to my country." He frequently sent messages to the queen; and when Bertrand de Molleville was made Minister of the Marine, in 1791, Mr. Morris requested the Princesse de Tarent to "inform the queen from me that Monsieur de Molleville is the only minister in whom she ought to have confidence." The queen was touched by Mr. Morris's efforts to serve her, and told her physician, who repeated a conversation he had had with Mr. Morris respecting the decree against the princes, that "she desired to have it in writing, telling him that she knew how to value everything from that quarter."

Mr. Morris speaks of the queen being at the play one night, "and is perfectly well received. I sit directly over her head, and somebody, I suppose, tells her so, for she looks up at me very steadily, so as to recognize me again—this, at least, is my interpretation. My air, if I can know it myself, was that of calm benevolence with a little sensibility."

Mr. Morris was never presented at court until the occasion of his reception in his diplomatic capacity, but owing to the channels open to him through which he could approach the king by letter, many of his friends expressed surprise that he had not been nearer to the throne. "I tell Monsieur Bremond," he says, "when he asks me if I am not already acquainted with the king, that I never saw his majesty but in public, and never exchanged a word with him in my life, although some of the gazettes have made me one of his ministers; and that I am persuaded he would not know me if he should see me."

When, after many delays, the audience was granted, and "I present my letter of credence," Mr. Morris says, "the king, on receiving it, says: '*C'est de la part des Etats-Unis*,' and his tone of voice and his embarrassment mark well the feebleness of his disposition. I reply: '*Oui, sire, et ils m'ont chargé de témoigner à votre majesté leur attachement pour elle et pour la nation française.*' I am afterward presented to the queen."

It is touching, with the knowledge history gives us of the sad end of the queen and her son, to notice the pride with which she showed him to Mr. Morris: "'*Il n'est pas encore grand*,' she said, and I reply, '*J'espère, madame, qu'il sera bien grand, et véritablement grand.*' '*Nous y travaillons, monsieur*,' was her answer."

He does not seem to have quite approved of the queen's course during these last days, and says: "I found her majesty in good spirits and affable today at the *levée*, but I am, however, not pleased with her conduct." He told Vicq d'Azir that he had prepared a letter for his mistress, but "that I will not send it. He urges my doing so, but I refuse, and tell him that the king has been to the Assembly, which I disapprove of."

It would be interesting to know if Marie Antoinette complied with Mr. Morris's request for a lock of her hair, which he asked Madame de Tarent to procure for him. "She promises to try," he says, "and I think her majesty will be pleased with the request, even if she does not comply with it." Poor queen! her hair had, since her late adventures—her flight to Varennes and the cruel journey back to Paris—"turned quite gray," Vicq d'Azir told Mr. Morris.

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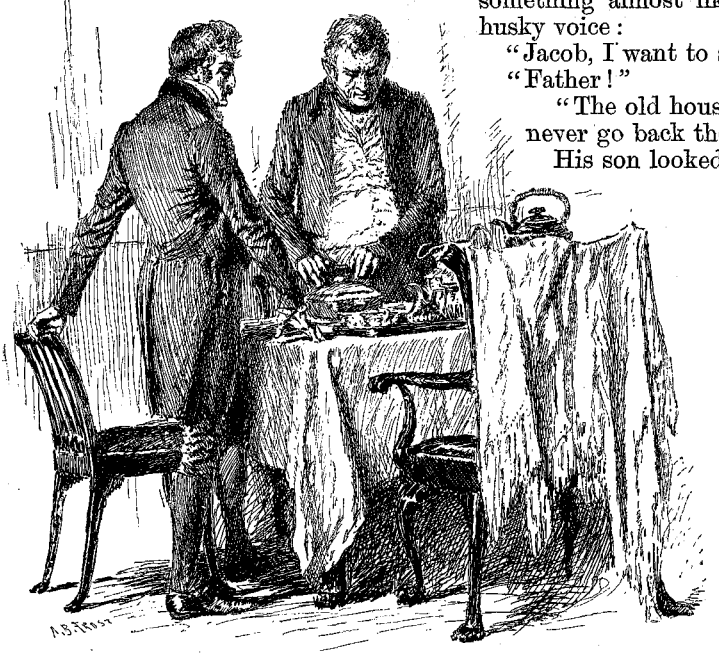
THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

By H. C. Bunner.

II.



When young Jacob Dolph came down to breakfast the next morning he found his father waiting for him in the breakfast-room. The meal was upon the table. Old Chloe stood with her black hands folded upon her white apron, and her pathetic negro eyes following the old gentleman as he moved wistfully about the room.

Father and son shook hands in silence, and turned to the table. There were three chairs in their accustomed places. They hesitated a half-second, looking at the third great arm-chair, as though they waited for the mistress of the house to take her place. Then they sat down. It was six years before anyone took that third chair, but every morning Jacob Dolph the elder made that little pause before he put himself at the foot of the table.

On this first morning there was very little said and very little eaten. But when they had made an end of sitting at the table old Jacob Dolph said, with something almost like testiness in his husky voice:

"Jacob, I want to sell the house."

"Father!"

"The old house, I mean. I shall never go back there."

His son looked at him with a further inquiry. He felt a sudden new apprehension. The father sat back in his easy-chair, drumming on the arms with nervous fingers.

"I shall never go back there," he said again.

"Of course you know best, sir," said young Jacob, gently; "but would it be well to be precipitate? It is possible that you may feel differently some time ——"

"There is no 'some time' for me!" broke in the old man, gripping the chair-arms fiercely; "my time's done—done, sir!"

Then his voice broke and became plaintively kind.

"There, there! Forgive me, Jacob, boy. But it's true, my boy, true. The world's done, for me; but there's a world ahead for you, my son, thank God! I'll be patient—I'll be patient. God has been good to me, and I haven't many years to wait, in the course of nature."

He looked vacantly out of the window, trying to see the unforeseen with his mental sight.

"While I'm here, Jacob, let the old man have his way. It's a whimsy; I doubt 'tis hardly rational. But I have

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no heart to go home. Let me learn to live my life here. 'Twill be easier."

"But do you think it necessary to sell, sir? Could you not hold the house? Are you certain that you would like to have a stranger living there?"

"I care not a pin who lives within those four walls now, sir!" cried the elder, with a momentary return of his vehemence. "It's no house to me now. Sell it, sir, sell it!—if there's anyone will give money for it at a time like this. Bring every stick of furniture and every stitch of carpet up here—and let me have my way, Jacob—it won't be for long."

He got up and went blindly out of the room, and his son heard him muttering, "Not for long—not for long, now," as he wandered about the house and went aimlessly into room after room.

Old Jacob Dolph had always been an indulgent parent, and none kinder ever lived. But we should hardly call him indulgent to-day. Good as he was to his boy, it had always been with the goodness of a superior. It was the way of his time. A half-century ago the child's position was equivocal. He lived by the grace of God and his parents, and their duty to him was rather a duty to society, born of an abstract morality. Love was given him, not as a right, but as an indulgence. And young Jacob Dolph, in all his grief and anxiety, was guiltily conscious of a secret thrill of pleasure—natural enough, poor boy—in his sudden elevation to the full dignity of manhood, and his father's abdication of the headship of the house.

A little later in the day, urged again by the old gentleman, he put on his hat and went to see Abram Van Riper. Mr. Van Riper was now, despite his objections to the pernicious institution of country-houses, a near neighbor of the Dolphs. He had yielded, not to fashion, but to yellow fever, and at the very first of the outbreak had bought a house on the outskirts of Greenwich Village, and had moved there in unseemly haste. He had also registered an unnecessarily profane oath that he would never again live within the city limits.

When young Jacob Dolph came in front of the low, hip-roofed house, whose lower story of undressed stone shone with fresh whitewash, Mr. Van Riper stood on his stoop and checked his guest at the front gate, a dozen yards away. From this distance he jabbed his big gold-headed cane toward the young man, as though to keep him off.

"Stay there, sir—you, sir, you Jacob Dolph!" he roared, brandishing the big stick. "Stand back, I tell you! Don't come in, sir! Good-day, sir—good-day, good-day, good-day!" (This hurried excursus was in deference to a sense of social duty.) "Keep away, confound you, keep away—consume your body, sir, stay where you are!"

"I'm not coming any nearer, Mr. Van Riper," said Jacob Dolph, with a smile which he could not help.

"I can't have you in here, sir," went on Mr. Van Riper, with no abatement of his agitation. "I don't want to be inhospitable; but I've got a wife and a son, sir, and you're infectious—damn it, sir, you're infectious!"

"I'll stay where I am, Mr. Van Riper," said young Jacob, smiling again. "I only came with a message from my father."

"With a *what?*" screamed Mr. Van Riper. "I can't have—oh, ay, a message! Well, say it then, and be off like a sensible youngster. Consume it, man, can't you talk further out in the street?"

When Mr. Van Riper learned his visitor's mission he flung his stick on the white pebbles of the clamshell-bordered path and swore that he, Van Riper, was the only sane man in a city of lunatics, and that if Jacob Dolph tried to carry out his plan he should be shipped straightway to Bloomingdale.

But young Jacob had something of his father's patience, and, despite the publicity of the interview, he contrived to make Mr. Van Riper understand how matters stood. To tell the truth, Van Riper grew quite sober and manageable when he realized that his extravagant imputation of insanity was not so wide of the mark as it might have seemed, and that there was a possibility that his old friend's mind might be growing weak. He even ventured a little way down the path and permitted Jacob to come to the gate while they discussed the situation.

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"Poor old Dolph—poor old Jacob!" he groaned. "We must keep him out of the hands of the sharks, that we must!" He did not see young Jacob's irrepressible smile at this singular extension of metaphor. "He mustn't be allowed to sell that house in open market—never, sir! Confound it, I'll buy it myself before I'll see him fleeced!"

In the end he agreed, on certain strict conditions of precaution, to see young Jacob the next day and discuss ways and means to save the property.

"Come here, sir, at ten, and I'll see you in the sitting-room, and we'll find out what we can do for your father—curse it, it makes me feel bad, by gad, it does! Ten to-morrow, then—and come fumigated, young man, don't you forget that—come fumigated, sir!"

It was Van Riper who bought the property at last. He paid eighteen thousand dollars for it. This was much less than its value; but it was more than anyone else would have given just at that time, and it was all that Van Riper could afford. The transaction weighed on the purchaser's mind, however. He had bought the house solely out of kindness, at some momentary inconvenience to himself; and yet it looked as though he were taking advantage of his friend's weakness. Abram Van Riper was a man who cultivated a clear conscience, of a plain, old-fashioned sort, and the necessity for self-examination was novel and disagreeable to him.

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Life lived itself out at Jacob Dolph's new house whether he liked it or not. The furniture came up-town, and was somewhat awkwardly disposed about its new quarters; and in this unhomelike

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combination of two homes old Mr. Dolph sat himself down to finish his stint of life. He got up each morning and found that twenty-four hours of sleep and waking lay before him, to be got through in their regular order, just as they were lived through by men who had an interest in living. He went to bed every night, and crossed off one from a tale of days of which he could not know the length.

Of course his son, in some measure, saved his existence from emptiness. He was proud of young Jacob—fond and proud. He looked upon him as a prince of men, which he was, indeed. He trusted absolutely in the young man, and his trust was well placed. And he knew that his boy loved him. But he had an old man's sad consciousness that he was not necessary to Jacob—that he was an adjunct, at the best, not an integral part of this younger existence. He saw Jacob the younger gradually recovering from his grief for the mother who had

left them; and he knew that even so would Jacob some day recover from grief when his father should have gone.

He saw this; but it is doubtful if he felt it acutely. Nature was gradually dulling his sensibilities with that wonderful anæsthetic of hers, which is so much kinder to the patient than it is to his watching friends. After the first wild freak of selling the house, he showed, for a long time, no marked signs of mental impairment, beyond his lack of interest in the things which he had once cared about—even in the growth of the city he loved. And in a lonely and unoccupied man, sixty-five years of age, this was not unnatural. It was not unnatural, even, if now and then he was whimsical, and took odd fancies and prejudices. But nevertheless the work was going on within his brain, little by little, day by day.

He settled his life into an almost mechanical routine, of which the most active part was his daily walk down into the city. At first he would not go beyond St. Paul's church-yard; but after awhile he began to take timorous strolls among the old business streets where his life had been passed. He would drop into the offices of his old friends, and would read the market reports with a pretence of great interest, and then he would fold up his spectacles and put them in their worn leather case, and walk slowly out. He was always pleased when one of the younger clerks bowed to him and said, "Good-day, Mr. Dolph!"

It was in the fourth year of his widowhood that he bethought himself of young Jacob's need of a more liberal social life than he had been leading. The boy went about enough; he was a good deal of a beau, so his father heard; and there was no desirable house in the town that did not welcome handsome, amiable young Dolph. But he showed no signs of taking a wife unto himself, and in those days the bachelor had only a provisional status in society. He was expected to wed, and the whole circle of his friends chorussed yearly a deeper regret for the lost sheep, as time made that detestable thing, an "old bachelor," of him.

Young Jacob was receiving many courtesies and was making no adequate

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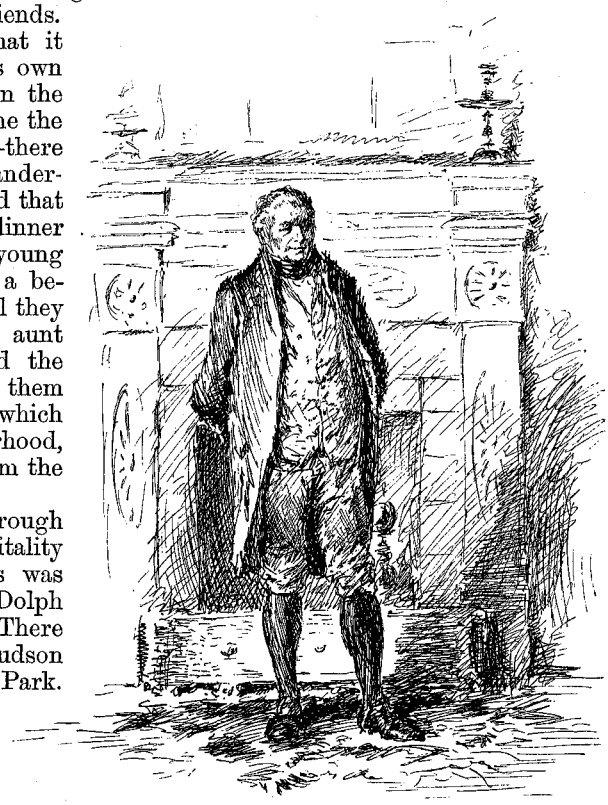
return. He felt it himself, but he was too tender of his father's changeless grief to urge him to open the great empty house to their friends. The father, however, felt that it was his duty to sacrifice his own desire of solitude, and when the winter of 1825 brought home the city's wandering children—there were not so many of the wandering sort in 1825—he insisted that young Jacob should give a dinner to his friends among the gay young bachelors. That would be a beginning; and if all went well they would have an old maiden aunt from Philadelphia to spend the winter with them, and help them to give the dinner parties which do not encourage bachelorhood, but rather convert and reform the coy celibate.

The news went rapidly through the town. The Dolph hospitality had been famous, and this was taken for a signal that the Dolph doors were to open again. There was great excitement in Hudson Street and St. John's Park. Maidens, bending over their tambour-frames, working secret hopes and aspirations in with their blossoming silks and worsted, blushed, with faint speculative smiles, as they thought of the vast social possibilities of the mistress of the grand Dolph house. Young bachelors, and old bachelors, too, rolled memories of the Dolph Madeira over longing tongues.

The Dolph cellar, too, had been famous, and just at that period New Yorkers had a fine and fanciful taste in wine if they had any self-respect whatever.

I think it must have been about then that Mr. Dominick Lynch began his missionary labors among the smokers and drinkers of this city; he who bought a vineyard in France and the Vuelta Abajo plantations in Cuba, solely to teach the people of his beloved New York what was the positively proper thing in wines and cigars. If it was not then, it could not have been much later that Mr. Dolph had got accustomed to receiving, every now and then, an unordered and unexpected consignment of wines or Havana cigars, sent up from Little Dock Street —or what we call Water Street now, the lower end of it. And I am sure that he paid Mr. Lynch's bill with glowing pride; for Mr. Lynch extended the evangelizing hand of culture to none but those of pre-eminent social position.



It was to be quite a large dinner; but it was noticeable that none of the young men who were invited had engagements of regrettable priority.

Jacob Dolph the elder looked more interested in life than he had looked in four years when he stood on the hearth-rug in the drawing-room and received his son's guests. He was a bold figure among all the young men, not only because he was tall and white-haired, and for the moment erect, and of a noble and gracious cast of countenance, but because he clung to his old style of dress —his knee-breeches and silk stockings and his long coat, black, for this great occasion, but of the "shadbelly" pattern. He wore his high black stock,

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"And then he marched off to bed by himself, suffering no one to go with him."

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too, and his snow-white hair was gathered behind into a loose peruke.

The young men wore trousers, or pantaloons as they mostly called them, strapped under their varnished boots. Their coats were cut like our dress-coats, if you can fancy them with a wild amplitude of collar and lappel. They wore large cravats and gaudy waistcoats, and two or three of them who had been too much in England came with shawls or rugs around their shoulders.

They were a fashionable lot of people, and this was a late dinner, so they sat down at six o'clock in the great dining-room—not the little breakfast-room—with old Jacob Dolph at one end of the table and young Jacob Dolph at the other.

It was a pleasant dinner, and the wine was good, and the company duly appreciative, though individually critical.

Old Jacob Dolph had on his right an agreeable French count, just arrived in New York, who was creating a *furore;* and on his left was Mr. Philip Waters, the oldest of the young men, who, being thirty-five, had a certain consideration for old age. But old Jacob Dolph was not quite at his ease. He did not understand the remarkable decorum of the young men. He himself belonged to the age of "bumpers and no heel-taps," and nobody at his board to-night seemed to care about drinking bumpers, even out of the poor, little, new-fangled claret-glasses, that held only a thimbleful apiece. He had never known a lot of gentlemen, all by themselves, to be so discreet. Before the evening was over he became aware of the fact that he was the only man who was proposing toasts, and then he proposed them no more.

Things had changed since he was a young buck and gave bachelor parties. Why, he could remember seeing his own good father—an irreproachable gentleman, surely—lock the door of his dining-room on the inside—ay, at just such a dinner as this—and swear that no guest of his should go out of that room sober. And his word had been kept. Times were changing. He thought, somehow, that these young men needed more good port in their veins.

Toward the end of the festivities he grew silent. He gave no more toasts, and drank no more bumpers, although he might safely have put another bottle or two under his broad waistcoat. But he leaned back in his chair, and rested one hand on the table, playing with his wine-glass in an absent-minded way. There was a vague smile on his face; but every now and then he knit his heavy gray brows, as if he were trying to work out some problem of memory. Mr. Philip Waters and the French count were talking across him; he had been in the conversation, but he had dropped out some time before. At last he rose, with his brows knit, and pulled out his huge watch and looked at its face. Everybody turned toward him, and, at the other end of the table, his son half rose to his feet. He put the watch back in his pocket, and said in his clear, deep voice: "Gentlemen, I think we will rejoin the ladies."

There was a little impulsive stir around the table, and then he seemed to understand that he had wandered, and a frightened look came over his face. He tottered backward, and swayed from side to side. Mr. Philip Waters and the Frenchman had their arms behind him before he could fall, and in a second or two he had straightened himself up. He made a stately, tremulous apology for what he called his "infelicitous absence of mind," and then he marched off to bed by himself, suffering no one to go with him.

A little while later in the evening, Mr. Philip Waters, walking down Broadway (which thoroughfare was getting to have a fairly suburban look), informed the French count that in his, Mr. Waters's, opinion young Jacob Dolph would own that house before long.

Young Jacob Dolph's father insisted on repetitions of the bachelor dinner, but he never again appeared in the great dining-room. When there was a stag party he took his own simple dinner at five o'clock and went to bed early, and lay awake until his son had dismissed the last mild reveler and he could hear the light, firm young footstep mounting the stairs to the bedroom-door opposite his own.

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That was practically the end of it for

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old Jacob Dolph. The maiden aunt, who had been invited, was notified that she could not come, for Mr. Dolph was not well enough to open his house that winter. But it was delicately intimated to her that if he grew worse she might still be sent for, and that alleviated her natural disappointment. She liked to give parties; but there is a chastened joy also for some people in being at the head of a house of mourning.

Old Mr. Dolph grew no worse physically, except that he was inclined to make his daily walks shorter, and grew fonder of sitting at home in the little breakfast-room, where the sun shone almost all day long, and where Mrs. Dolph had once been fond of coming to sew. Her little square work-table of mahogany stood there still. There the old gentleman liked to dine, and often he dined alone.

Young Jacob was in great demand all over town, and his father knew that he ought to go out and amuse himself. And the young man, although he was kind and loving, and never negligent in any office of respect or affection, had
t strong youth in him which makes
mpossible to sit every day of the
k opposite an old man whose world

had slipped by him, who knew nothing of youth except to love it and wonder at it.

In the morning, before he went out for his daily tramp into town, old Jacob would say to young Jacob:

"I suppose I shall see you at dinner, my boy?"

And young Jacob would say, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir, I think not. Mrs. Des Anges was in town yesterday, and she asked me to ride up there to-day and dine. And Diana" (Diana was his big black mare) needs a little work; she's getting badly out of condition. So, if it doesn't matter to you, sir, I'll just run up there and get back before the moon sets."

And the father would answer that it didn't matter, and would send his best respects, through Mrs. Des Anges at Kingsbridge, to Madam Des Anges at New Rochelle; and at night he would sit down alone to his dinner in the breakfast-room, served by old Chloe, who did her humble best to tempt his appetite, which was likely to be feeble when Master Jacob was away.

Master Jacob had taken to riding to Kingsbridge of late. Sometimes he

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would start out early in the morning, just about the time when young Van Riper was plodding by on his way to the shop. Young Van Riper liked to be at the shop an hour earlier than his father. Old Mr. Dolph was always up, on these occasions, to see his son start off. He loved to look at the boy, in his English riding-boots and breeches, astride of black Diana, who pranced and curvetted up the unpaved road. Young Jacob had her well in hand, but he gave her her head and let her play until they reached Broadway, where he made her strike a rattling regular pace until they got well up the road; and then she might walk up Bloomingdale way or across to Hickory Lane.

If he went up by the east he was likely to dismount at a place which you can see now, a little west and south of McComb's Dam Bridge, where there is a bit of a rocky hollow, and a sort of horizontal cleft in the rocks that has been called a cave, and a water-washed stone above, whose oddly shaped hollow is called an Indian's footprint. He would stop there because right in that hollow, as I can tell you myself, grew, in his time as in mine, the first of the spring flowers. It was full of violets once, carpeted fairly with the pale, delicate petals.

And up toward the west, on a bridle-path between the hills and the river, as you came toward Fort Washington, going to Tubby Hook—we are refined nowadays, and Tubby Hook is "Inwood"—Heaven help it!—there were wonderful flowers in the woods. The wind-flowers came there early, nestling under the gray rocks that sparkled with garnets; and there bloomed great bunches of Dutchman's-breeches—not the thin sprays that come in the late New England spring, but huge clumps that two men could not inclose with linked hands; great masses of scarlet and purple, and—mostly—of a waxy-white, with something death-like in their translucent beauty. There, also, he would wade into the swamps around a certain little creek, lured by a hope of the jack-in-the-pulpit, to find only the odorous and disappointing skunk-cabbage. And there the woods were full of the aroma of sassafras and of birch, tapped by the earliest woodpecker, whose drumming throbbed through the young man's deep and tender musing.

And—strange enough for a young man who rides only to exercise his black mare—he never came out of those woods without an armful of columbine or the like. And—strange enough for any young man in this world of strange things—when he sat down at the table of Mrs. Des Anges, in her pleasant house near Harlem Creek, Miss Aline Des Anges wore a bunch of these columbines at her throat. Miss Aline Des Anges was a slim girl, not very tall, with great dark eyes that followed some people with a patient wistfulness.

. . . . . .

One afternoon, in May of 1827, young Jacob found his father in the breakfast-room, and said to him:

"Father, I am going to marry Aline Des Anges."

His father, who had been dozing in the sun by the south window, raised his eyes to his son's face with a kindly, blank look, and said, thoughtfully:

"Des Anges. That's a good family, Jacob, and a wonderful woman, Madam Des Anges. Is she alive yet?"

. . . . . .

When Madam Des Anges, eighty years old and strong and well, heard of this, she said:

"It is the etiquette of France that one family should make the proposition to the other family. Under the circumstances *I* will be the family that proposes. I will make a precedent. The Des Anges make precedents."

And she rode down to the Dolph house in the family carriage—the last time it ever went out—and made her "proposition" to Jacob Dolph the elder, and he brightened up most wonderfully, until you would have thought him quite his old self, and he told her what an honor he esteemed the alliance, and paid her compliments a hundred words long.

And in May of the next year, Kingsbridge being out of the question, and etiquette being waived at the universal demand of society, the young couple stood up in the drawing-room of the Dolph house to be wed.

The ceremony was fashionably late—

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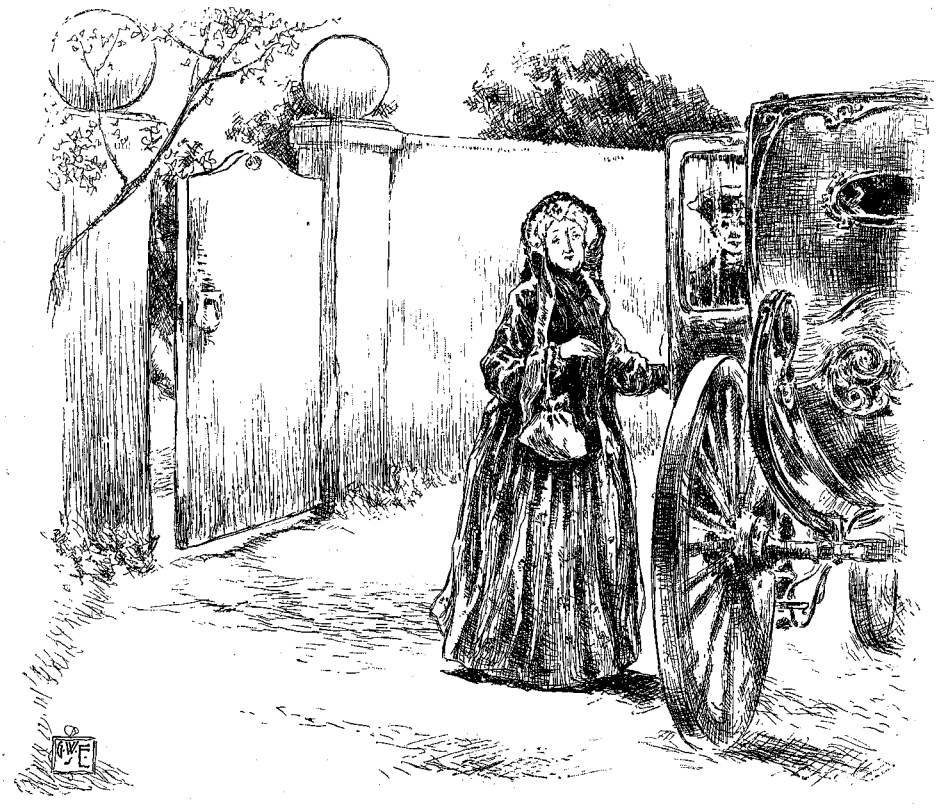
seven o'clock in the evening. And after it was over, and the young couple had digested what St. Paul had to say about the ordinance of wedlock, and had inaudibly promised to do and be whatever the dominie required of them, they were led by the half-dozen groomsmen to the late white columbines, for which Mr. Jacob Dolph the younger had scoured the woods near Fort Washington.

There was to be a grand supper, later; and the time of waiting was filled up with fashionable conversation.

That dear old doctor, who was then



long glass between the front windows, and made to stand up there, with their faces toward the company, and to receive the congratulations of a mighty procession of friends, who all used the same formulas, except the very old ones, who were delicately indelicate.

The bridegroom wore a blue coat and trousers, and a white satin waistcoat embroidered with silver-thread roses and lilies-of-the-valley. The coat was lined with cream-colored satin, quilted in a most elaborate pattern; and his neck-tie was of satin, too, with embroidered ends. The frills on his shirt were a miracle of fine linen. As to the bride, she was in white satin and lace, and at her throat she wore a little bunch of a dear young doctor, and whose fine snow-crowned face stood in later years as an outward and visible sign of all that was brave, kindly, self-sacrificing, and benevolent in the art of healing, was seated by Madam Des Anges, and was telling her, in stately phrase, suited to his auditor, of a certain case of heroism with which he had met in the course of his practice. Mr. Blank, it appeared, had been bitten by a dog that was supposed to be possessed by the rabies. For months he had suffered the agonies of mental suspense and repeated cauterizing of the flesh, and during those months had concealed his case from his wife, that he might spare her pain—suffering in silence enough to unnerve most men.

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"It was heroic," said Dr. F.

Madam Des Anges bowed her gray head approvingly.

"I think," she said, "his conduct shows him to be a man of taste. Had he informed his wife of his condition, she might have experienced the most annoying solicitude; and I am informed that she is a person of feeble character."

The doctor looked at her, and then down at the floor; and then he asked her if she did not hope that Almaviva Lynch would bring Garcia back again, with that marvellous Italian opera, which, as he justly observed, captivated the eye, charmed the ear, and awakened the profoundest emotions of the heart.

And at that Madam Des Anges showed some animation, and responded that she had listened to some pleasing operas in Paris; but she did not know that they were of Italian origin.

But if Madam Des Anges was surprised to learn that any good thing could come out of any other country than France, there was another surprise in store for her, and it did not long impend.

It was only a little while after this that her grandson-in-law, finding her on his right and Abram Van Riper on his left—he had served out his time as a statue in front of the mirror—thought it proper to introduce to Madam Des Anges his father's old friend, Mr. Van Riper. Mr. Van Riper bowed as low as his waistcoat would allow, and courteously observed that the honor then accorded him he had enjoyed earlier in the evening, through the kind offices of Mr. Jacob Dolph, senior.

Madam Des Anges dandled her quizzing-glass as though she meant to put it up to her eye, and said, in a weary way:

"Mr.—ah—Van Riper must pardon me. I have not the power of remembering faces that some people appear to have; and my eyes—my eyes are not strong."

Old Van Riper stared at her, and he turned a turkey-cock purple all over his face, down to the double chin that hung over his white neckerchief.

"If your ladyship has to buy spectacles," he sputtered, "it needn't be on my account."

And he stamped off to the side-board and tried to cool his red-hot rage with potations of Jamaica rum. There his wife found him. She had drawn near when she saw him talking with the great Madam Des Anges, and she had heard, as she stood hard by and smiled unobtrusively, the end of that brief conversation. Her face, too, was flushed—a more fiery red than her flame-colored satin dress.

She attacked him in a vehement whisper.

"Van Riper, what are you doing? I'd almost believe you'd had too much liquor, if I didn't know you hadn't had a drop. Will you ever learn what gentility is? D'ye want us to live and die like toads in a hole? Here you are with your ill manners offending Madam Des Anges, that everybody knows is the best of the best, and there's an end of all likelihood of ever seeing her and her folks, and two nieces unmarried and as good girls as ever was, and such a connection for your son, who hasn't been out of the house it's now twelve months—except to this very wedding here, and you've no thought of your family when once you lose that mighty fine temper of yours, that you're so prodigious proud of; and where you'll end us, Van Riper, is more than I know, I vow."

But all she could get out of Van Riper was:

"The old harridan! She'll remember my name this year or two to come, I'll warrant ye!"

. . . . . .

It was all over at last, and old black Julius, who had been acting as a combination of link-boy and major-domo at the foot of the front steps, extinguished his lantern, and went to bed, some time before a little white figure stole up the stairs and slipped into a door that Chloe—black Chloe—held open.

And the next day Jacob Dolph the elder handed the young bride into the new travelling-carriage, with his stateliest grace, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Dolph, junior, rolled proudly up the road, through Bloomingdale, and across Kingsbridge—stopping for luncheon at the Des Anges house—over to New Rochelle, where the feminine head of the house of Des Anges received them

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at her broad front door, and where they had the largest room in her large, old-fashioned house, for one night. Madam Des Anges wished to keep them longer, and was authoritative about it. But young Jacob settled the question of supremacy then and there, with the utmost courtesy, and Madam Des Anges, being great enough to know that she was beaten, sent off the victor on the morrow, with his trembling accomplice by his side, and wished them *bon voyage* as heartily as she possibly could.

So they started afresh on their bridal tour, and very soon the travelling-carriage struck the old Queen Anne's Road, and reached Yonkers. And there, and from there up to Fishkill, they passed from one country-house to another, bright particular stars at this dinner and at that supper, staying a day here and a night there, and having just the sort of sociable, public, restless, rattling good time that neither of them wanted.

At every country house where they stayed a day they were pressed to stay a week, and always the whole neighborhood was routed out to pay them social tribute. The neighbors came in by all manner of conveyances. One family of aristocrats started at six o'clock in the morning, and travelled fourteen miles down the river in an ox-cart, the ladies sitting bolt upright, with their hair elaborately dressed for the evening's entertainment. And once a regular assembly ball was given in their honor, at a town-hall, the use of which was granted for the purpose specified by unanimous vote of the town-council. Of course, they had a very good time; but then there are various sorts of good times. Perhaps they might have selected another sort for themselves.

There is a story that, on their way back, they put up for several days at a poor little hostelry under the hills below Peekskill, and spent their time in wandering through the woods and picking wild-flowers; but it lacks confirmation, and I should be sorry to believe that two well-brought-up young people would prefer their own society to the unlimited hospitality of their friends in the country.

Old Jacob Dolph, at home, had the great house all to himself; and, although black Chloe took excellent care of his material comforts, he was restless and troubled. He took most comfort out of a London almanac, on whose smudgy pages he checked off the days. Letters came as often as the steamboat arrived from Albany, and he read them, after his fashion. It took him half the week to get through one missive, and by that time another had arrived. But I fear he did not make much out of them. Still, they gave him one pleasure. He indorsed them carefully with the name of the writer, and the date of receipt, and then he laid them away in his desk, as neatly as he had filed his business letters in his old days of active life.

Every night he had a candle alight in the hallway; and if there were a far-off rumble of carriage-wheels late at night, he would rise from his bed—he was a light sleeper, in his age—and steal out into the corridor, hugging his dressing-robe about him, to peer anxiously down over the balusters till the last sound and the last faint hope of his son's return had died away.

And, indeed, it was late in July when the travelling-carriage once more drew up in front of the Dolph house, and old Julius opened the door, and old Mr. Dolph welcomed them, and told them that he had been very lonely in their absence, and that their mother—and then he remembered that their mother was dead, and went into the house with his head bowed low.

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OUR NAVAL POLICY—A LESSON FROM 1861.

By James Russell Soley.

THE decrepit condition of the navy has been for some time a subject of concern and a source of humiliation to the country. Its extraordinary development during the civil war was not productive of any permanent benefit. Its expansion at that time was due to the pressure of urgent necessity, and the measures adopted were makeshifts, suited only to the demands of the moment. The next fifteen years were marked by a steady process of deterioration. In 1881, however, with the appointment of the first Advisory Board, a reaction set in, and the earnest efforts made during the last five years in Congress, in the Department, and in the service have at last begun to bear fruit. But the results that have been accomplished so far, though they make a good beginning, are only a beginning, and the danger is that the country, through a mistaken estimate of its wants, will be satisfied to stop at the elementary stage. It is therefore desirable to find out, if possible, what the necessities of our naval policy really are, and how far, in the light of past experience, the navy falls short of them.

The one broad proposition that lies at the root of the whole matter is that the navy exists for war. It has its uses in time of peace, some of them important uses. It performs its part in the police of the ocean, and it protects American interests, chiefly by the exercise of moral force, in disturbed countries. There is no doubt that the entire want of a naval force for these purposes would work much mischief to our interests abroad. But if these were all the duties of the navy, or even its chief duties, a much smaller and less expensive fleet would be sufficient—certainly there would be no need of an establishment including seven great dockyards, with a cabinet minister at its head, and costing from twelve to eighteen millions a year. The real use of this great establishment is to provide the country with an instrument for waging war, and the principal reason for employing it in miscellaneous peace duties is to occupy and train its energies with a view to the crisis which it is ultimately to meet. Indeed, so important is it that the navy should have this constant professional occupation and training during peace, that it would be desirable to create employments with this special object if the ordinary wants of the government failed to supply them.

As the navy is not maintained merely as an ocean police, or as a conventional ornament of international intercourse, but mainly for war, the question may pertinently be asked, and it is repeatedly asked, especially by inland statesmen, whether the United States really need an establishment of this kind for war purposes. It is said that our isolated position and our traditional policy of avoiding political alliances give us an international status very different from that of European nations; while our immense preponderance in the western world, in resources, in population, and in area, should exempt us from all danger at the hands of our comparatively feeble neighbors. It would seem, therefore, that we might count upon an unusual durability and continuity of friendly relations for two reasons: first, because we do not cultivate the rivalries and animosities that excite hostility, and, secondly, because foreign nations are afraid of us.

There is a grain of truth in this reasoning, but a much larger proportion of error. If we carry it to the length of neglecting to provide the means of national defence, and conducting our foreign relations with a comfortable sense of security, based on the policy which conscientious nations ought to pursue toward ourselves, we shall be living in a fools' paradise, from which the angel with the flaming sword will some day rudely cast us out. No state, whatever its position or its traditional policy, is secure against an invasion of rights. The rights of private individuals in a

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community are guaranteed by the law, and enforced by the government. In the international system, where states are the individuals, the law defines rights with more or less exactness; but in the absence of a common superior, their only guarantee lies in public opinion, which is always swerved by national bias, and their enforcement is left to the individuals themselves. The relations of states are therefore those of individuals in an unorganized community, where interests are divergent, and where each man enforces his own rights by the principle of *vis major*. Under such conditions the most long-suffering individual would find it difficult to avoid disputes, for he would ultimately reach a point where further yielding would mean the loss of independence. A state that pursued a uniform policy of concession would very soon reach that point. Moreover, international relations are so interwoven through commercial and other interests that no state, however isolated its geographical position, can wholly escape controversy. Where the private citizen is only liable to private quarrels, the state, or the government which represents it, being the trustee of the interests of all its citizens, must be ready to act for their protection and in their behalf, by making their just quarrels its own. An invasion of their rights is an invasion of its own rights, which it is bound to repel, while behind it and behind its opponent lies a popular sentiment which neither can easily control. With such heavy responsibilities and such imperfect guarantees, a government that neglects preparation invites aggression, for it can only assert its rights effectually by showing a capacity to enforce them.

The question as to the immediate or remote probability of war, at any given time, is a matter of futile speculation, as our history amply proves. During the last hundred years we have been at war six times, counting the French hostilities in 1798—an average of one war to every sixteen or seventeen years. The causes that brought about the old wars are no longer operative—French spoliations have ceased, the Tripolitan and Algerine pirates have been swept from the seas, England no longer asserts a right of impressment, there is no territorial controversy with Mexico. But other causes that may operate with equal force in the future are not far to seek. We have come to the verge of war twice since the Rebellion—in 1865 and in 1873—and both times unexpectedly. In the first case a rupture was only averted by our own excellent state of preparation. In the event of a general European war, which is always impending, unarmed neutrals would suffer, as they did in 1806; and even without such a war there is danger at all times of an invasion of rights, or a collision of interests, which no compromise could adjust, and before which the friendly demonstrations of the centennial period would disappear like the smoke of the saluting guns that accompanied them.

The second theory upon which our supposed immunity is based, that foreign nations, whatever their interests or sentiments, will be afraid to go to war with us, is a colossal delusion. In spite of its resources in reserve, the country is more vulnerable to-day to a sharp and sudden blow than it was half a century ago. Future wars will be of short duration; they will come when least expected; and the state that is prepared to strike a blow at the outset will inflict an injury that no belated exertions will avail to repair. Potential strength will not deter foreign states from a policy of aggression. Unless the force is actual, unless the effective army and navy are prepared for immediate resistance, and are commensurate in some degree with the position of a state in the international system, other states care little for it and its reserve power in the background. It is a physical impossibility that the reserve power should be brought into effective play within any reasonable time after war has begun, as war is carried on to-day—a fact of which the military and naval authorities in foreign states are fully aware, and which they take into account in their calculations. I venture to assert, from what is known of the methods of administration prevailing, for instance, in Germany, with which state it is most unlikely that we should have a serious cause of dispute, that the General Staff at the German Admiralty know to a nicety

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what we could accomplish in a war with that power; and in all probability they have a plan of operations with the details of the campaign already prepared, carefully modified in accordance with every variation for the better or the worse in our effective force, and ready to be put in operation at a few hours' notice.

Apart from the probability of actual war, the necessity of an armed force is manifest as an element, although an unrecognized element, in international negotiation. To recur to our illustration, the private individual in an unorganized state of society, though he might keep out of quarrels by uniform conciliation, would find his volition and his action constantly fettered by his inability to assert his rights through the only *ultima ratio* known to the community around him. So it is with the state. In the controversies of nations it is not the just cause that prevails, but the just cause aided by the strong arm. It has not been the habit with us Americans to think much of this silent factor in international negotiation. But with our friends, the Great Powers, it lies rooted in every question of foreign policy; and the other powers are coming rapidly to the same view, as may be seen from the tone of their diplomatic communications and the increased efficiency of their naval armaments. A certain sense of decency may deter states from unjust aggressions toward their diminutive or feeble neighbors, but there is nothing to restrain them in a dispute with a great rival that refuses to protect its rights by maintaining an adequate force. The executions at Santiago de Cuba, in 1873, would never have taken place if we had had a respectable squadron at the time in West Indian waters; and it must be clear to everyone that the nagging and offensive policy of the British provinces toward our fishing-vessels would not be continued for a day if we had a really efficient fleet. As the Secretary of the Navy said in his report of last year: "This country can afford to have, and it cannot afford to lack, a naval force at least so formidable that its dealings with foreign powers will not be influenced at any time, or even be suspected of being influenced, by a consciousness of weakness on the sea."

It is clear that these views receive a vague sort of assent in the popular mind, for otherwise we should not have two out of the seven great departments of the Government employed in carrying them out. But in the popular mind, and in Congress, which reflects it, the notion of a fighting force is chiefly represented by the army; while the navy is regarded doubtfully as a conventional, though possibly a useful, adjunct in military operations. Yet this country above all others, except England, must look to its navy to meet the most urgent demands of belligerent operations. Its position is such that neither it nor its enemy is likely to present a vulnerable land frontier. Whether its wars are offensive or defensive, the attack will be made from the sea, and will be met on the sea or at the sea-coast, whichever party attempts to strike the first blow. The land forces would sooner or later bear a most important part, but an invasion of any foreign territory, except Mexico or Canada, would be impossible without a supporting squadron, while a foreign invasion of our own territory could be rendered equally impossible by our ability to concentrate a sufficient maritime force. In any case, therefore, the indispensable element of attack and of defence would be the fleet.

It may fairly be assumed from what has been said that the United States need a navy, and that, to be of any real use, it must be capable of instantaneous conversion—that is, in the space of a few days—into an instrument for waging effective war. To see how far the establishment may fall short of this requirement, we have only to look at our experience in 1861. At that time our enemy had a sea-coast of three thousand miles, full of vulnerable points, nearly all his important cities were within striking distance from the sea, and he began the contest without a single armed vessel afloat, so that both our seaports and our merchantmen had complete immunity from attack. The land campaign, in which two armies composed of raw levies held each other in check, was practically at a standstill. Could a combination of circumstances be imagined more favorable for utilizing an efficient

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fleet, and for striking a succession of blows of the kind that paralyzes an enemy? In spite of these conditions, the naval war for the first half-year was a lamentable failure. The new administration came in on the 4th of March, and the outbreak of war from that moment was only a question of days. Yet the first, the very first, naval operation was on the 28th of August, when Commodore Stringham attacked the forts at Hatteras Inlet. It was an exploit requiring no great force—indeed, as an operation it was mere pastime—yet it had been nearly six months in preparation, and another six months elapsed before it was followed up by Goldsborough's expedition to the Sounds. The important results of these two operations only show how much might have been done at the outset with a properly prepared fleet. Except for the blockade, which was hardly efficient until autumn, the attack at Hatteras Inlet represents all that was accomplished by the naval administration during its first eight months of power. With such a pitiful result when all the conditions were favorable, it is easy to see what would have happened during the same period in a war with a maritime enemy. Our so-called ships-of-war, when they got to sea, would have been annihilated, our arsenals and dockyards would have been destroyed, our commerce extinguished, and our sea-coast cities either bombarded or laid under heavy contribution.

The failure of the navy in 1861 was due to the neglect of the one cardinal principle, which should pervade and vitalize the whole naval establishment, that the navy exists only for war. The fundamental defect extended through every detail of administration—personnel, organization, material. It was shown in the personnel by the absence of any real training for war, and by the failure to select, beforehand, the best men in the service for its responsible commands. It was shown in the organization by the want of an authorized military agency, prepared to direct the operations of the fleet during war, or engaged in directing them during peace in such a manner that they would be of immediate service in war; and, further, by the failure to provide for the enlargement of the navy through the establishment of a naval reserve. It was shown in the material by the fact that though the fleet was being gradually modernized, by the construction of ships and guns that were excellent for the time, the process was going on so slowly that out of a list of ninety vessels less than twenty were of real use for fighting purposes.

The lesson of 1861 touches us so closely that we cannot afford to neglect it. The navy then underwent its only real test, the test of battle, and it was unable to supply the history of the war with a single creditable event for nearly six months. The navy of to-day can only be fully judged by the same test. In the light of our experience in 1861, is the fleet, in personnel, in organization, and in material equipment, prepared to stand the trial?

It has been the fashion in certain quarters to abuse the personnel of the navy, and to represent it as a horde of idlers serving no useful purpose and feeding at the public crib, the older members holding comfortable billets, where their only duty is to draw their monthly pay, and the younger engaged in pleasure trips in foreign countries or lingering about Washington, where their time is taken up with various forms of social frivolity. For one who knows them as they really are, it is hard to find words to characterize, with sufficient force and indignation, the grossness and malignity of these caricatures. As a matter of fact, the officers of the navy, to-day, form a body of patient, hard-working, earnest men, of singular resource and adaptability, eager and efficient in the performance of duty. Their life is a trying one, and the difficulties with which they must contend are unknown in ordinary civil occupations. A large part of the officer's career is passed under the closest restraints of military discipline. The ordinary wear and tear of professional service tells upon the mind and body to an extent far greater than in other walks of life. The intercourse of home, the *vie d'intérieur*, which forms the balance-wheel of so many overworked hu-

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man machines, is, at best, broken, fitful, interrupted. On board the ship at sea, where the physical horizon is unobstructed, the mental horizon is narrowed down to companionship for three years with a dozen or a score of men in the same profession, saturated with the same ideas, absorbed in the same occupations, surrounded and cramped by the same routine. The officer may have his books, but the conditions of ship-life are unfavorable to study. He visits other countries, but he cannot reap the benefits that come from foreign travel; he is tied to the ship, he skims the coast and puts in at the seaports, he is always confined by the limitations of the cruise. If he goes on leave, after the binding restraints of ship-life, what he needs and must have is relaxation, pure and simple. It is a rare man who would get much else from such short and infrequent holidays. In his service afloat, which fills the larger part of his career, especially of the first half, he is cut off from that general and broadening intercourse with men in other occupations, that stimulating metropolitan atmosphere, that eternal movement of thought and of affairs which rubs away the sharp edges of prejudice and tradition, and which makes the great centres of activity, in whatever direction—intellectual, artistic, commercial—the only places in which a man can acquire breadth of view and mental vigor—in which he can *meubler l'esprit*, as the French say—in this nineteenth century.

Great as are the barriers to an all-round development, those in the way of professional development are even greater, but with this difference, that while the former are inseparable from the profession, the latter can to some extent be remedied. The first of these lies in the fact that the officer's career is chiefly spent in preparation for his real business, and that the real business, to which all the preparation has been directed, is in the nature of a sharp crisis, which comes and goes like a flash. The oldest officer in our navy to-day, who has been seventy years in the service, has seen only six years of actual war; and out of the total of seven hundred and fifty line officers on the active list, six hundred have seen no war service whatever. In the course of twenty years even this small proportion of veterans will have disappeared from the list.

The long intervals of peace are not periods of rest. They are periods of training. But the effect of an occupation where the whole effort is directed, not to final results, but to results which are only preparatory to the final results, which at best only serve to get the machine in working order until the moment comes when it may do its work, is in itself a source of discouragement. In civil occupations the strain of effort and the stimulus of results accomplished are spread out over the labors of each year and month, if not of each day and hour; but the officer, accomplishing no results, refreshed by no encouragement, must persist in his daily exertions in order to be ready for a sharp spasm of intense activity, to be followed only by fatigue and reaction.

Although this peculiar difficulty is inherent in the naval career, it may be partly obviated by opening to naval officers all those branches of governmental employment which, while closely allied to their professional work, form in themselves a worthy object of effort. It may be still further remedied by making a more living subject of that art of war which should be the main object of their attention. It is to meet this want that the schools of application which exist to-day in most foreign services have been established; and to this end, also, are directed the admirable fleet exercises, or manœuvres, such as those of the English Navy in Bantry Bay and at Milford Haven, not for routine drills, but for practice carried on as nearly as possible under the actual conditions of battle.

In this respect we have not been altogether stationary. The establishment of the War College two years ago at Newport was certainly one of the most sagacious measures of naval administration that has been adopted since the close of the war. Like the torpedo station, which, however, deals with only one branch of naval science, it is a school of application for officers. Being an establishment of a most original character, it was wisely decided not to engraft it

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on the Naval Academy, an elementary school with which it has nothing in common, and whose deeply-rooted traditions, excellent as they are for the Academy, would have made it a mere course for resident graduates. This is perhaps not the place to dwell much upon the work that the College is doing; it is enough to say that its lectures and discussions upon the art of war, conducted by special students who are neither amateurs nor *dilettanti*, include the exact treatment of such subjects as military and naval strategy, the critical examination of naval campaigns, practical gunnery, the evolutions of combat, coast defence and the attack of coast defences; while others are in preparation upon the resources of foreign navies, the plan of future campaigns, the strategic value of geographical points, and the problems in construction presented by the modern conditions of naval war. It only remains to supplement these discussions by exercises, with guns and with vessels, in the best harbor to be found on our coast for the purpose. To this duty the Home Squadron, temporarily increased by the addition of every available vessel, may be devoted each summer, and the manœuvres so conducted would be the one event of importance in the operations of the year.

Even with such an enlargement, the training of our officers will still be incomplete as long as they are compelled to work with obsolete tools. Their ships and guns are twenty years behind the standard of foreign navies, and they know that with such weapons the attempt to carry out their vocation would be a hopeless struggle. One of our vessels, not long ago, being in the neighborhood of a French flagship, was visited in turn by the admiral and the captain. As the admiral was taking his leave, on the quarter-deck, he paused in a meditative way at the pivot gun, remarking: "*Ah, les vieux canons!*" A few hours later the captain, pausing in the same spot, remarked in the same contemplative manner, "*Ah, l'ancien système! Nous l'avons eu.*" How can anything be looked for in the American navy when its present is everybody else's past? Or what right have we to expect that our officers will take their profession seriously when the policy of neglect has made it such a burdensome farce? Or, finally, if in spite of all their discouragement they still go manfully through the treadmill of routine, how are they to learn to use the tools that have never been put into their hands?

The third and last obstacle to a sound and normal development of the naval personnel, the most harmful, and at the same time the most difficult to reach, is the system of promotion by seniority. In every civil occupation, and in most military and naval services, advancement in the profession, barring the accidents of luck, is a question of ability and effort. In the navy of the United States, ability and effort count for nothing. Through all the seven hundred steps of advancement in the line, priority of the date of entry, or, with those of the same date, priority of academic rank, fixes unalterably the relative position of officers. The head of the class of 1890 is always at the heels of the last man of the class of 1889. No zeal or capacity or eager attention to duty will help him to pass above his weaker comrade; and no shirking or dulness or misconduct will remove the other from his place, if he can stand his *pro forma* examinations and avoid incurring court-martial. The same blank prospect stares the meritorious officer in the face after he reaches the period of command. No matter what he does for the benefit of the service or the country—whether he fills one of the many positions of administrative trust with signal ability, or conducts a brilliant series of researches and experiments, or leads an expedition through danger and difficulty to final achievement—his performance is barren of those rewards which in every other career form the incentive to effort and the crown of success; unless, indeed, he receives the thanks of Congress upon the recommendation of the President, a distinction so marked that it is rightly reserved for the most eminent services in war. The consciousness of work well done is in ordinary cases all that the officer has for his efforts, and few men will be satisfied to put forth their energies merely for this. Gradually a brooding lethargy creeps over his mind, until at last he sinks into

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apathetic indolence and a mechanical performance of the routine of duty. The willingness, nay the very ability, to assume responsibility in an emergency is lost, for no one will take risks where there is no prospect of a compensating benefit. Such was the condition of the personnel at the beginning of the last war, and the signs are not wanting of a tendency in the same direction now.

Conceive for a moment the situation of any great civil organization, that of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, under such a system, with a corps of officials holding their places by a permanent tenure, promoted strictly in the order in which they entered, each one regarding it as an indefeasible right that he should forever be the superior of all those who had ever been his juniors, and all forever debarred from any recompense for capacity or effort. With such a system it is safe to say that in ten days the organization would go to pieces. It is objected that considerations of social or political influence would occasionally make bad promotions. The experience of the army, where promotion by selection obtains to a limited extent, is against such a theory. The promotions are perhaps not absolutely the best that could be made, but they are never bad; while with a system of promotion by seniority they must often be bad. It is also said, and truly, that a system of selection would cause disappointment and heart-burnings. But what disappointment of inferior men who are passed over is to be compared with the bitterness of soul of the man who, conscious of his worth and of his powers, finds himself handicapped in the struggle of life and sinking into apathy from the want of recognition? Would the railroad company abstain from promoting a good man because of the heart-burnings and jealousies of the unpromoted? The remedy lies largely in their own hands. The company is only following out the law of nature and of society—that force, character, talents, zeal have their price in the market of life, and that the man who has them can obtain a reward which is denied to less capable or less active competitors; while the navy, disregarding this wholesome and normal rule, would reduce its members to a Procrustean standard of irresolution, indolence, and mediocrity.

If any further illustration is needed of the comparative merits of the two systems of promotion, it may be found in the operations of the first six months during our two greatest naval wars, those of 1812 and 1861. The commanding officers in the first war had got their places through that most rigorous measure of selective promotion, the Peace Establishment Act of 1801: the seventy-five captains in the second had risen to command solely by virtue of age, and, with perhaps four exceptions, were totally unfit for service. The performances of these captains during the first six months—those of them who could be employed at all—in a war where their enemy was destitute of naval resources, are summed up in the trifling affair at Hatteras Inlet, the stupendous blunders at Norfolk and Pensacola, and the shameful panic at the Head of the Passes; while the captains of the earlier war gave to the country during the same period a succession of six brilliant victories over the greatest naval power in the world,—victories that astonished and delighted their countrymen as much as they astonished and mortified the enemy.

In the matter of naval organization there are many points open to discussion, but of these there are two especially whose importance was shown in the opening events of the civil war. The first is the creation of a naval reserve. It is our policy, and a truly wise policy it is, to keep our standing force within the lowest possible limit; but there must be a provision for enlargement. When the war broke out the Navy Department had but two hundred men available for immediate service in the home ports; and another war might find us in nearly the same condition. In the course of the Rebellion the force of seamen, with the utmost difficulty and at great expense, was increased from seven thousand to fifty thousand; and any war would compel us to treble or quadruple the existing complement. To meet this increase we have nothing in the shape of an organized reserve. If

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we had had no militia in 1861 to answer the President's first call for volunteers, of what would our army have been composed? Yet the navy needs its trained reserves even more than the army, for it must draw them from a small fragment of the population.

The organization of a naval reserve is, therefore, a necessary element in naval efficiency. Its members, who will come from the seafaring population—the merchant seamen, fishermen, watermen, and crews of coasters—should be enrolled, their residence and employment known, and they should be connected in a permanent way, be it ever so slight, with the standing force. At intervals they should receive training for short periods on board a man-of-war, enough, at least, to teach them the handling of guns and the drills of the ship. For the latter purpose the Home Squadron, temporarily enlarged and converted into a summer squadron of evolutions, would answer exactly. The navy, at the first sign of war, would then be capable of immediate expansion, and the calling out of the naval reserve would be as simple as calling out the militia.

The second point is one which lies at the very foundation of all naval administration. This administration is divided into two great branches: one concerned with the supply of materials—ships, guns, engines, equipments, stores, and so on; the other, with the regulation and direction of the working establishment. About the first there is little to be said; it is a matter of business, the direction of a branch of technical industry, like the management of a private shipyard or foundry, and is administered for the navy by the eight business offices or bureaus of the Department. Its existing defects are pointed out in recent reports of the Secretary, and have excited no little comment, but they are not within the range of our present discussion. The second branch of administration, comprising the direction of the fleet, is as purely military as the other is purely civil, and requires, above all things, unity of purpose. In modern organizations, in most countries, it is in the hands of a body of officers who constitute the General Staff of the navy, with a chief of staff at their head. The chief of staff is the lieutenant of the secretary or minister in all that relates to the existing force, whether of men or of vessels. The duty of the general staff, in time of peace, is to keep itself and the force under it constantly up to the mark, in preparation for war; and when the war breaks out it furnishes the responsible professional assistance required by the head of the department for the conduct of naval operations.

It will readily be seen how indispensable such a branch of administration is to secure the one end and aim of the navy's existence—that without which it becomes the merest sham—its immediate readiness and efficiency for war. It is the corner-stone of the whole structure. To be of any real service, the navy must have its plan of operations ready, not six months after the war has begun, but before the war begins. The Secretary of the Navy cannot evolve such a plan himself, nor is it any part of his business. *His* duty is to know the policy of the Government, to be able to discern the coming crisis, and to see to it that his coadjutors are always bending their energies to meet it. When the crisis comes, the initial plan must be ready. It must be a comprehensive plan, including attack, if need be, and defence from the enemy's supposed attack; involving measures of mobilization, concentration, the rapid preparation of the whole available force, whether already in commission or laid up in ordinary; the increase of the fleet by the addition of suitable vessels from private service, and of suitable men—that is, seafaring men—from private occupation. It must be a well-digested plan, not devised on the spur of the moment, under the pressure and anxiety of hostilities threatened or begun, but based upon an accurate and intimate knowledge of the naval resources of both belligerents, which can only be obtained by long and laborious investigation.

In the early period of its history there was no such branch of administration at the Department. The first of our great wars, that of 1812, began when there were only twenty ships in the navy, and its organization was still of the simplest character. But these ships,

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owing to the wise foresight of Washington and his advisers, who recognized that a navy exists only for war, were the best of their class afloat; and there being little demand at that time for foreign service, most of them were in the home ports. The plan of operations was therefore a simple matter. The commanding officers of the navy were sent to sea in charge of vessels, and they were left, in the main, to decide upon a course of action for themselves. There was no opportunity for concerted action by fleets, and as a matter of fact the ships never acted in concert. Their captains, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, Porter, Stewart, Biddle, Blakely—all of them young men, some of them very young, and all of them capable men—were genuine rovers of the seas; they were the Drakes, the Hawkinses, the Grenvilles, of this Tudor period of American naval history. Even on the lakes, where alone we had squadrons, everything, from laying the keel of the vessels to firing the last gun before the enemy surrendered, was left to the young commodores in command.

Upon the expansion of the force toward the close of the war, and during the period immediately following it, it became necessary to substitute a definite scheme of organization in place of the system, or want of system, of 1812. Accordingly, in 1815, a board of three officers was appointed, styled the Navy Commissioners, who had charge of all the work of the Department—"performing," as the law said, "under the secretary, all the ministerial duties of his office." As a substitute for a general staff the board would certainly have been found defective, if it had been tried by the test of actual war, since the civil organization of a board, implying equality among the members, can never answer for a staff, the first requisite of which is military subordination. As an office of supply the board failed completely, especially toward the end of its existence, when the introduction of steam complicated this branch of its work. In 1842 it was replaced by the bureau system, which, with some expansion, has continued until the present time.

The bureaus, as originally organized, proved efficient for the business of supply, but they were incapable of directing the actual establishment, and the latter, in the absence of a general staff, was left to take care of itself. The navy, as a working force, was entirely without naval direction. There was no responsible officer at the Department, with a body of responsible subordinates, to supervise the detail and training of officers, the enrolment, assignment, and training of seamen, the disposition of the vessels, the organization of a reserve, the formation of plans for naval operations, not only against all enemies in general, but against each probable or possible enemy in particular, the determination of the requirements of the fleet in order to keep it abreast of modern invention, and finally, as the groundwork of the whole system, the collection of naval intelligence—that is, precise information in regard to naval development abroad, to the military and naval resources of foreign states, to their means of attack and defence, and to the strength of their fortifications: everything, in short, beyond the manufacture or purchase of materials, that goes to make a navy efficient for the prosecution of war.

The effect of this half-reform became apparent at once at the crisis in 1861. The Department was suddenly plunged into war, and no one at the Department had the faintest idea what was to be done, nor, indeed, was there anyone whose business it was to have such an idea. As to the chiefs of bureaus, the duty of one was to manage the navy-yards, of another to construct vessels, of a third to build guns, of a fourth to supply provisions. None of them had anything to do with the conduct of naval operations. To have asked it of them would have been very much as if the Pennsylvania Railroad, to recur to our former illustration, should call upon the engineer of the shops at Altoona to furnish a summer schedule for excursion travel at outlying points of the road.

Soon after he came to the Department, Mr. Welles, realizing his inability to grapple with the situation, called to his assistance Captain Fox, a man of considerable executive capacity, who had formerly been an officer of the navy.

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Fox was at first appointed chief clerk of the Navy Department, and in a short time he became the professional adviser of the secretary in all that related to the conduct of the naval war. He was ultimately appointed assistant secretary, but his duties were essentially of a military character. As the chief of staff, which was what he really became, he had an herculean task before him. The Department had no office organized for staff work; it contained no information upon which such an office could act; it had not even any machinery by which the information could be procured, and much less classified and digested. At this critical moment, when the fate of the nation was trembling in the balance, when that very contingency of war had arisen, to meet which was the purpose of its existence, the navy, an establishment which had been maintained for sixty years for the service of a state embracing thirty millions of people, was found by its secretary to be entirely destitute of any organized means of conducting the operations of war, except five bureaus of supply and his own office of supervision—an office containing half a dozen clerks, who knew as little of naval campaigns as they did of Hindu mythology. It was five months after the administration came in, five weary months, before it could even secure the passage of a law providing for an assistant secretary and the appointment of Fox to the office. Five months were required to accomplish this first step in the necessary organization for war—and during the whole time, as far as any established authority went, the navy continued under its Pinafore system of administration.

It would be interesting to follow out the difficulties that were encountered by the new official, who was called an assistant secretary, but who was really the chief of staff, and see how they were met. Boards were organized to satisfy the various exigencies of the moment. One of these boards, composed of Captains Dupont and Davis, the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and Major Barnard, of the engineers, devoted itself to getting up the plan of a campaign. The device was ingenious, but it is a striking illustration of the defects we have pointed out. So little did the Navy Department know of the defensive capacity of the coast of its own country, that it was compelled to have a board in session for months, in consultation with the director of its coast survey and an army engineer, while the war was in progress, to ascertain where it might strike an effective blow, and that, too, with an enemy that was powerless on the sea. Another board of three naval officers proceeded early in August to study the subject of iron-clads, which had been used with effect five years before in the Black Sea, but of which so little was known at the Department that it took the board until the middle of September to reach a conclusion!

When Fox left the Department, at the close of the war, his attributions as chief of staff fell for a time into a species of decay; but since then the bureaus, whose number was increased during the war to eight, have been given or have possessed themselves of various functions, in the management of the fighting force, entirely foreign to their legitimate business of supply. It should be added that this course was forced upon them by the absence of any properly organized office to do the work. Thus the Bureau of Engineering has obtained a quasi-supervision of the engineer force on board ship; the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing becomes a sort of guardian of the interests of the paymasters; the Bureau of Equipment, by a curious jumbling together of attributes, takes charge of the recruiting of seamen; the Bureau of Ordnance directs gunnery drills on ship-board, with which, as far as its ordinary duties are concerned, it has no more to do than the superintendent of a gun-foundry; the detail of officers falls to the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, doubtless because the others already have their share; the training of officers and men is in part conducted independently, and in part divided between Ordnance, Navigation, and Equipment; while an independent board of inspection has been organized to take a look at the condition of vessels proceeding to and returning from sea.

One step has, however, been taken to improve the system. In the summer of

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1882 an office was established at the Navy Department called the Office of Naval Intelligence, to collect and systematize information upon the actual resources of foreign navies and the actual demands of naval war. Its work has been supplemented by correspondents in the cruising-ships, and by energetic naval attachés in Europe. It was created by a purely ministerial act, without any noise or flourish, but it contains the germ of a revolution in our naval administration. It is the first recognition in practice of the necessity that the administration should be prepared to carry on war. Of the work accomplished by the office during the four years of its existence, work that has been performed wholly by junior officers of the navy, it would be difficult to speak too highly; upon every subject other than the manufacture and supply of materials, which last is within the province of the bureaus, it has become the reservoir of naval intelligence of the Department; not a day passes that its stores of information, admirably classified, exact, minute, always kept up to date, are not drawn upon, and the only wonder is that the organization was ever able to do without it. With the first war it can hardly fail to be recognized for that which it is in fact, though not in name—the nucleus of a most efficient working staff.

Only one more step is needed to complete the system—a measure which was in substance recommended by the Secretary of the Navy in his report of last year. Take away from the bureaus of supply the staff duties, or military duties, which have been parcelled out among them, the detail of officers, the recruiting and training of seamen, the movements of vessels, the gunnery drills and practice, the collection of naval intelligence, the higher training of officers for war, whether with books and lectures and war-games, or with ships, guns, and torpedoes, and weld them together in a single organization. It makes no difference whether we call it a bureau of personnel, or a bureau of the fleet, or a general staff; it will be a general staff whatever name it goes by, and it will give to the navy the one thing which it lacks to make it an efficient working machine.

The question of naval material is much more difficult now than it was in 1861. Before 1840 the science of naval construction had been nearly stationary for two hundred years. The next two decades were marked by rapid and radical changes, but the close of the period still showed the prevalence of a single definite opinion as to the requisites of a typical man-of-war. But since 1861 the rush of invention, for it can be called nothing less, has produced a multiplicity and complexity of types and of accessories, presenting a problem of which the most dextrous minds have as yet been unable to grasp the key. The evidence of the technical experts is conflicting. The result in the mind of the layman is utter bewilderment, and a conviction of the "anarchy," as a recent French treatise has well called it, of modern naval science. He finds himself asked to discover the comparative merits of the gun, the ram, and the torpedo, and whether they are best united in a single organism or made the predominant feature in specially adapted structures; of armored, partly armored, and unarmored ships, of broadside batteries and turret batteries, of barbette guns and casemate guns, of steam with full sail-power and steam with limited sail-power, of single screws and twin screws, of sheathed bottoms and unsheathed bottoms, of big torpedo-boats and little torpedo-boats. He finds that these minor points and many others like them, are vital elements in determining the qualities which the new structure will possess—her speed, handiness, flotation, stability, draft, power of attack, vulnerability, and, by no means least, her cost; and back of all these details lies the broad question of the general necessities of our naval policy, the demands which future wars may make upon the navy. This involves a knowledge of the size, character, and distribution of the forces of our probable enemies, their possible mode of attack, the way in which the attack is to be met, repelled, perhaps returned, the vulnerable points on our coast, the supply of coal abroad, the requirements of blockade service, of the prevention of contraband trade, of the destruction of an enemy's commerce and the protection of our own,

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and, finally, the capacity of the merchant marine to afford a reserve—the whole question, in short, of naval strategy, under the conditions found in the situation of the United States.

In order that the Secretary of the Navy, who presents the scheme, and Congress, which provides the money, may be enabled to act, it is necessary to have an authoritative opinion from experts who have come to a substantial agreement upon both these questions—the general demands of our naval policy, and the specific way in which they are to be met. The first is pre-eminently a question for the general staff. The second involves the elaboration in detail of a definite programme, and can only be accomplished by a special board. It is too many-sided a question to be dealt with by a single man. The details not coming within the province of the board are filled out by the bureaus.

The board cannot expect to escape criticism—no board could expect that. But its conclusions, being the result of a general agreement, at least as far as the outside world knows—for its duty is to present to the world a decision, not a discussion—should receive, while awaiting Congressional action, the assent and support of individuals, and the latter must sink for the moment their individual hobbies. No Congress will vote money to carry out the recommendations of a board, when their ears are stunned by a chorus of dissentient voices proceeding from the service itself. The first Advisory Board made majority and minority reports, which was enough of itself to kill any project. The decisions of the second board called forth violent opposition, and though the discussion was instructive to the service, it was wellnigh destructive of the plan. Until this freedom of speech, always irresponsible and sometimes unreflecting, can be curbed by the self-restraint of officers, which is the only way of curbing it, the efforts of the Department will be neutralized, and the acquisition of a modern navy will be indefinitely postponed.

In regard to the types to be selected for the modern fleet, it is only necessary to say a word. In the present experimental condition of naval science, we can not afford to pin our faith to any extreme theory. We cannot rely for the protection of our cities upon forts, or floating batteries, or torpedoes alone—we must have them all. For the composition of our fleets we must have vessels in considerable numbers, and we cannot satisfy our wants with two or three monster ironclads, even if professional opinion was more united than it is as to their efficiency. Seagoing ironclads there must be of some kind, and swift cruisers, and swifter gunboats of light draft, carrying one or two heavy guns, and torpedo-boats, the swiftest of all.

At the present time the navy does not contain a single modern representative of these four elements of the fighting force, except the cruiser Atlanta. The rest of its seagoing fleet is composed of thirty-four ships, mostly of wood, of an obsolete type, with obsolete guns; ships which have neither strength for combat nor speed for escape, and which are decaying so rapidly that in six years less than ten of them will be able to keep the sea. There are also fourteen old-fashioned monitors, whose armor and guns are unserviceable, and a dozen sailing-vessels, a few of which are useful for training purposes. Among these sixty vessels there are no seagoing ironclads of any kind, no modern ironclads for harbor defence, no modern cruisers, no modern gunboats, or rams, or torpedo-boats; nor do any of the vessels carry modern guns. In short, as far as war is concerned, they are sixty names, and nothing more.

I have said that we have one modern cruiser, the Atlanta. The Chicago and Boston, also modern steel cruisers, are approaching completion. By recent legislation provision has been made for two armored ships of the second class, three additional cruisers, two gunboats, one dynamite-gun vessel, and one torpedo-boat. The larger of these vessels can hardly be built in less than two years. Provision has also been made for the completion of the five double-turretted monitors, which should be efficient vessels for coast defence.

This represents a respectable beginning, but nothing more. If we are to have a modern navy, the policy of constructing new ships must be steadily per-

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sisted in, so that each year may show a considerable addition to the fleet. In the ten years preceding the civil war, twenty screw-steamers were built for the navy, and the impression prevailed that by reason of these additions the country had a really powerful fleet. It was one of the many lessons taught by the first year of the war, that a fleet of ninety ships is not formidable, when seventy out of the nominal total are obsolete for purposes of war. To-day we are worse off than in 1861, for at the present rate of decay of our wooden ships, which cannot, however, be considered a cause for regret, we shall shortly lose even our nominal total, and the new constructions will be our only ships afloat; unless we go back to the ruinous policy of rebuilding old hulks, under the name of repairs, which until 1882 was in fashion. In the one matter of modern torpedo-boats, which are not costly vessels, we are pitiably defective. The Endicott board decided that one hundred and fifty were necessary for purposes of harbor defence; as yet we have but one even projected. In the matter of guns, the Ordnance Bureau in recent years has been making steady progress, and has accomplished results which have excited admiration abroad as well as at home; but the whole fleet must be armed anew, and so inadequate are the resources of our steel-works that we are compelled to go abroad for our materials.

It is the part of wisdom to study the lessons of the past, and to learn what we may from the successes or the failures of our fathers. The history of the last war is full of these lessons, and at no time since its close has the navy been in a condition so favorable for their application. At least their meaning cannot fail to be understood. They show clearly that, if we would have a navy fitted to carry on war, we must give some recognition to officers on the ground of merit, either by the advancement of the best or, what amounts to nearly the same thing, by the elimination of the least deserving; that we must give them a real training for war, in modern ships and with modern weapons; that the direction of the establishment, in so far as it has naval direction, must be given unity of purpose, and the purpose to which it must be directed is fighting efficiency; that a naval reserve of men and of vessels must be organized, capable of mobilization whenever a call shall be made; and, finally, that a dozen or a score of new ships will not make a navy, but that the process of renewal must go on until the whole fleet is in some degree fitted to stand the trial of modern war. Until this rehabilitation can be accomplished, the navy will only serve the purpose of a butt for the press and a foot-ball for political parties; and its officers, a body of men whose intelligence and devotion under a proper system would be equal to any trust, will be condemned to fritter away their lives in a senseless parody of their profession.

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THE DUCHARMES OF THE BASKATONGE.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

In the heart of a northern wilderness, on the shore of an unnamed lake, stands the ruin of a small hut. Half the roof has fallen in. The logs are rotted and covered with moss. In the dark corners spectral weeds and ferns die longing for the sun. The winter wind, untamed out of the north, charges against its crumbling walls and drives the sifted snow, hissing like steam, across the surface of the lake. The haunts of men seem as far away as the stars that throb faintly in the lonely vastness of the summer sky. The silence that dwells forever in the waste places of the world is shaken by unheeded storms and the muffled cries of life in the gloom of the immense forests that darken beneath her brooding wings.

"Ducharme! Ducharme! François—has—gone—over—the—rapids!" The words came in short gusts across the water to where Octave Ducharme stood, pike-pole in hand. They were running the logs on the St. Joseph. The river was racing over the rapids to where the falls were roaring and pulsing under the dome of mist which the April sun was smiting with rainbow shafts that broke and glanced upon its shifting sides.

Ducharme struck his pole deep into the boom, and gazed under his hand up the gleaming river. The water was broken and curled, and came turning the sudden bend with foam-topped waves that were bright now in the afternoon sun. He looked steadily for a moment; then, as he saw something drift into sight other than the dipping logs, he pulled off his heavy boots, threw down his hat, and watched again. There was a rush of men on the river road, with waving of arms and confused cries. But Ducharme ever watched the speck in the swift water, that drew near to him and took the shape of a white face drawn with pain and rocked to and fro in the current. They were shouting from the bank: "Don't go in!"—"You'll both go over!"—"François!"—"Octave!"—shouts—groans—wild jostling of men, and waving of arms. But he stood as calmly as if he were watching a musk-rat cleave the brown waters of some quiet lake in an ever-widening wedge. Suddenly he drew himself up and plunged just in front of the floating face. The two men spoke to one another quickly as they were drifted swiftly together.

"Oh! Octave, my leg, my leg!"

"Never mind, little brother; put your hand on my shoulder."

The strong arms were making new eddies in the torn water. The crowd ran along the bank shouting wildly: "Get into the eddy!"—"Ducharme!"—"Ducharme!"—"Strike into the eddy, or you'll go over!"—"My God!"—"Catch the boom!"—"Strike in!"—"We'll pull you out!"

They ran out on the boom where it was swinging dangerously at the mouth of the chute. The water there was curved in a great glassy heap with long wiry streaks. Above was the eddy, wheeling and turning. To get into its power was safety. The swimmer kept edging in. In a few moments he would be abreast of it. He was muttering, under his breath: "Keep up, little brother; keep up, little brother."

The men on the shore strained forward, struck in the air as if swimming, stamped with their feet, and reached out over the river.

"My God! he's safe!"—"No! he's missed it!" One huge fellow sank on his knees and hid his face. "No! boys, he's in!"—"They'll get him!"—"They're against the boom!"—"Baptiste has him!"—"They're safe!"—and a wild yell of joy tore through the air.

"Take him first," Octave was saying; "two of you hang on—the water will carry him under—I'm all right—pull him along out of the current—there now."

The men stood around as they strove to bring François to, and when he opened his eyes they went back to their work and left him with Octave and the three who had taken him out of the water.

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His leg was broken in two places and his head was gashed; but he was all right, he said, and they carried him into the shanty.

That was almost the first year they were on the river together, and all the dangers that crowded thickly about them in the years of toil that followed were warded off by the strength of four arms; for one Ducharme was never alone, and it was always "The Ducharmes," not "François" or "Octave," but "The Ducharmes," "The Ducharmes of the Baskatonge." Whether hunting, or logging, or driving, or running the rafts down to the St. Lawrence, or at home on the Baskatonge, it was always the same. "Have you the Ducharmes?" one foreman would say to another; "then you're all right."

How the work went when there was Octave to sing and François to lead the musical cry, when all arms strained together! And they never seemed to think of one another. They went along unconsciously, working together, and when François was hurt it was Octave who stayed with him until he was better.

"Octave, Octave," François would say, but in return it was always "Little brother." No one could tell why. One was as tall as the other, and as strong. They were like two stalwart young pines, straight and towering; only, if you watched them closely, François never even lit his pipe until he saw the smoke part Octave's lips and curl about his face. Octave was always first. They did not know it themselves, but François always followed.

Their little house back on the Baskatonge was heaped round with snow in the winter, and the frosty wind blew no wreaths of smoke from the chimney into the pines. But that had not always been so; there had been a time when there were four Ducharmes instead of two, and when the frost drew curtains across the windows of the happiest home in the north.

Hypolite Ducharme was a trapper and hunter who sold his furs to the traders, and never swung an axe except to cut his own firewood. He had lived for some years on the Baskatonge, and did not find himself lonely until one day, when he took his winter's haul of furs down the Gatineau, he saw a pair of brown eyes that told him plainly that he could not visit his traps day after day, and hear the sound of the wild fowl driving in a wedge southward to the sunlit sweeps of reeds and curved reaches of moving marsh grass, without seeing that house, back from the river about the flight of a wounded partridge, and the girl with the plaited hair working to the music of her own voice.

At noon the next day many were the bends and rapids between him and the three logs where he had landed the night before; but, as his canoe steadied and swung out into the current, he was watched from the bushes, and until the river hid behind the stony spur of the hill, that never before looked as cold and hopeless, the dark eyes under the arch of brown hands timed the flashing paddle, and when the sun burned red for a moment on the canoe, as it turned behind the hill—would it ever come back?—the November mists came into that May day, and the wind kept turning the dead leaves in the forest.

The way had never seemed so long before; the canoe was never so heavy, and one season he had twice as many furs. But when he turned north again it was a short road he had to travel; and when he reached the rocky point the current bore him a white wood-lily, which he took out of the water as it grazed the canoe-side.

He travelled north again, but not alone, and many were the thickets that trembled to the unknown sound of a woman's voice. For it was a little matter whether it was on the Baskatonge or the Gatineau that Marie Delorme lived so long as she was with the man she loved.

But that was long ago; and all the marks which Hypolite Ducharme blazed on the trees have grown over in ridges, and when an otter is caught he is always the finest the trapper ever saw.

Before Hypolite was killed by the bear, and before Marie died, the boys had learned all their father could teach them of hunting and trapping; but when they were left to themselves they chose to go to the shanties, where there was company and better pay. But in the

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summer, when the season's work was over, they went back to their old home and hunted and fished until the autumn came again.

When they were there alone they would often talk of their father and mother. Octave always remembered his father as he saw him striding through the bushes with a young doe across his shoulders; but François always remembered him as he found him, that night, dead under the bear. Their mother, too—whenever Octave spoke her name a cheery face looked out into the night to welcome the tired trappers; but François saw her pale, and heard the thin voice, "François, François, I am dying!" And now they were not so much alone as they had been. Gradually the settlement had crept boldly from the Desert, up the river and back into the country, and now in a day's journey there were many families; on the Bras d'Or, Dubois and Granden; on the Claire, Charbonneau and Faubert; and on the Castor, McMorran—White McMorran, to distinguish him from his brother, who, however, was never called Black McMorran—and the Phelans and O'Dohertys.

The Castor, where there were no beavers, but only broken dams, was five miles from the Baskatonge. There was a path through the woods, and an hour and a quarter would take a good walker from the Baskatonge to the McMorrans'. Octave Ducharme could walk that distance easily in an hour, but then few could walk as fast as Octave.

Already the McMorrans' place began to look like a farm; there were always fires eating into the bush, and the small barn was getting too small.

The Ducharmes were favorites with their neighbors. Octave always did most of the talking; and as François was quick-tempered, he had sometimes to step forward and take the lead in a conversation that would have surely ended in blows. It was seldom that this last ever happened, as the general saying was, "fight one Ducharme, fight two," and so François's hot words usually passed unnoticed. But Octave was so good-tempered that the balance was kept even.

The brothers seemed so entirely at one that the people were not surprised when they learned in after years that they had both fallen in love with the same girl. It seemed quite natural; and then, "you couldn't blame them, for everyone was in love with Keila McMorran."

There were some things about it, though, that nobody could understand.

"One of them didn't know the other was in love with her."

"Well, I used to see them down there together, and they'd walk off home like two lambs."

"That couldn't last you know."

"No, and it didn't last."

This was the general drift of the remarks the neighbors made when they commenced to talk on the subject. It was an ever-recurring topic of conversation, and never was settled to the satisfaction of everyone, although some had decided for themselves.

However these talks commenced, they always ended in one way. There would be a pause, then the words would come slowly, as if the speakers were dreaming of a form they could not forget.

"Strong? I believe he could lift an ox."

"Yes; and he was the best chopper on the river."

"And what a man on the drive!"

"And kind-hearted!"

"Humph!"

"Poor Octave!"

It was a bright August morning, and François was sitting at his door smoking. He was watching a squirrel that was seated at the root of a tree, twirling something between his front feet, when a small, tattered boy, with wide, frightened eyes that turned to all sides as if he expected to be pounced on by some hidden enemy, came toward him from the bush. François turned and spoke to him. He answered:

"I—I—want Octave."

"Gone away."

"But I must see Octave."

"Can't."

"But I *must*."

"Can't; gone away."

"Is he going to come back?"

"To-night."

"But I must see him before to-night. I have to tell him something."

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"Can't; home to-night. Tell me."

It was the youngest of the McMorran boys—Tim. He could not understand François's French, and François could speak but little English.

"I can't tell you. Will you tell Octave?"

"Yes."

"Well, when I was fishing last night, down by the bank, two fellows came and talked near where I was, and I heard them, and one of the Phelan boys is going to shoot Octave to-night."

"To shoot Octave!" François jumped to his feet. "Why?"

"Because our Keila won't marry him, and he thinks she's going to marry Octave."

"When?"

"I don't know."

"To shoot Octave—when?"

"To-night, down at the old road."

"To shoot Octave—to-night—one of the Phelan boys—old road."

"Will you tell Octave?"

"No!"—in a tone that set Tim's teeth chattering—"Yes, yes, yes; go home." The small boy ran away, but was soon stealing back. "Will—will—you tell Octave?"

"Yes; go home."

François thought a long time, and then began to throw chips at the squirrel that was hanging head downward half way up the tree.

It was twilight; and down where the path from the Ducharmes' joined the old road a figure crouching in the bushes held a gun, steadied in the low crotch of a shrub and pointed right across the path. His jaws were tightly locked, and whenever he chanced to open them his teeth chattered as if the warm evening breeze that just stirred the bushes was a blast from the north. Every now and then his whole body shook convulsively, and the gun rattled in the forked branch. He was listening for a step in the path. Now he thought he heard it, and drew himself together with a great effort; but it was some other sound in the woods. He noticed nothing stirring behind him; and when a collie, with an angry growl, jumped out into the path and ran away, with its tail between its legs, the cold sweat burst out on his face and hands. But now he could make no mistake—there was someone coming, and he huddled over the gun. The twigs were cracking in the still air, and he thought he could hear the bushes sway; but before he could be sure, there was a grip on his neck like a vice, and his hands left the gun to grasp a pair of iron wrists. He turned slowly over on the ground, and a figure knelt on his chest, choking him until his eyes glared whitely in the darkness and his tongue shot out between his teeth, and held him among the little ferns and mosses so tightly that he could not even have stirred them with his breath. And now the twigs commenced to break, the rustle of leaves grew louder, and someone passed with long, swinging strides. They could hear him breathe, and it seemed like a century before the air was quiet again. Then the hands relaxed and an arm reached for the gun. The figure rose slowly, but the other did not stir. He drew in his tongue, grasped his throat with his hands, and continued glaring with white, distended eyes into the face of the form above him. The hands had grasped the gun, and had torn the stock from the barrel and thrown each in a different direction. Then the foot stirred the man who was struggling for breath on the ground. He turned over slowly and lay still for a moment; then he rose on his hands and knees and crawled, like a wounded snake, into the low, uncertain cedar shadows. Watching for a while where the darkness had swallowed up that cringing form, parting the bushes and standing on the path, where the first trembling star of evening was shining, François Ducharme stepped homeward to the Baskatonge.

Octave had walked steadily until he came to where the path turned along the lake-side. There was a thin screen of bushes between the path and the shore, but where the ground rose suddenly the point that jutted into the water was bare of trees, save a maple or two. As he approached this point the sound of singing reached his ears, and he almost knelt as he stretched himself at full length to listen.

From where the shore line shone like silver against the clear, black shades, from where the night was bending earth-

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ward, violet-shadowed, from where the night wind waited in the sedges; stilling the distant trilling and whirring, floating into the rocking reeds, trembling about the dreaming arrow-heads, waking evasive echoes from sleep-shrouded thickets, calling out the wondering stars—the voice floated on the lake to where the listener lay with hidden face and stilled breath.

All the grass seemed stirring about him, and a leaf, withered before its time, dropped lightly on his head. How far away the singing sounded; and now he seemed not to hear it at all.

The past years—the wide silence of the woods—the far-away fall of trees—the call of some moss-mantled stream—the mother's quiet ways—the future, the future—a home somewhere—and Keila McMorran singing in the evening—until a wilful wind sprang up and caught the unfinished strain and bore it away up the hills, where the young birds just heard it and opened their wings and slept again. And the years that passed him slowly found him, with the unfinished song in his ears, waiting for the strain that went with the wind over the hill-tops.

He rose and walked on to the McMorrans', and when his face was set again toward the Baskatonge, and the moon was half way up the sky, there was a song in the air which the trees had never heard before.

The house was dark. He opened the door quietly, and went softly to where François was sleeping on the low bed built against the wall. He sat down beside him and passed his hand gently over his face. Then François awoke, and the brothers talked for a long time in low tones.

"It is all right. I have asked her."

"And?"

"And she has said 'Yes—Yes;' Keila herself said 'Yes.' I am happy, little brother."

François's face was white in the dimness.

"And now what will you do?"

"I will have a farm, and you will live with me."

"Not here?"

"No, not here; down by the Castor, when I get money enough."

"You will have the money."

"No; it is yours too."

"But I don't want it. I will live here just the same—only you, Octave, you will not be here."

"No, little brother, you will live with me. Keila said so."

"Did she say that, Octave?" his voice trembled.

"Yes; Keila said so."

Then there was a long silence, and the cry of the loons came from the lake, through the open door, across the strip of moonlight.

"Will you come to bed, Octave?"

"No, not yet."

He rose and closed the door behind him, shutting out the light, and walked up and down the beach until the sun drove the last laggard star out of the sky.

Aside from the path, near to the Castor, in the dense forest, was a little oval plot of the greenest grass. The flowers never bloomed there, but hovered about the silver stems of the poplars that circled the spot, and when they commenced to die the wind carried their petals inside the close and strewed them on the grass. At one side a large stone had thrust itself for a foot or so into the space, and its moss-covered ledge formed a low bench.

It was a June evening of the next year. The darkness had closed in early, and the poplars were the only trees that answered to the faint breeze. Octave was walking, almost as quickly as usual, in the direction of the Castor. The path was familiar to him, and even in the darkness he stepped over the logs and avoided the low branches. He was whistling to himself so softly that the breath just vibrated on his lips.

As he approached the line of underbrush that separated the path from the little circle of grass, he heard the sound of voices. He went on, without slacking his pace, until he came to a place where the hazels were less thick. Then he stopped suddenly, as if he had stepped against a stone wall, and put his hand to his head.

A voice was saying: "We should not have come here; we must go away." He could make no mistake. That was Keila's voice.

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"No; I have something to say." It was when he heard these words that he put his hand to his head. That was, it must be, he knew it was François.

He stepped off the path on the opposite side from where they were talking, and leaned against a young tree, twining his arms through the low branches. The words came very distinctly to him, mingled with the light shivering rustle of the poplars.

"I know that you love me, Keila," François was saying.

"You must not say so."

"But I cannot live without you."

"You must. We must think of Octave; he is so good."

"Yes; but I wish he had never seen you. Why did you ever tell him you loved him?"

"I did love him, François—only—only, you should never have come near me, then I would always have loved him the best."

"But now, Keila?"

"Oh! François, you must not talk to me; you don't know how Octave loves me."

"And you don't know how I love you."

"Yes; but think of Octave. How many times he has fought for you, and saved your life."

"Yes; it is true. But what can we do?"

"We can both be true to Octave. Yes, François, I must be true to Octave."

"Why can't you go away with me down the river and never come back?"

"You must go away alone, and never see me again."

"Keila, I cannot leave you."

"You must. Do promise me, François! Think of poor Octave."

There was a long silence. The wind had risen and all the trees were sighing softly.

"Do promise me!"

"Yes, Keila, I will promise you; but I must go away. I can never come back. Only let me see you once again, here, to-morrow night, and I will promise you anything."

"Well, François, I will come for a little while. You must not come home with me. Octave will come to-night. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

They came out onto the path and walked in opposite directions.

Octave seemed to be thinking the words as they came to him so slowly. It could never be that they were there talking; but François passed quite close to him, and he could have no doubt.

The words kept recurring as he had heard them, only the rustle of the trees was still, and from about his feet rose the smell of crushed moss and wet leaves. Very near him were a few large white lilies that shone through the darkness dimly, like shrouded stars. He hung there, like a stag caught by the antlers, waiting for death, until the dark forest pools commenced to brighten with the dawn, and the birds near him began to wake; then he drew himself up and walked away.

He went, by paths through the tangled forest, toward the lake that was lying silvered somewhere in the north. He passed the spots where they used to set their traps when his father was alive. He seemed to be back in that faded time again, and paused often to wait for the little brother who would always lag behind.

The lake was reached at last. He threw himself down where a group of poplars and a few maples made a shady place, where the shore was high and the water stretched away to the island, where the wrecked cedars lay blanched, like the bones of giants, on the broken shore.

The day wore on. Now and then a small, shadowy cloud drifted dreamily out of the west and vanished like a vision. The winds touched the water lightly, making ripples that never reached the shore.

All day long he lay quietly, as if asleep, and the shadows of leaves kept fluttering over him with countless soothing hands. The sun sank, leaving no color in the sky, and already the twilight was falling.

The water was very quiet, and seemed to be heaving toward him as he gazed at it. He folded his arms, and a great calm stole over him, as he looked past the island where the lake seemed shoreless. And when it was dark he rose and went back by the track that he had followed in the morning, and stood at last

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very near to the place where he had paused the night before.

There was a low talking in the bushes. He waited for a moment, and then parted the branches and stood just within the little circle.

"François!" he said. His voice was very clear. They were seated on the low stone, and had not heard him. They started. François stood up and looked at Octave standing in among the ghostly white poplars.

"François, do not speak. Last night I heard you. You need not go away, you and Keila. She loves you, and I—I love you both. I am older than you, little brother. And do you remember when I gave you the little doe I caught back by the Ruisseau?—so long ago; and now—now it is Keila that I give you. You need not go away, and I will come and see you sometimes."

Keila had hidden her face and was trembling, and François had turned away. When the voice ceased he came forward, but Octave said: "No, little brother, do not come near me—you will see me often—but I will go home now," and the bushes closed behind him.

The sun was setting one October evening, and under a steep ridge of rock, that rose in steps and made a jagged outline against the sky, two men were talking.

"Where are you going, Octave?"

"Home."

"To-night?"

"Yes, to-night. You will stay here?"

"Yes. Will you be down in the morning?"

"I don't know."

"You will come down for the wedding?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You must come, Octave."

"Yes, I must come."

"Are you going now?"

"Yes."

It was growing dark rapidly. The sun had set and the sky was flushed and knotted like the forehead of an angry god. François turned his back to the hill, but lingered to look after Octave. He could not see him leaping up from ledge to ledge, but suddenly he sprang from the low brow of the hill and stood for a moment outlined firmly against the sky, then as suddenly vanished. Into the gloom, François thought; but all the little hollow was filled with clear light, and away where the low bushes crouched along the stream a wakeful bird was uttering a few long-drawn, passionate notes. The night that followed was dark and starless, and the wind, searching for forgotten paths among the trees, heaved long, low, tremulous sighs.

On the morrow there was a wedding at the Mission; but hearts would have been happier for the presence of one who never came, and eyes would have been brighter for the sight of one they never saw again.

Years have passed. On many silent hills and in many lonely valleys the stumps of pines stand where the sun used to touch the green tops a hundred feet above them. The stalwart trunks have gone to cover homes in the south, and to shelter the heads of happy children from the storms which they learned to resist on their native hills in the north.

But greater changes have taken place at the Castor. The lake seems wider now, but that is because there is only one little strip of forest on the west side. The fields rise gradually on the rounded hill, and the sun, which used to cast gloomy shadows into the lake, has to smile now across golden fields of ripe oats and barley.

The rocky eastern shore remains unchanged; but on the west there are two houses, with their barns and low outbuildings.

In the evening the collie drives home the cows, and the bells clang wildly through the bushes. A young voice keeps calling to him, and he answers with sharp yelps. Soon a stalwart lad bursts through the underbrush into the path, and goes singing after the cows. He hears a voice calling from the bars. "Octave! Octave! Octave!" His brother waits there for him to pass, and they put up the bars and go home together.

Then there is often singing in the evening, and laughter; and White Mc-

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Morran loves to come over and smoke, and listen to his grandchildren talk, and hold the youngest on his knees. But now it is always the Ducharmes of the Castor; no more the Ducharmes of the Baskatonge.

In the heart of a northern wilderness, on the shore of an unnamed lake, stands the ruin of a small hut. Half the roof has fallen in. The logs are rotted and covered with moss. In the dark corners spectral weeds and ferns die longing for the sun. The spring winds, touching the water lightly, make ripples that never reach the shore. In early summer the small, shadowy clouds drift dreamily out of the west and vanish like a vision. In autumn the sky is flushed and knotted, like the forehead of an angry god; a wakeful bird, somewhere in the bushes, utters a few long-drawn, passionate notes; the night that follows is dark and starless, and the wind, searching for forgotten paths among the trees, heaves long, low, tremulous sighs. The winter wind, untamed out of the north, drives the sifted snow, hissing like steam, across the surface of the lake. The haunts of men seem as far away as the stars that throb faintly in the lonely vastness of the summer sky. The silence that dwells forever in the waste places of the world is shaken by unheeded storms and the muffled cries of life in the gloom of the immense forests that darken beneath her brooding wings.

AFTER DEATH.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

'And very sweet it is
To know he still is warm, though I am cold.
—*Christina Rossetti.*

I WOULD not have *thee* warm when I am cold;
But both together—'neath some sylvan mound,
Amid the pleasant secrets under ground,
Where green things flourish in the embracing mould,
And jealous seeds the souls of blossoms hold—
In some sweet fellowship of silence bound,
Deeper than life, more exquisite than sound,
Rest tranquilly while Love's new tales are told.

We will not grudge the waking world its bliss—
Its joy of speech, its gladness of surprise,
When lovers clasp each other's hands and kiss,
And earth puts on new glory to their eyes:
We, lying there, with Death's deep knowledge wise,
Will know that we have found Life's best in this.

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M. COQUELIN.

By Brander Matthews.

In Paris, one morning in August five years ago, I was calling on M. Francisque Sarcey, the finest of French dramatic critics, and, happening to tell him that I had been at the Conservatory a day or two before to see the annual competition in tragedy and comedy, he asked me kindly if I would like to see the prizes distributed on the morrow. "I have to go to the Academy to hear Renan's report, but I have two tickets, which are at your service," he said; adding, "you will probably see Got decorated." I knew that M. Coquelin had been urging that the actor should have an equal right with the artist and the author to enter the Legion of Honor. The prejudice against the player was dying hard; Samson and Regnier had been decorated after they had abandoned acting for teaching. M. Got was a professor at the Conservatory, too, but he was also a comedian in active practice; and although he might be decorated as a teacher, it would be as an actor that he would receive the honor. Knowing these things, I accepted M. Sarcey's tickets thankfully; and the next afternoon I took my seat betimes in the tiny bandbox of a theatre where the prizes were to be awarded to the clever young tragedians and comedians who had been serving their apprenticeship for two years.

Many of the foremost actors of France had gathered there, where they had received their own instruction, to behold the bestowal of the cross of the Legion of Honor on the Dean of the Comédie-Française—the first actor to receive the decoration while still on the stage. In front of the footlights, behind a convex table, sat M. Edmond Turquet, the head of the Department of Fine Arts; beside him were M. Émile Perrin, the manager of the Théâtre Français, and M. Ambroise Thomas, the director of the Conservatory; and around them were the members of the faculty, among whom was M. Got. When M. Turquet announced that "a higher recompense is reserved for M. Got," a tumult of applause burst forth, led by M. Coquelin, M. Mounet-Sully, and others of M. Got's comrades at the Théâtre Français. The declaration that it was as a Professor of the Conservatory that M. Got was decorated "cast a cold over the meeting," as the negro exhorter put it; but the enthusiasm was revived by the assertion that "the Government, in decorating him, has not been able to forget that it is honoring the Dean of the Comédie-Française, one of the most eminent artists of that great institution." M. Got had arisen when his name was mentioned; he now approached M. Turquet, who took the red ribbon from his own button-hole and placed it in M. Got's, at the same time giving him the double kiss of friendship, the accolade of the Legion of Honor.

From the Conservatory I hastened to the Théâtre Français, to take a ticket to see that night's performance of the "Femmes Savantes." At briefest notice the chief actors and actresses of the incomparable company of the Comédie-Française had sped back from their vacations that they might do honor to their comrade by appearing with him. M. Got, of course, was *Trissotin;* M. Delaunay was *Clitandre;* M. Coquelin was *Vadius;* and M. Thiron was *Chrysale.* Mme. Brohan was *Philaminte;* Mlle. Jouassain was *Bélise;* Mlle. Barretta was *Henriette;* and Mme. Dinah-Félix was *Martine.* It is a rare treat to see nine *sociétaires* in a single play, and I rejoiced at my good fortune in having a seat well forward in that parterre where the Salic law still governs, and no ladies are yet admitted. French audiences are prone to let the hireling *claque* applaud for them, but there was no lack of warmth in the greeting given to the new Chevalier Got. It was a memorable moment in the history of the French stage when the first comedian who had been found worthy to wear the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor came forward to act for the first time since he received the distinction.

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Yet to me the artistic interest of the performance overshadowed the historic. In consequence, no doubt, of the excitement on the stage and in the house, the "Femmes Savantes" was acted with a *brio* and a brilliancy very rarely seen even in the acting of Molière's comedies in the house of Molière. I can recall now, distinctly and without difficulty, the effect one scene had on me —the quarrel between *Trissotin* and *Vadius*, which is in comedy very much what the quarrel of *Brutus* and *Cassius* is in tragedy. M. Got's rendering of the self-satisfied and self-seeking *Trissotin* was most masterly, although at times his lines were a little hard and stiff. M. Coquelin's *Vadius* was that very rare thing in any art—perfection.

That an actor of M. Coquelin's reputation should appear in the single scene of which the part of *Vadius* consists, is as though Mr. Jefferson should now play the *Gravedigger* in "Hamlet." In both cases the characters, although brief, are rich enough to be worthy of the best acting. M. Coquelin's *Vadius* was a marvel of unintelligent learning and dull pedantry—most amusingly ridiculous, and nowhere overcharged with color. I remember remarking with astonishment that M. Coquelin, whose eye is piercing and fiery, kept it down to a dead, leaden level, and never allowed a chance flash to suggest that he was other than the character he had assumed. Not long after, in rereading the "Random Records" of the younger Colman, I was pleased to see the statement that David Garrick had "an uncommon brilliancy of the eye, but he had the art of completely quenching it." More recently, Mr. Austin Dobson has described how Garrick came "bounding on the boards, filling them as of our own day we have seen M. Coquelin fill them in 'L'Étourdi,' with his mercurial presence and the magnetism of his impetuous ubiquity." In M. Coquelin, both as a man and as an actor, I can detect not a few points of similarity to Garrick, who no doubt derived from his French descent some of his great gifts for the drama. The French comedian is like the Englishman whose death "eclipsed the gayety of nations," in the range and variety and value of the parts he has played, in his indisputable supremacy in the chief comic characters of the national drama, in his abounding vitality, in his career of unbroken success, in his incursions into literature, in his honorable position in society, and in his close frendship with the chief authors and artists of his day. Garrick's fellowship with Burke, for example, was not as firm or as solid as M. Coquelin's with Gambetta. Of course, the parallel must not be pressed too far—and the points of dissimilarity are obvious enough. Garrick was a great tragedian, and M. Coquelin, although he has played successfully both heroic and pathetic parts, is rather a great comedian. Over Garrick, however, M. Coquelin has at least this advantage, that the English actor has been dead and gone these hundred years, and that now his name is little more than a peg on which to hang a string of dry anecdotes, while M. Coquelin is alive to delight us to-day.

M. Coquelin will be the fourth of the distinguished performers of the French stage who have crossed the Atlantic to act in America, and although the other three were Rachel, Fechter, and Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt, he is not the least of the four. It may be that he is less known in the United States than they were, and that his coming has been less widely heralded. It is true that he has never striven for that mere notoriety which sometimes serves a public performer in place of fame. No fantastic tales are told of his eccentricities. He is quite without the touch of charlatanry which taints the sayings and doings of Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt. He has gone about his business quietly, and he has done his work as best he could. His success has not been achieved in a day, and there is no danger that his fame will fade over-night. He has won his way steadily and the ground is solid under his feet.

M. Coquelin has risen to be now the first comedian of the Théâtre Français, as Rachel was the first tragedian, and he belongs there of right as she did; while neither Fechter nor Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt was wholly at ease within its walls. Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt, an extraordinary personality, three-fifths genius and two-fifths sheer fudge, as Mr. Lowell said of Poe, uneasily broke away from the Com-

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édie-Française as soon as she might. Fechter's position on the Parisian stage is generally misunderstood, and often overrated; he never held an undisputed place; he had passed through the Théâtre Français unperceived, and his chief attempt in classic comedy, an elaborate revival of "Tartuffe" at the Odéon, was a lamentable—I had almost written, a ludicrous—failure.

M. Coquelin's acting has none of the affectation of novelty which was the bane of Fechter's. That he had been sent into the world to overturn all tradition, was Fechter's opinion. M. Coquelin, one might venture to suggest, recognized early that what are often ignorantly denounced as traditions are, in fact, precious heirlooms from the finest performers of the past, a store of accumulated wisdom to be considered reverently, to be selected from judiciously, and to be cast aside only for good reason. While M. Coquelin's native gifts are richer and more abundant than Fechter's (at least they seem so to me), he has "school," and he has been trained with a thoroughness of which the egotism of Fechter was incapable. Fechter was picturesque, romantic, passionate—these are the three qualities strenuously insisted upon in Dickens's brief paper "On Mr. Fechter's Acting," which preceded the French actor's first appearance in America. In "Gringoire," and in the "Luthier de Crémone," M. Coquelin is poetic and pathetic with a touching simplicity, but he cannot claim that fervor in love-making which was Fechter's chief charm and which he could intensify until he seemed to offer up himself and all the other characters in the play, and the whole world, as a sacrifice to the goddess of his fiery adoration.

At bottom, Fechter was monotonous; his variety was superficial only; it was in pictorial details, not in the inner man. As *Hamlet*, or as *Ruy Blas*, or as *Don César de Bazan* the spectator saw essentially the same person, with only external modifications. The hero of the play might be a weak-willed son wishing to avenge his father's murder, or a proud lackey in love with a queen, or a ne'er-do-well Spanish nobleman exchanging places with the king, but the actor was always himself—he was always picturesque, romantic, and passionate; he had always the same method, which he applied to all plays. I do not say this in disparagement of Fechter, who was a very remarkable actor and who administered a welcome stimulus to the sluggish English stage of his day. Real versatility is one of the rarest of the actor's gifts—a versatility, I mean, that is more than skin-deep. Fechter was, in the main, a melodramatic actor. That is to say, what he saw in a play was the situation rather than the character. He poured himself into the situation and he made over the character to suit himself as best he could.

M. Coquelin has a far deeper and truer variety—he has real versatility. He enters into the character he assumes and gets inside of it, and divests himself, temporarily, of those attributes which are not consonant with it.* He makes himself into the other man, and he lets this other man then reveal himself in situation. His *Mascarille* in "L'Étourdi," his *Duc de Septmonts* in "L'Étrangère," his *Gringoire*—and the names of these three parts serve to show the wide range of his accomplishment—are not merely M. Coquelin in the situations of these plays and the costumes of those parts, they are wholly different beings—different outwardly and inwardly, in action and in thought, and each expressing himself after his own kind. To say this is to say that M. Coquelin's acting is of a far rarer kind than Fechter's, and on a far higher intellectual level. M. Coquelin has an intellectual flexibility and subtlety to which Fechter could not pretend. Fechter's acting, indeed, picturesque as it was, passionate and romantic, was essentially not intellectual, but sensual. One can see how

* Just as I was reading the proof of this little paper, I received the November number of the new and excellent *Revue d'art dramatique*, in which I found this most interesting statement (apparently taken down from M. Coquelin's own lips) of his method of study: "When I have to create a part, I begin by reading the play with the greatest attention five or six times. First, I consider what position my character should occupy, on what plane in the picture I must put him. Then I study his psychology, knowing what he thinks, what he is morally. I deduce what he ought to be physically, what will be his carriage, his manner of speaking, his gesture. These characteristics once decided, I learn the part without thinking about it further; then, when I know it, I take up my man again and, closing my eyes, I say to him, 'Recite this for me.' Then I see him delivering the speech, the sentence I asked him for; he lives, he speaks, he gesticulates before me; and then I have only to imitate him."

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Dickens came to be enthusiastic over Fechter's force and over his felicity in expressing the external, but one may fancy that Thackeray or George Eliot would have found a keener and a finer enjoyment in the acting of M. Coquelin.

I have never been able quite to understand exactly what it is that the dramatic critics mean when they talk of the several schools of acting. I have seen two kinds of acting, good acting and bad acting. And I perceive two broad classes of actors—those who act by instinct and those who act by intelligence. Most actors fall into the former division; they are inconscient; they do not know why they say a certain speech in a certain way, or why they accompany it with a certain gesture; yet they *feel* that it ought to be said in that manner. More often than not they are right in the result, although their performance is instinctive and almost automatic and though they would probably give a wrong reason for the blind faith that is in them. These are actors who have, in a greater or less degree, the innate histrionic faculty. They were "born so"; they are actors and nothing else; and as anything else they would fail. Far different are the actors without this congenital gift for the stage, but endowed with the powers which make for success. These men think out their work; their acting is the result of intelligent effort; and for every effect they can give you chapter and verse. They plan their performance of a part from beginning to end, and they force their organs and members to obey their will. By dint of intelligence and energy and hard labor, sometimes they succeed on the stage; but then they would have succeeded quite as well in any other profession—at the bar, for instance, or in the pulpit. To the former class belong Spranger Barry and probably Edmund Kean; to the latter, Macready and Charles Kean. Of course no hard and fast line can be drawn, and the boundary between the two classes is vague and uncertain. The greatest actors are those who are both born and made, who have both energetic intelligence and the histrionic faculty, and who, in addition to the endowment of nature, are accomplished in all that the schools can teach. Garrick is the chief exemplar of this combination, and Talma is another. In our own time and in differing degrees we can see it in Mr. Edwin Booth, in Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and in M. Coquelin.

M. Coquelin has abundant natural gifts for the stage. He has a trim figure and a clever face—the tip-tilted nose may be a disqualification for tragedy but it is an advantage in comedy. His eye is alert and penetrating, and, as we have seen, the actor has learnt how to quench its fire when need be. His voice is wonderful, at one moment it rings out in clarion tones and at the next it is most exquisitely modulated to the gentlest whisper. M. Coquelin is a master of *diction* as the French call it, of delivery, of the art of speech, as we must name it. He has a faculty of indescribable volubility, but, despite the utmost rapidity of utterance, he is always clearly and distinctly audible in all parts of the theatre. He has a memory remarkable even among actors; a part once learnt is never forgotten and may be picked up at will and performed unhesitatingly after twenty years' interval. He has a broad and liberal humor and an exuberant and contagious gayety.

It is small wonder that at first his master, Regnier, doubted for M. Coquelin's future, fearing that, as nature had done so much for him, he might be led to think he had no need of art. But his powers were ripened by rigid training under Regnier at the Conservatory, and later at the Théâtre Français, where the pupil and the teacher played together. The young comedian had a high intelligence, a resolute will, and an energetic ambition; and he never spared pains to do his best at all times. As he grew older his skill in the composition of his parts increased, and so did his sense of values, as the painters phrase it. Under Regnier's eye he practised himself in the great comedies of the French stage. Gifted by nature, he was favored by fortune in falling at once into the right place for the complete development of his powers. At the Comédie-Française his intelligence was not jaded nor his brilliancy faded by the pernicious system of long runs; no play is acted there more than three times a week, and at least two nights out of seven are given up to the plays of the

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past—the repertory of classic comedy and tragedy.

Mr. Henry James once made the subtle suggestion that a certain meagreness to be detected now and again in French tragic acting is due to the thinness of French tragedy, and that this meagreness is not seen in English tragic acting because the English and American tragedian is nourished on the robust fare of Shakespeare. But in comedy there is no inferiority; in comedy Molière is not second even to Shakespeare. In his 'prentice days M. Coquelin was allowed to appear as *Scapin* and as *Mascarille* (both in the "Précieuses Ridicules" and in "L'Étourdi"), and when Regnier retired M. Coquelin succeeded of right to the possession of Molière's own parts in the company Molière founded. Not in Molière alone but in Regnard, in Marivaux, and in Beaumarchais did M. Coquelin excel. In the old comedies he made his stronghold. "There is no part in his line of business," said M. Sarcey in the monograph on M. Coquelin in his acute and fertile "Comédiens et Comédiennes," "in our old classic drama, in which he is not excellent; in some he has shown himself exquisite; one may say that he has lent them a renewed charm for us, that he has, so to speak, revealed them to us. . . In this line he is the foremost, and he is worthy to be placed by the side of the most illustrious comedians whose memory is guarded in the history of the stage."

In more modern comedy M. Coquelin has been equally felicitous and fortunate. He followed Regnier as *Don Annibal* in "L'Aventurière," and as *Destournel* in "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," and he held his own against the memory of his master. Probably he will play both parts in the United States, and the total difference of the thirsty swashbuckler of M. Augier from the dry little lawyer of M. Sandeau will serve to show the enormous range of his faculty of humorous impersonation. He created—and in his case the French idiom is not inexact—the *Tabarin* of M. Paul Ferrier, the *Gringoire* of M. Théodore de Banville, and the gifted apprentice in the "Luthier de Crémone" of M. Français Coppée—all tender and poetic plays in which the tears lie hidden behind the laughter. On the revival of "Ruy Blas" at the Français he appeared as *Don César de Bazan*—both the part and the fourth act in which *Don César* is the protagonist are omitted in the adaptation of Hugo's drama now performed in America—and he breathed the breath of life into the character and made it live and walk, a feat which the earlier actors who had played the part, among whom were Mélingue and M. Lafontaine, had wholly failed to accomplish.

I am reminded here of a talk I had with M. Coquelin about *Don César* in particular and Victor Hugo's plays in general. I was fresh from a thorough and most conscientious study of the poet's dramatic works, and I asked the comedian if he intended to act *Triboulet*, the jester, in the then promised revival of "Le Roi s'amuse" (known to all American playgoers as "Rigoletto" and the "Fool's Revenge"). He answered that he had no desire to appear again in any of Hugo's plays, because the parts were fatiguing and thankless. With diffidence I ventured to explain that I felt inclined to deny that Hugo was a true dramatist—his poetry seemed to me essentially and finally lyric. M. Coquelin agreed with me instantly. "A man who is in the habit of acting Molière," he said, "of studying out the characters he is to assume, of probing them to the bottom, of turning them inside out, in a word, of mastering them, soon finds he can do nothing with Hugo's comic characters. They are all on the surface; there is nothing beneath. Victor Hugo is a great poet—the greatest lyric poet who ever lived; he scatters beautiful lines lavishly throughout his plays; but these do not compensate the actor for the lack of a living, breathing human being to personate. Failing to find humanity in Hugo's characters, the humanity which is in everyone of Molière's characters, the comedian has to exhaust himself in the discovery of extraneous effects. When we began to rehearse 'Ruy Blas,' I wanted to give up *Don César*—I could discover nothing in it but incessant and factitious movement and many exquisite speeches. *Don César* has only two acts; he makes a brief appearance in the first, and he

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bears on his shoulders the whole weight of the fourth. And that fourth act exhausts me every time I play it. In the theatre here they do not think me a weakling; I act *Mascarille* in 'L'Étourdi,' the most trying part in all Molière, and I get through the five acts without fatigue. But I come from the single fourth act of 'Ruy Blas' utterly spent. If the author has not made the part, it is quite in vain that the actor wears himself out trying to make something of it."

It may be noted that not long after this chat "Le Roi s'amuse" was brought out by the Comédie-Française, with M. Got as *Triboulet*, and that it was received with the dull decorum due to a dismal performance. In his preface to the "Fool's Revenge" Mr. Tom Taylor prides himself that his play is more effective than the original—and not without reason. In like manner another adroit playwright, M. Dennery, has made more effective use of *Don César* than did the inventor of the character. Frédérick Lemaitre, the first *Ruy Blas*, was always anxious to act *Don César*, and to oblige him M. Dennery borrowed Hugo's character and wrote a play around it. This is the "Don César de Bazan" familiar in our playhouses from the fine performances of the elder Wallack and Fechter; and in this drama M. Coquelin intends to present himself to the American public, having already acted it during his starring trips about Europe, although not yet in Paris.

Among the plays in which M. Coquelin hopes to appear in America, besides "Don César de Bazan," "L'Aventurière," "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," and "Gringoire," already referred to, are M. Sardou's "Pattes de Mouche," known in English as "A Scrap of Paper," and Bayard's "Mari à la Campagne," one English adaptation of which allowed Burton to play *Aminadab Sleek* and another was arranged to let Mr. Coghlan appear as the *Colonel*—in the original French piece M. Coquelin will act yet a third part, the husband who goes to the country.

He will not attempt in America the vibrion *Duke* of M. Dumas's "Étrangère," the fast young man of M. Augier's "Fourchambault," the gentle old schoolmaster of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's "Rantzau," or the self-contained hero of M. Feuillet's "Chamillac." That he should have appeared in these characters at the Théâtre Français is proof positive that his ambition to act heroic and pathetic characters is justified by his ability. He was successful in all, and his *Duke* in "L'Étrangère" and his *Florence* in the "Rantzau" are among his finest creations. It is known that M. Coquelin now and again likes to try for tears instead of smiles, and to excite terror rather than laughter. In his case this is not the common desire of the low comedian to act tragedy. Liston's secret ambition was to appear as *Othello*. But Garrick played both *Abel Drugger* and *Hamlet;* and M. Coquelin is closer akin to Garrick than to Liston. He played the restrained and sentimental hero of M. Octave Feuillet's tearful comedy, "Chamillac," an ordinary leading man's part, as well as any ordinary leading man would play it, with force and dignity, without trace of trickery or taint of affectation.

It is a waste of his incomparable qualities to let him do that which an ordinary leading man can do nearly as well when we know that he can play far better parts, richer, ampler, and far more difficult, as no one else can play them. A thin and forced character like *Chamillac* is quite unworthy of M. Coquelin's resplendent talents. Mr. Matthew Arnold has hinted that modern French acting seems to him to be often of a finer quality and a higher value than the modern French plays in which it is made manifest. One cannot but feel that M. Coquelin is far superior to the play he is called on to perform when that play is the cheaply sentimental "Chamillac" or the cheaply farcical "Député de Bombignac." He finds parts worthy of his powers only in Molière, in Regnard, Marivaux, and Beaumarchais, and in those later French dramatists who have best caught the spirit of the old comedies.

During his visit to the United States M. Coquelin will act certainly in one of Molière's comedies, the "Précieuses Ridicules," and probably also in the greatest of all, in "Tartuffe." He has made a profound analysis of the character of *Tartuffe*, the results of which he made

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public in a lecture, published afterward, like his other lectures on two other of Molière's greatest characters, the *Arnolphe* of "L'École des Femmes" and the *Alceste* of the "Misanthrope." The gist of the comedian's criticism is that Molière, being a comic dramatist, intended all three of these characters to be comic parts—not sentimental, or heroic, or tragic, as they are now often acted. That M. Coquelin is right, at least as regards *Alceste* and *Arnolphe*, seems likely, for Molière wrote them for his own acting, and he was the foremost comic actor of his time. But the case as to *Tartuffe* is not so clear, as Molière himself played *Orgon*, and not *Tartuffe*. The three tiny little tomes which contain these lectures are admirable specimens of practical dramatic criticism by an expert. Molière and Shakespeare have been over-written about by the poets and the critics, and it is now from the actors only that we can hope for anything truly elucidative, like these pamphlets of M. Coquelin, and the notes on "Othello," written for Mr. Furness by Mr. Edwin Booth.

M. Coquelin has also lectured on the poetry of M. Sully-Prudhomme and of M. Eugène Manuel, and on the actor's art. These are all genuine lectures, and not merely essays; they bristle with points of which an adroit reader may take advantage. Once I heard a clergyman in the pulpit say that if people went to sleep under a sermon it was the preacher's fault. I doubt if a man could go to sleep while M. Coquelin was reading these delightfully clever papers or reciting extracts from the poets he was praising. M. Coquelin is not only the first comedian of France; he is an unequalled reader and an incomparable reciter. On the platform of a lecture-room or in a parlor M. Coquelin never acts, holding that the art of the reader and the kindred art of the reciter have wholly different conditions from the art of the actor.

All these little books of M. Coquelin's are interesting, but by far the most important is the essay on the actor's art, "L'Art et le Comédien" (of which there is an American translation by Miss Alger). A discussion of the principles of his art by an accomplished artist is always valuable, and M. Coquelin's is singularly suggestive. On the moot question whether an actor is to feel with the characters he personates, and experience at every performance, again and again, the emotion he expresses, or whether he is to remain calm and master of himself, M. Coquelin is most convincing. He is fully in accord with Diderot, in whose "Paradoxe sur le Comédien" the case is argued at length. To move others, the actor must keep himself unmoved. "I am persuaded," he says, "that a man can be a great actor only on the condition that he governs himself absolutely, and that he is able to express at will sentiments that he does not feel, that he may never feel, that by his very nature he could never feel." Real emotion makes the actor stutter and sob and deprives him of the physical force and mental clearness which his work demands. "The 'Paradoxe' of Diderot," he said to me once, "is not a paradox at all; it is the absolute truth." Perhaps M. Coquelin pushes the theory to extremes in refusing to allow an actor to avail himself of a natural advantage, like the gift of shedding tears at will. I remember once hearing him summarily judge a certain actress: "She weeps on the stage—for me, that is enough—she is a mediocre artist."

I happened to quote this once to Mr. Edwin Booth, and I received from him a strange confirmation of M. Coquelin's opinion. Mr. Booth told me that sometimes when he has been acting in the "Fool's Revenge," he has felt a singular sympathy with the character he was performing. On one occasion in particular the pathos of the poor jester's hard fate appealed to him more powerfully than it had been wont to do; he began to identify himself with the twisted and tortured *Bertuccio;* the tears rose to his eyes and streamed down his face; his voice was broken with honest emotion; he felt the part as never before; and it seemed to him that he had never played it so well. And yet, when the play was over and he left the theatre, his daughter, his surest critic, who had seen the performance from a stage-box, asked him what had been the matter, as she

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had never seen him act the part so badly.

After all, the actor's art would be an easy thing and of little value if the actor could rely on the inspiration of the moment and trust to a chance of "feeling the part." Acting, like any other art, is long; and good acting means hard work. In my copy of the invaluable "Register" of La Grange, which is the chief contemporary record of the doings of Molière's company and which the Comédie-Française caused to be published ten years ago in most sumptuous fashion, M. Coquelin has written his name:

Tout ce que je fais me vient naturellement
c'est sans étude !

Mascarille
(Les Précieuses ridicules)

Ce n'est pas comme moi !!

C. Coquelin
(de la Comédie Française)

When we behold M. Coquelin (*de la Comédie-Française*) as the *Mascarille* of the "Précieuses Ridicules," we shall see a surpassingly natural performance, the result of unremitting study and consummate art.

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RUSSIAN NOVELS.

By Thomas Sergeant Perry.

The present wide-spread interest in Russian novels certainly betokens a healthy curiosity in intellectual matters, for there can be no surer sign that a man, or a nation, has ceased to grow than the disposition to believe that all the songs have been sung; that everything that can be known about human nature is already trite; and that the methods of the past are the only ones deserving of respect. This is a state of mind as ruinous as living upon one's income—however great the pleasure, its duration is limited. After all, the time for one to live in is the present, with such comprehension of the past, and such perception of the future, as may be granted; and, indeed, to understand the present, without being offended by it, is to know the past, and to be a contemporary of what is yet to come, when to-day's novelties shall have become our children's common-places.

It is true that it is not a sense of wise provision against painful surprises in the future that now makes the Russian novels popular in this country, but rather a frank admiration for something new and striking. These stories have the great advantage of being modern. Their modernness is not confined to their title-pages; it is part of their whole spirit and method. This quality, to be sure, offends many readers, who believe that the only way to do good work is by exercising in a beaten track and by following approved models. They forget that even the most admired manner had once to endure the obloquy that attests the importance of everything new, and that at all times a half-century earlier has seemed to many, young as well as old, the culminating moment of human endeavor, since when men have steadily degenerated. In Russia, however, the growth was so swift that there has been but little time for pensive regret. While in the last century Russia went rapidly through the steps that in other countries were taken more leisurely, its real literary life began with the romantic outbreak early in this century. At present it is not romanticism, but realism, which is the most striking characteristic of the Russian novel. Here the writers have made their mark; they have set their foot on the earth, not in an imaginary region, and they describe what they see. Moreover, their vision is not clouded by a host of literary conventions which they mistake for real things and confound with facts. The very laxity of their previous literary training has been of great advantage to them in this respect, for they have not been hampered and misled by all the traditions that obscure the sight of the Western Europeans and of their faithful followers, the cultivated Americans. We have all become the accomplices of the writers, and are perfectly familiar with the working of the machinery: A hero tumbles down a well, or is said to have been lost at sea, and we can open at the very page, toward the end of the book, where he returns, dripping with fresh or salt water, as the case may be, and marries the constant heroine. Or he is riding on horseback; the moment that the steed becomes restless, we know the lurking accident that shall disable him for a time, but on no account disfigure his extraordinary beauty. All of these devices, however much the worse for wear, give vast entertainment to many readers, who not only are tolerant of characters who shall, in all respects, surpass real people, but also defend this inexact drawing by asserting that "something better than life" is the proper subject of the novelist. Naturally enough, those whose business it is to purvey novels have found it easy to be inexact, and to substitute a dreamy invention for painstaking observation, and they thus lose the ability to determine between real life and literary artificialities.

These unnatural devices, having never thriven in Russia, do not survive to cumber the path of the novelists of that country, who stand in relation to the literary art in very much the same position that we Americans hold in relation

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to personal freedom. Our ancestors, by breaking away from the feudalism that still lingers in Europe, and by the nature of the task that awaited them in this country, laid the foundations of an amount of individual freedom that to Russians, for example, might well seem like anarchy; but with us literary traditions have known the fondest piety. In Russia, on the other hand, with no proper outlet for the energies of a mighty people save such as has been found in letters, the old forms have never impressed themselves deeply on whole generations of men, and now they scarcely exist. The field, then, is free, and the intensity of national feeling is not hampered by the necessity of worshipping the ghosts of the past. They have reached a point that other nations find still blocked by old-fashioned likings and habits.

In other lands the national energy is absorbed and scattered in a thousand necessities and opportunities that lead men into various fields of action and adventure which here are closed by a rigid despotism. In the rest of Europe the trifling novel of mere amusement has sufficient reason for existing, but in Russia life is too serious; entertaining fiction has to be imported along with champagne, and silks, and ribbons, and the native who writes speaks for the whole compressed anguish of a people in chains. Mere entertainment would be a degrading aim for a Russian novelist—that is, the luxury of ease and security, and not even the masters in that country know either of these. All writing is under the control of a vigilant censorship; students are forbidden access to what are regarded as dangerous books; yet the novel, by confining itself to the representation of familiar or possible facts, manages to elude repression. Even the sharpest-eyed censor does not read what is written between the lines; but it is this part, printed, as it were, in invisible ink, that helps to fill out the terrible picture of despair that almost every Russian novel contains. Not merely, then, are the literary hobgoblins dead; they have never lived long; their shoulders were too weak to bear the burden of expressing real suffering and hopeless misery. Their absence is certainly a natural result of the condition of affairs; for just as cruelty begets deceit, so the despotism of that unhappy land has taught men to attack the abuse of power by portraying its results without uttering an aggressive word of abuse or criticism. Perhaps the most marked instance of the efficacy of this method is Gogol's comedy, "The Inspector," of which Mérimée's French translation, under the name of "Le Reviseur," is readily to be had. The play is amusing enough to be as frivolous as a ghost story, or any other fairy tale, while yet it is as serious an attack upon official corruption as there is in literature. The plot is as simple as possible: All the officials of a provincial town have heard that an inspector is to visit them *incognito*, and they at once prepare to throw dust in his eyes. A traveller happens to arrive at the inn just at that moment, and he is at once taken for the disguised inspector. They all immediately crowd about him, flattering him, backbiting their rivals, lending him money. Although the stranger is puzzled beyond measure, he readily adapts himself to the agreeable position, until, when everything is at the wildest, the real inspector suddenly appears, and the play ends. The fun is like that of a farce, and it seems as innocent; but all the bullying and cringing, the lies and intrigues—the whole array of petty vices—with their extravagant drollery, and their freedom from any word of condemnation and any apparent desire of giving offence, are more convincing than any indignant outcry or lofty blame. The matter is laid before us, and if anyone wishes to draw a moral—and it is not easy to see how this is to be avoided—he is at least never reminded of it by Gogol.

Indeed, as a valuable means of drill in the technicalities of literature, despotism has never received, from writers upon education, half the praise that it deserves. The writer is sure to be careful in his phraseology when a rash word may mean life-long exile; and one of the results of the terrors of the Russian penal code was that novelists learned compression and vigor, as well as all the possibilities of seriousness. We find this forcible reserve even dur-

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ing the brief flowering-time of romanticism, which is yet enriched by precise and vivid realism. To be sure, we may see a similar combination of influences in Balzac, and in some of George Eliot's early work; but in all it is the pictures of life that survive, while the fantastic is not always sure to exert its earlier charm. Gogol's "Dead Souls," on the other hand, owes but little of its merit to ingenious toying with local superstitions, or to the aid of the supernatural. Far from it; it is its naturalness that makes the book impressive, as the hero wanders from one part of Russia to another buying the names of dead serfs, in order to employ these lists of apparent belongings as security on which to borrow money. His roving necessitates a number of different pictures, so that in a single frame we find many separate scenes of Russian life; and the total impression is one of deep gloom. It is easy to understand why Pushkine, on reading it, should have said, "What a dreary country our Russia is!" And if other proof were needed, it might be found in the gloomy end of Gogol's own life, which was embittered by his absolute uncongeniality with his surroundings, and, indeed, by madness. The reader will recall Tolstoï's abandonment of letters for mysticism. In both we see the effect of despair on a sensitive soul.

The steps which Gogol took indicated the direction in which the Russian novel was destined to move. In his excellent book, "Le Roman Russe," Melchior de Vogüé quotes a statement from a later writer that they all dated from Gogol's "Cloak." This "Cloak" is a story about a department clerk, and the author's whole art is devoted to representing the innocent pettiness and insignificance of the poor wretch, whose sole interest in life consists in copying, and whose sole ambition is to own a new cloak. When at last he gets one, his little soul is filled with happiness; but the very same evening he is waylaid by ruffians and robbed of his new treasure, and, in consequence, he dies of a broken heart. This is certainly a simple tale so far as the plot goes, but the plot is not everything; the way in which the clerk's state of mind is drawn burns deep into the reader's attention, so great is Gogol's directness, so serious is his treatment of a case that stands as a representative of general misery. The unhappy hero is not turned to ridicule —the Russian novelists are wholly free from contempt for any of the weaknesses that they study and describe— because the writer sees that the poor man's petty life and meagre joys are all that is left to him in a country where men seem to live in a perpetual twilight. A microscopist is as likely to laugh at the animalcules he is examining as Gogol is to sneer at these dwarfed victims of despotism.

In Tourguéneff's early work we see the influence of Gogol, as well as of the other writers, like Auerbach and George Sand, who were destroying the authority of social conditions in literature. The short story of "Mumu," for example, might at first seem like a mere trivial anecdote of a deaf-mute and a dog, and it is easy to imagine that anyone who yearns for fine company in his reading might prefer a tale about a rich prince and a pet tiger; but, such as it is, the story is most impressive, and, too, more especially by its implications concerning the society in which such things are possible.

Tourguéneff's longer novels, however, as well as those of Dostoievsky and Count L. Tolstoï, have a much wider significance, and they express much more fully the tremendous and incessant intellectual and moral turmoil that has agitated Russia during the last twenty-five years. The whole mass of corruption and brutality which Gogol set down in print bore congenial fruit; and the long struggle between freedom and slavery, which is still going on, is only the natural outcome of the complicated conditions as the novelists portrayed them. Their work, moreover, has aided the side of progress, so that their books have a decided historical value. Aside from this quality, important as it is, there is the momentous advance in the construction of the novel as it has grown in the hands of these three men and their contemporaries. In Tourguéneff we find traces of the influence of romanticism in his selection of special cases for description and study. His

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"Spring Floods," for example, is obviously an exceptional event, narrated, however, with all the love of knowledge of truth which have made him great. In Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment," again, we have the study of a murderer's heart, a subject familiar in fiction, even if tolerably rare in life. Yet no one has treated it as he has done; not with any design of playing an amusing game with the reader, hiding a secret, as children hide a handkerchief, leaving the work of guessing to be done for a discreet time, and then making the mystery clear by bringing out the missing object from beneath the hearth-rug or from behind the clock. Nothing of the sort; we are with the murderer from the time that he meditates the crime, through his subsequent sufferings, and up to his absolution. And such sufferings! The description of his agony and fear of detection simply makes the reader's mouth grow dry with terror, and the final solution is attained with equal skill. When we remember that this hero is a Nihilist, whose brain is confused and muddled by overwork, suffering, and crude thought and study, we may see how inaccurate it is to look on any literary product as a thing apart from the general movement of life. In this, as in the whole list of Russian novels, so far as they are accessible to the outside world, we may perceive the spirit that animates the Nihilists finding expression in literature. Not merely are they written about; that, if done only from the outside, would be of comparatively slight importance—even the inculcation of their theories, besides its imminent peril, would be, perhaps, less effective—we see it rather in the appearance of realism as the voice of Nihilism. The whole meaning of realism is the denial of conventionalities in literature. A hero is in one way a supernatural being; his position as protagonist does not imply that he is thereby superior to anyone else; and all the fine flower of grace and transcendent merit that has grown about that briefly important personage finds no place in realism, any more than it exists in a Nihilist's feeling about a man of lofty position. What he would affirm would be that he despised pretence and hypocrisy, whether in government or in society; and this stern view of the responsibilities of life is expressed in a large number of the Russian novels of the day, as well as in a great deal of political action. There is nothing strange in this. The English novel, with its monotonous record of tennis and dinner-parties, its tepid love-making, its judicious distribution of moderate wealth, its exalted aristocrats, worthy clergy, and strictly subordinate peasantry and working-people, is the mirror of a calm conservatism that looks at the storms of life, if at all, only through the windows of a comfortably warmed and charmingly furnished room. Where life is not eager and impetuous, the ghosts of the past live long in secure intrenchments, and acquire the venerability that attaches itself to old furniture and ancient buildings that must not be rashly changed. But in Russia, where the past was a mere waste of barbarism, the teachings of modern science and the aspirations of democracy found a field uncumbered by objects of inherited reverence; they had a chance to grow in virgin soil, and to attain a vigor unknown in other lands, where respect for the past has compelled men to dock and trim their work into accordance with the customary ideals of the sweet security of society.

Even in Russia, however, this position was attained only gradually, through a certain tolerance of heroes and heroines of gentle birth, a certain disposition to gaze with tenderness upon the peasants. In Tolstoï there are no such limitations of personal liking or disliking. His own mood is one of contemplation; his vision is not controlled or colored by the necessity of proving this or that theory; he seeks merely to understand his characters; and he respects his readers sufficiently to suppose that they are capable of seeing for themselves what is commendable and what otherwise in the scene he sets before them without his labelling it or commenting upon it. Other novelists have inherited traditions; they have felt it necessary to believe and inculcate some general truth, instead of letting the truth evolve from the facts themselves. He starts with no preconceived notions, but simply tells his story, and, in consequence, his sublime impartiality

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raises him to a height that one may be pardoned for thinking that no novelist has ever reached before. One reads Tolstoï and feels as if he were the only man who ever saw things as they are and ever told the truth. Even if this feeling is inexact, as feelings are apt to be, the reader admires him for his saying what everyone knows, instead of what everyone says.

In his "War and Peace" we have no narrow field, but an epic breadth of treatment, a whole country seething with excitement, great sections of society are put before us; we are carried from St. Petersburg into the country, out into the army, with which we make long campaigns; we witness momentous battles, and watch the burning of Moscow. Meanwhile the reader, accustomed to the conventional novel, wonders who is the hero over whose fortune he knows that a kind author is keeping guard; he is puzzled by the multitude of various characters and events that sweep over the stage, and only when he has finished the book does he comprehend the great scope and significance of what has seemed like inarticulate confusion. He then perceives how vivid an impression he has received of the bravery and hopefulness of the Russian character in war, and of its timidity and feebleness in the hardy struggles of peace. He has lived through a great event in modern history, and has seen how everything is made up of human atoms, whose innermost wishes, interests, weaknesses have been set forth by this great author with that full sympathy which is one side of comprehension.

Tolstoï's "Anna Karenina" bears much closer resemblance to the customary novel by means of the greater compactness of its subject, one already familiar to the student of French fiction, and so adapted for older readers. We see clearly how mighty a weapon is wielded by a writer who has confidence that the truth can prevail in fiction, as it does in life, of its own weight. His impartiality saves him from unfairness, as it protects a wise parent from spoiling the child he loves and from ill-treatment of the one of whom he disapproves; and so great is the force of truth that the moral of the story is most impressive, and it escapes the odium of being thrust down the reader's throat. We see the heroine sinking lower and lower under the degradation of her crime, not because the author was anxious to enforce a useful moral lesson, but because conscious wickedness enfeebles the whole nature. At the beginning we see most vividly her lofty grace and dignity, her superiority to the company in which she moves; but her subsequent course, although one in accordance with the society in which she lives, and one that in other cases was less pernicious in its effects, is thoroughly destructive in her. The writer who has contented himself with seeing this result of evil-doing, and with describing it, has not needed to dip his pen into the purple ink; the customary black is black enough for him.

In Tolstoï's yet untranslated sketches of military life at Sebastopol during the siege we find the adventurous side of a soldier's career, told as it was never told before, with a vision of its actuality, of the fact that all that is called the pettiness of life goes on, in all circumstances, as we know is the case, though we are careful not to say it, lest heroism should seem the merely human quality that it really is. Yet this work is done only with reverence for humanity, with no sign of the hasty gesture with which one generally brushes away cobwebs, because, for one thing, these conventionalities were less firmly established in Russia than elsewhere, and were easily scattered.

This, then, is the position of the Russian novel of to-day—that it has grown in a congenial soil, free from all the cumbrances that elsewhere tend to keep fiction conventional, and has been the mouthpiece of the most important movements that are now threatening the relics of feudalism. It is, then, modern; it is full of the future; and whether it is impressive or not will not be determined by anyone's assertion—let the reader see for himself. If he is contented with pleasing little pictures of the surface of life, he will not care for these more serious stories; if, however, he demands that literature should be something more than a toy, he will find in these books great draughts of life.

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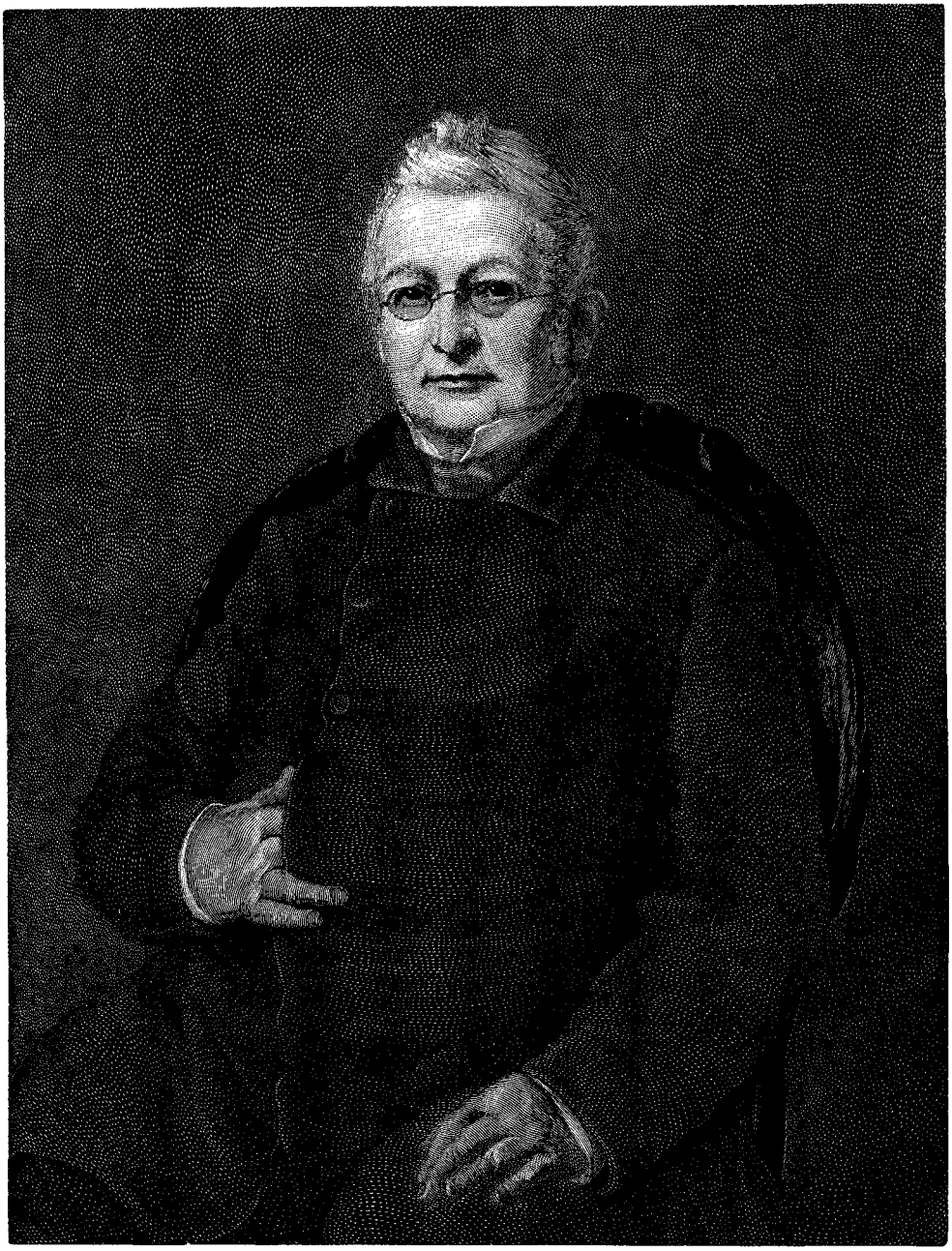

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